

CHL/

REVIEW

1886-1936

NOVEMBER
1936

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THE CAMBRIDGE REVIEW

CAMBRIDGE HIGH AND LATIN SCHOOL

CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS

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WELCOME TO THE FRESHMEN

You have come, nearly a thousand strong, and you are welcome.

You will find many things different from what you have known in your previous school life, but you are older and will be able to meet the new conditions. You will get from the school about what you put into it. I mean that honest faithful work will yield large returns in many ways, while neglect and laziness will yield a return not good or desirable. Be honest with yourself, and you will become a good citizen of the school. Always remember the High and Latin is your school as well as ours. It belongs to all of us; it should become dear to all of us. It has a long and honorable history. To cherish and hold high that record now becomes your privilege and duty. Again I say welcome—welcome to our numbers, to our opportunities, to our responsibilities.

LESLIE L. CLEVELAND,
Headmaster.

THE GOLDEN ANNIVERSARY 1886-1936

Back in 1886, someone made the beginning of our school magazine. Since then, the Review has, like a rolling snow-ball, gradually increased in size, importance, and in value to the students and alumni of the Cambridge High and Latin School. This issue marks the fiftieth birthday of the Review. The record of the Review for the past fifty years should be a source of pride to everyone, since very few scholastic publications can boast of a similar history; through years of prosperity and depression, war and peace, the Review has survived the test of time.

During the half century the Review has witnessed Cambridge English High School join with the Cambridge Latin School; freshmen come and seniors go; new headmasters take the helm, and old ones retire.

Not content with mere existence, the Review ha constantly striven to improve itself by altering t suit the changing times. However, any school pub lication depends entirely upon the students for sup port. The Review is an activity of the student which has been successful because it has the bon of our common interest. Our support by mean of subscriptions and contributions are forces tha will combine to keep the Review in motion.

Let us invest the Review with a wealth of ma terial and thus form the foundation for the nex glorious fifty years.

THE REVIEW--1886-1936

The difficult task of condensing the story of th half century of existence of the Review, into forty-minute play, was admirably accomplished b Miss Hartigan and Miss Johnson of the Ora English Department, with the members of th Dramatic Club who presented it under their di rection.

The play was given in three episodes with fit ting introductions to each. The first episode showe a boy of 1886 struggling with the intricacies o Latin conjugation; the second, his son striving t obtain Review subscriptions; and the third, th business-like life of the 1936 Review office, wit subscriptions and contributions pouring in. Tw interludes showed, first, the costumes of the Ga Nineties; and second, a war scene. The final scen showed the three generations gathered together, a Grandpa rang down the curtain with three en thusiastic cheers for the Review.

Miss Hartigan, Miss Johnson, and the member of the cast worked hard to present this play to th whole school; surely we should show our apprecia tion by whole-hearted support of our school maga zine, the Review, especially during this Golde Jubilee year.

SENIOR CLASS ELECTION

On Monday, November 9, the members of th senior class elected the following students to rep resent them: President, Francis Glacken; Vice President, Rita Doherty; Secretary, Mabel Noble Treasurer, Iris Benthale. The Reception Commit tee selected is as follows: Joseph Manley, Eleano Davis, Frances Brown, Norman Crew, and Bett Thorne. The Drama Committee consists of: Pau Good, Helen Burns, John Monteiro, John Mc Gloin, Teresa Regan, and Jane Sweet.

The Review congratulates the newly elected off cers. With confidence in their integrity and abilit we look forward to a happy and successful yea

MY FAVORITE FAIRY TALES



ITTLE children are very gullible, but really, isn't it splendid that they are? They believe almost everything they are told, and all that they read! Of course hese ideas last but a short time; when they are lder, they begin to wonder whether elves do haunt he deep, dark, mysterious woods on moonlight iights; or whether Queen Mab holds her court n their morning glories.

When I was very, very young, I could be ntertained by the hour listening to the exploits f poor, unlucky Peter Rabbit who always returned ome after a visit to Mr. McGregor's garden minus is shoes, and with his new Sunday pants torn. However, Flopsy, Mopsy, and Cottontail were too good little bunnies to be interesting. Peter and I had a great deal in common; I too often returned ome without my hair ribbon or with one mitten missing.

Unfortunately, beautiful, obedient, Cinderella never made me lose my sleep wondering how her "Prince Charming" would find her because he found a solution far too soon. The fairy tales I liked best were the long ones like "Snowdrop," in the midst of which I would be sent to bed, and I would dream of so many different ways that she could win happiness in spite of her cruel and wicked step-mother.

I must have been quite an unusual child as "The Three Bears" did not thrill me half as much as the story of "The Pot of Gold," hidden at the end of the gorgeous colored rainbow. I so wanted to wander into that magic forest and find the promised treasure, shining and glimmering in the sunset.

What could be more wonderful than to have my efforts rewarded in such an exciting and thoroughly satisfying way? The only draw-back for me was that the woman who found her reward was exceedingly virtuous. I was afraid that I might be unworthy, and that if the rainbow should fade, I should be lost forever in the depths of a huge, dark, forest with howling wolves and roaring lions around me.

If I did not feel quite so humble and angelic, I would read the trials of Epaminondas, the naughty, little black boy who did everything upside down or backside to. Of course he did it unintentionally, but everything always seemed to turn out wrong for him—much to my enjoyment. His mother continually repeated her disappointed but far too true observations: "Epaminondas, you ain't got de sense ya was born with!" I truly thought nothing could be quite so funny! If my mother read the tale, I enjoyed Epaminondas's antics twice as much as she always put such fervor into these threatening and despairing words of his poor, tired mother.

When I have to entertain a small child now, I always read him my old favorites, and he, too, is enthralled by the secrets and mysteries of "The Pot of Gold" and laughs till his eyes are dimmed over the silly capers of Epaminondas. It is all so true: Fairy tales never grow old!

ELEANOR TYNAN, '36.

THE LURE OF A CROWD



LIKE to be one of a crowd. I realize that many people consider this vulgar, but I can't help it; wherever I see a gathering of people, I go.

In Julius Caesar, I read of the fickle mob, now influenced by the patriotic speech of Brutus; now, by Antony's words of sarcasm. From this example of men losing their reason to the wild emotion of a crowd I should profit. But I can't; this tale bears no moral for me. Shakespeare wrote these words for a person more conscientious than I, who, with a knowledge of crowd psychology, abstains from joining the throng, running to greet the President, preferring to stay home with his "Enjoyment of Literature" and his geometry.

As for me, the locus of a point, equidistant from two given lines can go to the winds; I am going to rush around madly with the crowd.

I like to be carried away by the enthusiasm of a crowd. To cheer until I am hoarse is my delight at football games. I don't care who has the ball or who makes the touchdown. As long as I can cheer and shout with the crowd, I don't bother to find things out. At baseball games, I scream with delight at every ball that is hit out of the infield, and nothing gives me more pleasure than crying, "Take 'im out!" at the umpire.

Think of the person who, because he wants to retain his own individuality, must be left out of the chorus of football enthusiasts, who are yelling, "Rickety ex! coex!" now that the ball is on somebody's three-yard line. Imagine the fun he is going to miss when we all charge down the field and rip up those goal-posts.

Just because he listened to Longfellow's words advising us to "be not like dumb driven cattle," he will never be able to march in a torch-light parade, or sense the thrill of squeezing through a babbling throng to watch the President ride by. Alas, isn't it too bad that he must be deprived of so many of the pleasures of life?

HARRY WASSERMAN, '37.

FIRESIDE MEMORIES

FLICKERING, glancing, ever restless and half mocking, the firelight plays softly on the walls and the comfortable furnishings of my library, gently roves over the gilt-bound volumes resting in their mahogany cabinets, and at last ripples over my tired face, as I recline, comfortably slouched in a large wing chair. A deep sense of repose and heavenly silence falls over me; a silence interrupted only by the contented crackling of the fire as it laps with slender, flaming tongues, a guarded and twisted tree trunk.

Then, gradually, before my half-closed eyes, the reddish-orange flames change into round, glowing pumpkins. The charred, blackened walls of the fireplace turns to the rich, vivid blue of an autumn eve, and, swinging low in the clear sky, a silvery crescent appears. The bracing chill of autumn air envelopes me, and the laughter of familiar voices fills my ears. I am swinging happily over wide fields, sometimes running, sometimes leaping, always in the midst of a merry throng of friends. Laden with decorated pumpkins and flashlights, we are making our way to a spacious, old farmhouse. Now it is in sight. Lights are shining from every window; more laughter and happy voices are heard, and scintillating, dance music pours forth from the open door. With mounting excitement, my comrades and I enter.

Something draws me back. Maybe it is a strange, cackling sound, or a vague, yet pleasing odor of faintly glowing ashes, or, perhaps, of smoldering wood. At any rate, I sigh heavily, and with a slight jolt, find myself gazing fixedly at the fire before me. But it is no longer a fire. The gay, licking flames have dropped exhaustedly into tiny darts of gold and, as such, are contentedly flickering in and out among the embers, before surrendering to their last slumber. The shadows are lengthening; swooping weirdly over the walls. The whole room seems darkened, and, somehow, very dreary, while an inexplicable, yet completely engulfing sadness seems to envelope me, as I rest, half asleep, before the dying fire.

CAROLYN WOOD, '37.

THE CALL OF AUTUMN

I sit within the house—
Kept prisoner by an inexorable taskmaster
Education. Outside the west wind calls me—
Lures me with dancing leaves and swaying trees
To follow along a winding country road,
Carpeted with gold, crimson, and orange.

JACQUELINE MORAND, '39.

THE FIVE AND TEN

WHAT is that red-fronted fairy land in which can be obtained practically everything one's heart desires? What place offers more attraction for young and old alike? Of course I refer to the five-and-ten.

The atmosphere, heavy with the fragrant odors of steaming frankforts and the reek of "Rue de Paris" or some other perfume, accompanied by the babbling voices of a score of thrifty shoppers, entices us inside. Very few, after having been infected by this conglomeration of smells and sounds, can resist entering.

In one corner a De Luxe model piano, model of 1900, is beating out "Nagasaki" in such a manner as would do a Steinway proud, while but a step away a belligerent youngster is bellowing out in no uncertain terms his desires for "Chop 'em Down" machine gun or a Buck Rogers dissecting pistol. A little further along the same counter we are faced with the sight of the pompous floorwalker immaculate in his well-pressed gray business suit, which he probably purchased in Filene's Basement, glancing with baleful eye at a little ragamuffin of about eight years who, blissfully ignorant of the bloodhound's gaze, is butchering imaginary Indians with a rubber bowie knife.

As we amble with easy gait by the cosmetic department we hear a peroxide blonde with purple shoes rasp out imperatively to the clerk behind the counter, "Hurry up, will you? I gotta date tonight."

Having made a complete circuit of the store, trying out flashlights, thumbing through sheet-music, and testing the edges of jack-knives, we buy a package of thumb-tacks and then push through the glass doors to the crowded streets on our way home to a supper that won't seem half as tempting as the frankforts that were sizzling in their own juice at the five-and-ten.

THOMAS ADAMS, '37.

PEOPLE WHO REMIND ME OF ANIMALS

BEFORE picking the ape as the ancestor of the human race, Darwin must have considered the matter from many viewpoints, for it seems to me that there is much evidence that might have made his selection difficult. Many similarities appear to exist between certain types of men and animals.

I seldom associate men with cats, but the actions of women often suggest feline qualities. A vain woman usually is continually preening herself; cats likewise seem constantly concerned with their appearance and comfort, sitting in a warm, cosy spot, incessantly licking their fur. Furthermore, please certain women, and they become purring kittens, but anger or oppose them, and you are faced with an unexpected ferocity with a display of feline fickleness.

The fond mother hovers protectively over her children like the bear over her cubs, confronting with a suspicious eye everyone, who appears as a menace to them. Such maternal pride, however, is manifeested by many living beings.

Among the men, is the business man who, in threatening voice expounds his political theories and criticisms which he has fortified with a wall of unmoveable convictions and concrete illustrations. He is the dog you try to convince that you are friendly towards, while the tone of his bark and his weight prohibit your advancing. The man, to follow the comparison, is usually large; a deep voice seldom accompanies a small person. You learn, however, that the man is gentle like the dog whose bark is worse than his bite. Little yapping Pomeranians are often more vicious than St. Bernards.

That actions of people resemble some attributes of animals is evidenced by the phrases that have crept into our speech; we often describe a person as being as graceful as a deer, as cunning as a fox, or, perhaps, as stubborn as a mule.

ELLIOT SHAW, '37.

RAINY MORNINGS

"Is there school?" This is the first thought which comes to my mind on a rainy morning. Whether it is a fine drizzle or a heavy downpour, I decide that there should *not* be school.

Having made my decision, I turn on the radio and, to find out whether the authorities agree with me, I listen attentively to every syllable the announcer utters. If I do not hear the longed-for announcement at seven-fifteen, I spend the next fifteen minutes in pondering whether to go back to bed and wait for the next group of signals or to dress and get ready for school. Time marches on, while I try to make up what I jokingly call my mind, and the half-past seven announcement of cities where there will be no school is made before I arrive at any decision.

As the list is read, I strain my ears for fear that I may miss the Cambridge signal. The announcer names every city and town, it seems, but Cambridge. Sometimes, however, rarely but still once in a while, he pronounces those magic syllables, "Attention, Cambridge, no school, all schools, all day." Filled with an inexpressible joy, I return to bed to reflect on what wise officials we have to run our schools, and how obliging the weatherman was to have rain on just the day I need it because I haven't done my homework, or we are going to have a test. I seem almost to exude peace, content, and good-will to everyone, especially to teachers and school officials. Truly it is the little things in life which matter; a simple phrase of two words, "No School," can make me happy.

Incidentally, these no school signals occur only on days when I did not expect them and have prepared to go to school.

However, this longed for phrase is not always heard; instead, I listen to the announcer recite a list of approximately a hundred cities, and he mentions every place except Cambridge. When the list is concluded, and the musical program continues, my stunned mind, with a shock, slowly grasps the idea that there is school. Finally arousing myself from my daze, I look at the clock. Twenty minutes of eight! I'll never make it on time.

On days like this, I set a record for speed in washing, dressing, gulping down my breakfast, and sprinting to school. When I break my shoelace or get a run in my stocking, a deep sigh escapes me; as I swallow hastily a cup of coffee and a nibble of toast, I reflect that it won't be the fault of the school authorities if I don't have acute indigestion; when finally, puffing and panting, as I arrive in the school, one minute before the last bell, I drop, exhausted, into my seat and try to regain enough breath to voice my indignation.

The usual remarks, "It's a gyp," "It's a crime," "Gee, nobody had school today except us," and similar sayings are made, and between gasps I manage to tell the world in general what I think of the cruel people who make us come to school on such a terribly awful day.

Each rainy day, the same procedure is followed, and each time I resolve to get ready before I tune into the broadcast, since I know that if I do get ready, there will be no school; and each time I make this resolution, I know perfectly well that the next time I shall have to hurry and hustle just the same.

DOROTHY STARR, '37.

TRAGEDY

Gloomy halls
Send shivers up your back;
Thunder and lightning
Are omnipresent;
The candle flickers
And goes out;
A shrill scream
Then death-like silence;
A nervous movement
The swish of a bat's wing
Cutting the air:
The feel of a graveyard
All about you;
Your breath seems pressed from you
By the
Melancholy silence
Of a
Tragedy.

MARTHA MERRILL, '37.

WHITE LIES

HAVE you ever told a white lie? Of course, you have. You tell as many as two or three a day, probably more. It all depends upon the situation or the occasion. I tell them often, but do not think me a characterless person. I shall try to show you that you tell white lies, and at the time you do not think that you are telling an untruth.

For example, when Aunt Susan asks you how you like her new hat, a hat that she has trimmed herself, one of those that has several garlands of flowers, bows of ribbon, and, in general, looks like a collection of all the odds and ends in her sewing basket, naturally, you will tell her that it is very pretty, that it flatters her, and that it looks better than anything she has worn for a long time.

Then, on another occasion, you tell a white lie. You spend an evening at the home of a friend, listening to a lengthy discussion in politics, which is something you despise. You sit quietly, with an interested look on your face, and wish that the hands of the clock would magically arrive at the hour when you could leave. But the clock forgets to move, so it seems, and you have to listen to the opinion of this one, to the opinion of that one as to what the President should do, what the President should not do, who should be President, and who should not be President. In short, the speaker almost says that he should be advising all those who hold public office. When the time comes for you to leave, you turn to your hostess, and tell her what a "perfectly grand evening" you have had, how you "enjoyed listening to such an intelligent discussion on government," and you know in your heart that you are glad that the evening has come to an end. With a final "Thank you" and "Perfectly lovely evening" you hurry down the walk.

There is also the occasion of your birthday, when you receive the same gift from everyone. You always accept it with the same bright smile of gratitude and appreciation, knowing all the while that you will never use the vanity case, that you think it is a ridiculous gift, but, because you appreciate their thoughtfulness, you say "Thank you very much. It is lovely, and just what I needed—just what I have been longing for." This is just another white lie.

When you wear your new dress to a tea, for the first time, and some blundering, stupid jackass turns the plate of jam tarts into your lap, ruining your gown, of course, you murmur,—"It is perfectly all right. You mustn't feel so upset. Please don't think anything of it. It was an old dress, nothing that I care about."—when, all the while, you wish you could accidently upset your cup of tea onto his spotless gray flannels.

After all, even though a white lie seems only a form of politeness, it is a lie. However, it is a lie that does no harm. This type of lie, I believe, should never be confused with a downright falsehood.

KITTY CAVANAUGH, '37.

PEOPLE WHO RILE ME

SCRAPE . . . squeak . . . scrape! zealously the young "prodigy" in the next apartment plies and scrapes his bow across the strings of his violin, producing the most aggravating sounds, while I make a desperate attempt to concentrate on the whys and wherefores of United States history. Sharper and sharper grow the discords; higher and higher mounts my wrath. Oh, such is the irony of fate. Whenever I am industriously engaged in the task of perusing "Ovid" or "Wilhelm Tell," this young virtuoso never fails to favor me with some choice musical selections. What can possibly be more vexatious than a novice violinist who insists upon disturbing the peace of the neighbors with his inharmonious scales and discords?

An equally great offender, although of a distinctly different nature, is the person who is ever ready to launch forth on a detailed account of the various operations she has undergone. "Last year, I had my appendix out; it almost broke you know. My dear, the doctor said my case was so extraordinary; I had fourteen stitches. Why I was in agony for days afterwards." Thus she continues indefinitely with gruesome details of her operation. While I politely nod and murmur words of sympathy, I fervently hope that the wretched woman will shortly cease her endless tale of woe. Until the subject of operations ceases to fascinate people so completely, I fear there is no relief for me.

In the same category with the operation reporter is classed the benignant old soul who is always telling you what to do for your own good, my dear. "Now my dear, you must combine your foods. For a person of your weight you should eat less starchy foods and positively no sweets. Oh, don't be offended at my frankness; this is positively for your own benefit. I'm sure you wish to acquire a slim, willowy figure such as the movie stars have, and you will, if you only count your calories." Oh, woe is me when that persistent individual has me in her merciless clutches while she discourses at great length on the subject of food. What makes people so ready with such invaluable advice?

Attempts to overcome my irritations seem to be in vain, for these offenders are constantly provoking me anew.

LOUISE BOORDETSKY, '37.

MY LIFE IN GERMANY



WAS born in Berlin in 1920. This was in the early days of the destruction of the old German Monarchy. Until the World War, many German people lived in abundance and splendor and many more lived in comfort, but I am only able to know of the Old Germany through tales and stories, which were told me by my parents. So you see I was born during the period of Germany's bankruptcy and the fall of the old Empire. Germany was the first country that enacted social legislation for its working men and women. These workers are insured by government agencies, which still exist. All unemployed, poor, and old citizens are supported in this manner; it is their only salvation.

I was born into a most comfortable family; my father was "Calis Director" for one of the largest firms in Central Europe. It was therefore our fortune to enjoy all the comforts and luxuries given to people in such circumstances. Unfortunately, it was short-lived, for my beloved father died after a short illness, when I was five years old. He was survived by my mother and three children; the oldest a sister, who was ten years old, I who was five, and a brother who was two. The loss of my father widowed my mother for a second time. Her first husband was killed in the World War in the battle of Verdun. He fell while fighting for his native Germany.

People somehow do not appreciate the worthiness of social legislation. At least we didn't, until we found that it played a part in our support. Now my mother received a widow's pension for herself and her three children. This was made possible by the fact that my father had paid to the government insurance office a part of his regular earnings. These payments were made monthly by the cashier of his concern. Of course my mother wanted us to be brought up and trained properly and receive the best education possible. Therefore, she returned to her old position of private secretary in a very large concern.

My mother sent us to a boarding school, which we enjoyed very much. There were forty girls and thirty boys. We were all taught German Culture and the appreciation of the finer things, such as music and art, and the essential groundwork was laid for our education.

The following is a part of the typical German youth's daily routine. We awakened at six in the morning. From half-past six to a quarter-past seven we attended to our regular household duties. In Germany all girls, poor and rich alike, are taught that the care of the home is as important as their schooling. School began at eight and was over at half-past one. From two to three we played in the garden. From three to five we darned stockings and attended other similar duties. From five to seven we studied and did our homework, and those who had completed their studying before seven o'clock were allowed a free hour. Every Sunday and holiday we were permitted to go home, but had to return to the boarding-school promptly at eight o'clock. We remained at this boarding-school until three weeks before we sailed for America.

Now I will give you a short report about my school life in Germany. School opens at eight o'clock. Any pupil arriving later than eight receives a black mark in the classbook.

When the teacher enters the class, the pupils say their morning prayer and the lesson begins. Every pupil has to take the whole course, which consists of 15 subjects! In Germany the pupils have after each school hour a recess. That means, after the first lesson, from eight to nine o'clock the children have only a little recess for 5 minutes, at 10 o'clock, they have a recess for 20 minutes, at 11 o'clock again a recess for 5 minutes and at 12 o'clock is the last recess for 20 minutes. Almost all lessons end at 1:30 P. M.

German school-children are not allowed to carry their books under their arms, but they have to carry them either in handbags or knap-sacks. The school bag is inspected weekly by the teacher, to see that it is kept clean and neat. The pupils are not allowed to make memorandums on scraps of papers, but must have special copy-books for each subject.

All women who were employed had to give up their positions to men, and so our dear relatives brought us to the United States.

We sailed on the Berengaria, which made the crossing in six days. The trip was a most pleasant one, for it offered much recreation and the opportunity to meet all sorts of people. On the boat we played games and were entertained by many celebrities, who were passengers. And so happy and satisfied, we approached New York Harbor, and we were thrilled at the sight of the Statue of Liberty.

SUSAN SEIDEL, '40.

EDITOR'S NOTE: On January 22, 1936 a young German girl, Susan Seidel, gazed for the first time upon the awe-inspiring Statue of Liberty. For her, America was to mean an entirely new experience and a new outlook on life.

Knowing scarcely more English than that she had learned in the German schoolrooms, Susan had a rather difficult time for a few months. She lived in Shrewsbury, Massachusetts, immediately after her arrival and came to Cambridge this September. She was enrolled in the Cambridge High and Latin School and at present is a Freshman of Room 1.

The above essay was written in this school and depicts, in a simple, friendly manner, her life before leaving Germany.

PICNICS

AT least once or twice a year, some hardy soul organizes a group to tramp several painful miles into a forsaken wood for the privilege of eating a little half-cooked food out-of-doors. No one ever refuses to go. If one did, his protestations would be met with scornful declarations of the joys of the simple and natural life as compared with the stuffy existence of our modern civilized world. Personally speaking, my health has never been seriously impaired by picnicking. On the contrary, I seem to have thrived exceedingly well, even, I might say, a bit on the too well side.

However, that is beside the point. Let us review this picnicking situation. You begin by dressing in the early morning in your heaviest clothes. These are usually uncomfortable and almost invariably unbecoming, but they at least lend an atmosphere, as does the luncheon of sandwiches, frankfurters and rolls which you pack, with the necessary implements of tableware.

After collecting your jolly companions, you start the tramp to the woods. You walk for a long time, for an eternity, it seems until, at about one o'clock you reach the picnic spot. Due to difficulties with the open fire, if the smoky, struggling flame may so be called, dinner is delayed for a good while. From a certain aspect, this is an advantage for, being ravenously hungry, you find yourself eagerly accepting the charred frankfurters to free the great void in your interior while odinarily you would have been repelled by the sight of the blackened, shrivelled objects.

Your hunger has now been assuaged enough for you to notice your surroundings at least in part. By now it has begun to sprinkle a little—it always rains on picnics—and you have consequently begun to sneeze. Besides, you have been reclining upon an ant hill and this situation does little to ease the state of your mind and body.

These are only a few of the evils of a picnic. Therefore, why do we sweep aside every sane consideration of health and comfort to replace them with colds and general wretchedness. Since the stone age, men have tried to better their living conditions. Houses, snug and warm, have been built wherein we eat and sleep, protected from the elements. Yet for all his veneer of civilization man must return at times to the vagrant life of his forebears to satisfy some instinct.

It is easy to see that picnics are a curse to peaceful living. Why do we not, by taking a firm stand, abolish them forever? Such is the perversity of human nature, however, that at the next invitation to join in a picnic, we erase all former discomforts from our minds, and rush off in eager anticipation of the charms of simple life.

RUTH E. STURZEL, '38.

"CLOISTERED"

A NEW and unusual film is Robert Alexandre's *Cloistered,* showing authentically the life which goes on within the walls of the Convent of the Good Shepherd, near Angers, France. This is one of the most secluded convents in the world; in order not to have to leave the cloister, the nuns go back and forth between the various parts of the convent by means of underground passages. Except during the making of the film, the public is never admitted to the cloister and no man ever enters, except the chaplain who is separated from the nuns by heavy metal grates.

Mr. Alexandre, the director, deserves great credit for the successful film he has turned out after two years labor.

Within the cloister there are three divisions: the nuns, the penitents, and the Magdalens. The nuns are women, who after a five and a half years training period as novices, wish to remain and take vows never to leave, to renounce the world forever, to be "dead to the world." The penitents either are sent by their parents or enter voluntarily in atonement for past sins; at twenty-one, they may leave or become Magdalens, vowing never to leave the convent. These three divisions are separated by grates even when praying at the altar. In all the work of the convent, they never meet.

Under the direction of the Mother Superior, the sisters make their own shoes, sew, paint the convent walls, build stone fences, and work in the fields, in addition to doing the usual work and taking part in the ceremonies of convent life. Also, much secretarial work is done in the correspondence with other convents.

The film begins with the entrance of a young girl into the cloister, and shows the five and a half years' training of the novices, the beautiful religious ceremonies of the nuns, accompanied by religious music and the chanting of the choir, and the final ceremony where the young novices take vows to renounce the world forever. The young girls, dressed in white with bridal orange blossoms, pray at the altar, take the vows separately, and leave to have their long hair cut and to change their white costumes of the novices for the heavier white and black of the nuns. In contrast to this ceremony, the penitents take their vows as Magdalens wearing heavy black and a wreath of thorns.

Many of the scenes of the ceremonies, and the close-ups of the serene-faced nuns and novices are very pictorial. That the film is an unusual and highly commendable one, of interest not only to Catholics, is shown by the large, interested audiences which have attended during its long stay at the Fine Arts Theatre in Boston.

RUTH CROZIER, '37.



G. A. A. NEWS

Greetings, fellow Athletes! Our roving editorial eye has accosted hundreds of sister members rushing to and fro with that cheery, important look which somehow belongs to girls who are busy with the G. A. A. sports and social activities.

A large group of freshmen is being welcomed into our ranks. We like to encourage freshmen to become active in our affairs by reminding them that, some day, they, too, will have to assume responsible positions in the club and should get acquainted with the G. A. A. as soon as possible.

Our president, Betty Harney, has attained her prominence as a sort of heritage because of her tireless devotion to the club. Frances Brown, our vice-president, is a loyal supporter who may always be found in the midst of any enterprise undertaken by the G. A. A. Mary Crowley, a junior, has been given the title of secretary, and she fulfills her duties with her accustomed ease and good humor. The executive committee consists of: Mary Quinn, Libbie Flax, Jean Crowley, and Mary Glacken, four active and popular members. We confidently place the entire management of our club into the hands of this capable body, positive that they will rule wisely and well, and make this year a banner one.

The annual double-tennis tournament is progressing smoothly under the able direction of Rita Doherty, winner with Ruth Brooks, of the 1933 tournament.

The predominant characteristic of the tournament has been good sportsmanship. Naturally, half of the participants must lose. However, we were very much impressed by the game spirit in which the youngsters acknowledged the superiority of the victors.

We wish to express our regret to Claire Kelley, who was forced to forfeit her game because of a sprained ankle. Better luck next year, Claire. At this writing, Phyllis Sheridan, Betty Harney, Shirley Frim and Thelma Kessler are about to contend for the final title.

If tall players have anything to do with high scores, we can readily assure the freshmen group of winning every game they may play. In addition to their unusual height, they manage to play remarkably well for novices. We have great hope for all our teams this year.

Captain Beatrice Loja is planning to spur on her junior team and give the seniors a real struggle for top-notch honors. The strong sophomore team will do well if they keep up the good work which we notice during practise.

BETTY SUGARMAN, '37.

THE K. B. CLUB

The school year is under way at last, and the K. B. Club, not to be outdone by any other activities, has already held several important meetings. Among the things accomplished at these meetings, was the election of officers. The Club has chosen Adele Church, President; and Elaine Mahady, Secretary-Treasurer. Under these capable girls, the club feels it will go far along the road to both financial and social success.

Plans are already underway for the Annual Dance which has always been considered by the Latinites, as one of the major and most enjoyable events on their social calendar, and the dance this year promises to be no exception.

The K. B. girls have also decided this year, as well as in the past two years, to make their ultimate goal, the raising of a scholarship, and the genuine enthusiasm and good will exhibited by the members this year promises that this goal and other deserving ones as well shall be attained.

CAROLYN WOOD, '37.

A VISITOR FROM THE SKY

ONE early morning this summer just as the sun arose spreading its golden rays over the trees, I was suddenly aware that I was not alone. I looked out of the window, and found, standing on the railing of the porch, a small bluebird chirping as if to say "Good Morning." When I took a second glance, I noticed how beautiful was his coat with the sun shining on it.

A little later, as I was eating my breakfast, I heard a commotion on the porch, and going out I found the little bird with a whole flock of his companions perched on the railing. I fed them with crumbs. When they had finished there was a flutter of wings, and away they flew. I watched them until they became tiny specks in the clear, blue, summer sky.

DORIS SNOW, '39.

EDITOR'S NOTE: We are glad to publish this theme written by a freshman in Miss Russell's English I class. We should like other freshman contributions.

AMONG THE BOOKS

"GONE WITH THE WIND"

Macmillan, 1936 Margaret Mitchell

Scarlett O'Hara inherited from her Irish father, Gerald, a wilfullness, a determination, a fierce love of the soil, and a quick, hot Irish temper, over which the aristocracy of her mother's Savanah parentage laid a thin veneer of polite manners and charming ladylike qualities. To Scarlett, at sixteen, the belle of the entire County, a girl who had never known care or responsibility, who had always been waited upon by darky slaves and had every wish satisfied by doting parents, the Civil War came to change the entire world. After the horror of Sherman's march to the sea, when the old plantations were destroyed, Scarlett, with her father's determination, and his love of the land which was home, saved Tara from the greed of the Yankees and the Carpetbaggers.

Gradually she built up a successful farm, though Tara could no longer be called a plantation, and conducted a fierce fight against the hunger she had known immediately after the surrender. In this fight, she lost what little effect she had had of her mother's teachings, and became more and more like Gerald. Her friend, Melanie Wilkes, met similar disaster with better grace, and refused to give up her ideals, remaining true to the Confederacy and the old ideas of the Southern aristocracy. Other friends, members of the families of former planters, also remained loyal to the old ways, ignoring the change which had come over the world in which they lived, but Scarlett grew hard and reckless in her determination never again to know hunger.

It was her similarity to him which made Rhett Butler, an unscrupulous blockade runner, and a perverse, aggravating, yet charming man, love her, but his very perversity roused her hot temper and her desire for struggle.

Margaret Mitchell has written a lively, sometimes pathetic, and entirely readable tale of the Civil War and the Reconstruction which followed. The characters are intensely real personalities. In the pages of *Gone With the Wind,* one comes to know intimately Scarlett O'Hara, Phett Butler, Ashley and Melanie Wilkes, Dr. and Mrs. Meade, Mrs. Merriwether, Aunt Pittypat, Gerald O'Hara and his wife Ellen, India Wilkes, and numerous faithful slaves. The story is well worth reading.

"THE DELIVERANCE"

Doubleday, 1904 Ellen Glasgow

The Deliverance is a story of the Virginia tobacco plantations, and has a great deal of local color. Its situation is stereotyped, but has a rather unusual treatment which saves it from being a mere repetition of other books.

Christopher Blake, the rightful owner of Blake Hall, has been cheated out of his inheritance by the former overseer, on whom he swears revenge. He proceeds to demoralize the former overseer's son, succeeds, repents, and pays penance. Meantime he comes to love the daughter of his enemy, who hates her father for his rascality and proposes to return the plantation to Christopher when it becomes hers upon her father's death. He, of course, refuses, and the plantation becomes Maria's when her father is killed by his drunken son. Christopher takes the blame for the deed, goes to prison, and is pardoned through Maria's intervention and by Will's confession.

The story is well told and Christopher's struggle between his desire for revenge and his better nature is related in a manner which gives a clear insight into his character. Good writing and good character drawing, however, cannot entirely overcome the handicap of an overworked plot.

"THE HOUSE OF EXILE"

Little, Brown, 1933 Nora Waln

Nora Waln, a Philadelphia Quaker, became interested in China and Chinese life in her childhood when she heard of the trading which had been carried on between members of her family and members of the Tin Family in China. Later, she was invited to visit China, and accepted. *The House of Exile* is a vivid, picturesque account of life in the Tin Family of Hopei Province, North China. In her years of living there, she took part in the rituals of life within the walls of the House of Exile, saw the absolute authority of the Elder of the House, and the steadfast protection of any members of the family. Miss Waln's visit with the House of Exile ended, but she remained in China, for she married a member of the British Legation and moved to Hong Kong. There she became acquainted with the life of the mistress of the Chinese home, and added new experience of Chinese life to her many previous ones.

The book is told in a leisurely, unhurried manner, and shows keen observation and a deep love and understanding for the Chinese people. It is illustrated with unusual little drawings by C. Leroy Baldridge.

RUTH CROZIER, '37



THE CHESS CLUB

Although the Chess Club lost five members by graduation, the prospects for this year are not too dismal. There are three reasons why the Chess Club should have a fairly good year: first, the transfer from Rindge of Stanley Romonas who will play first board; second, the development of some of the members of last year; and third, the many new members who have joined. There are many sophomores, who will provide the club with experienced players for at least two more years. Last year the team won six matches, lost two, and tied three. This year it is expected to do almost as well and perhaps better. Four matches have already been scheduled.

A fall tournament has been arranged in which every player will have the opportunity to play somebody else. A record is kept of these games. Although chess is ordinarily a winter game, every afternoon after school, members of the club practice the game during the autumn as well.

At the chess match with Lowell, C. H. L. S. won with a score of 5 to 1 on October 23—with Rindge, on October 30, we won with a score of 6 to 1.

All students who are interested in chess are invited to join the club. The membership now numbers twenty-four.

JOSEPH COUGHLAN, '37.

THE WITCHES

I sat by my window one dark winter night,
The witches came dancing; it was a grand sight.
Some were in blue and some were in gray;
They danced until midnight, and then flew away.

CLARA SHANKS, '40.

HONOR COMES TO CAMBRIDGE LATIN

Two graduates of Cambridge High and Latin, Jeannette Stacey Eyre and Evelyn Elizabeth Whelden, both seniors at Radcliffe College have recently been honored by election to Iota Chapter of Massachusetts, Phi Beta Kappa. Miss Eyre is concentrating in history and literature, Miss Whelden in mathematics.

In addition to maintaining a high academic standing, Miss Eyre has been very active in her class. She has been a class officer for the past two years and is now secretary of the Choral Society. She also plays basketball on her class team.

While in Cambridge High and Latin School both girls showed great promise of success in college.

SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

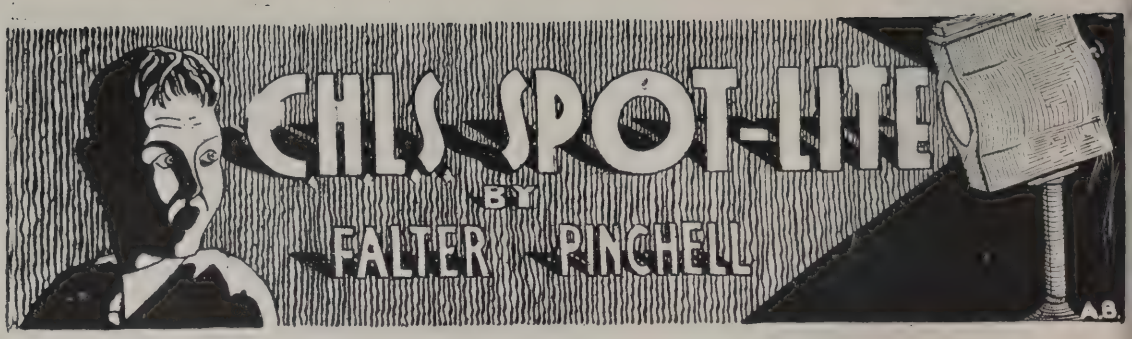
The playful piccolos about us beat
Like carefree scurrying of tiny feet;
The bass drum roars; the bass viols make
Heavy speeches, at which quake
The tremulous slide-trombones;
The trumpets marshall blare —
The violins play on air —
All enchanted by their skipping beats;
The cymbals clashing proudly on—
Following the small, yet mighty baton:
An hundred mighty instruments
In bondage to
A slender stick.

MARTHA MERRILL, '37.

Miss Hite's many friends in the school will be glad to hear that she has returned to Cambridge, where she is enjoying a leave of absence until February the first.

On the twenty-eighth of October she entertained at tea, at her home on Arlington Street, the teachers of the Department of French—and all were delighted to see her once again. The afternoon was spent pleasantly, talking of all that had happened during the past year; of Miss Hite's drive to Wyoming in 1935 and Miss MacNabb's in the summer of 1936 to Salt Lake City; of Miss Watson's winter in California and her stay at the French Summer School at Middlebury; of Miss McCarthy's summer at Les Chalets Fleurés, Les Éboulements, P. Q., Canada; of Miss Browning's visit with the Dionne Quintuplets at Callender; and of Miss McIntire's European experiences last year. It was a happy reunion for those who could be there, and those who could not were missed sincerely.

H. E. MCINTIRE.



Greetings from the Editor of the Spot-lite . . . If I don't spot something before the year is over, let me know about it . . . Here are some late flashes . . . Peg Sheedy burnt three of her fingers . . . She says it was hot oil . . . I wonder . . . John McGloin likes plenty of fresh air . . . So I gather after a ride in his windowless Tin Lizzie . . . The LaFrance family, which was represented in past years by Alma and Florence now presents to this school another charming daughter, Lorraine . . . She is quite a football fan . . . Bill Haverty is an usher at the University Theater . . . Frances Brown, Ruth Tisdale, Rita Birmingham, Ruthie Fennell and Florence Rix behaved themselves creditably at the Rindge game . . . These girls gave a fine exhibition of baton twirling . . . Bernard Spitzer, where did you get that haircut? . . . Helen McCool, room 78, has just come to this noble institute of learning from the fair city of Miami . . . Frank Sharka has a very strong sense of humor . . . He'll laugh at anything . . . If nobody will go into hysterics over your jokes bring them to Frank . . . Libby Flax holds an executive position in the G. A. A. . . . John Curran's hobby and profession is photography . . . You can see him running up and down the sidelines of any football game with his camera . . . The old saying, "If at first you don't succeed, try, try again" was proven again when Captain Dick Row and his squad finally defeated their Brown and White rivals, Rindge, after seven years . . . Jackie Williams is seen zipping around Cambridge a lot in a new Lincoln Zephyr . . . Quite the boy . . . Ruthie Brooks gives dancing lessons in her spare time . . . Jimmie McNamara claims that his "whiffle" haircut is a habit now, and he can't break away from it . . . I hope that it won't turn out to be a bad habit, Jim . . . Room 79 gives us another new pupil, Bernice Bagley . . . She hails from Rochester, New York . . . Alven Allen is an usher at the Harvard football games every Saturday . . . The majority of the Senior class was in favor of a primary election . . . This was shown at a special assembly held in the hall . . . Girlie Shea goes to most of the football games in her beach wagon . . . Three cheers for Sid Ritvo . . . He has proven himself to be a capable fire fighter more than once . . . Ask him about it . . . Evelyn Nevens says that a little thing like an automobile accident can't keep her down . . . Melvin Ponte took a trip to the battle grounds at Lexington and Concord in the interests of history . . . Rod Hughes spent many of his summer evenings in Lexington . . . I bet it wasn't the Minute Man he was visiting . . . Betty Hunt just loves to cut up frogs in biology . . . That sweater that George Kelley wears is a very flashy bit . . . Harry Wasserman is now known as the Boy Artist . . . Many of the artistic posters seen in school around election time were of his design . . . Rita Doherty has made home-room committee for her fourth consecutive year Orchids to John Shaughnessey and the rest of the boys who were elected as officers of the Phi Club at the Annex . . . Shirley Hunt came to this school when we were in the midst of a political whirlpool . . . She says that it was hard enough to find her class rooms and at the same time listen to all the political aspirants with that never-to-be-forgotten saying, "Will you vote for me?" . . . Betty Thorne says that sophomores don't do all the dumb things they are reputed to do . . . That is, not until they are seniors . . . Who is the modest freshman who is thinking of joining the Navy to let the world see him? . . . John Monteiro is our correspondent to the Cambridge Tribune . . . The reddest red-head in the school is William Flaherty of Room 90 . . . The brainy Pearlson family is well represented in the person of Jean's sister, Eleanor . . . Shirley Frim is an artist as well as an excellent singer . . . What lazy boy in the senior class has hired a fellow student to count sheep so he can go to sleep? . . . Such humorous poets as George Silver and Gus Keohane should write jokes for a book known as "The Famous Poets of Our Day" . . . Edward McCabe and Bill Corcoran are together so much they are beginning to look alike . . . What junior carries his English book to lunch with him? . . . He must eat up that English with a ham sandwich Frank Glacken is a great pass snatcher . . . Roland Shaine, former president of the senior class, certainly did a wonderful job introducing the scenes in the Review dramatization . . . Isadore Pickler is a great little subscription go-getter . . . "I'm in the Money" is Everett Hart's theme song . . . He is

treasurer of Room 64 . . . Ralph Canina intends to become a track star in the near future . . . Edward McSweeney is a budding actor . . . Tom McCauley and Charles Linahan with the aid of Dan Pedro and Ralph Parsons make a perfect quartette . . . Is Wally Boudreau, the football star, camera shy? . . . The school physician's official bag carrier is George Dynan . . . Some say the immortal Paul Hennihan is vaudeville bound . . . Dan Desmond is a frequent visitor at the Central Public Library . . . "Modern Chemical History" is his favorite book . . . The Latin Chess Team should be exceptionally strong this year . . . There was mutiny at Russell Field when the football team crowded into the transportation bus . . . We should be more polite, gentlemen . . . Harold West certainly looked interested during the football game . . . Joseph Sawtell is considered a window-looker-outer . . . George Nelson is known as the Bill Tilden of Thorndike Field . . . Bud Wright is a candidate for the hockey team . . . He is a smooth skating wing, with a severe check . . . Watch out Stoneham . . . A capable member of the Glee Club is Rupert Margotson . . . That curly-haired mandolin player is Joseph Casey . . .

And so we bid you a fond farewell until the next issue . . . Signing off . . . FALTER PINCHELL.

C. H. L. S. SONG HITS

A Star Fell Out Of Heaven.....Wally Boudreau
There's A Small Hotel.....The Annex
Dream Time Study Period
It's Like Reaching For The Moon.....Diploma
Lost.....Freshman in the Corridor
It Can Happen To You Failure
These Foolish Things Report Cards
I'll Smile Again Latin Beats Rindge
Tormented Term Test
I'm Just Beginning To Care.....The Senior

A PROTEST

CAMBRIDGE LATIN — RINDGE
FOOTBALL
OCT. 12 8:00 P. M. RUSSELL FIELD

This is a usual enough notice posted in the halls, except for one item; but what an item! An item which revolts the minds of all true football lovers. I refer to that disgusting phrase, "8 P. M."

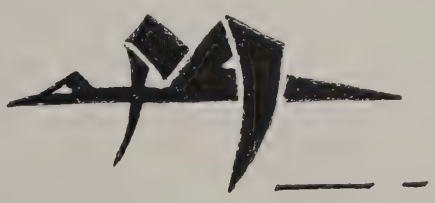
Football was surely never planned to be played at night under arc lights. If you must go out at night, you expect to take in a moving picture or some such amusement, but never! oh never! a football game.

When you walk briskly to the football field on a cool October day, with your extra sweater slung over your arm, you expect not blackness pierced by harsh electric lights, but the fall sun, blue skies, crisp, dry air full of pep, vim, and vigor that makes you want to jump up and down shouting your lungs out for the dear old team. Night air is damp; and your one thought is the cold and why in the world you ever came; and you longingly remember the cozy warm house you left behind you.

Arc lights make a football field artificial; the natural green is taken from the grass; the shadows are so dark they appear foreboding and you are unable to pick out your friends in the stands. Under these heavy lights, the players appear pasty-faced. If Cambridge must play under arc lights and at night, let Coach Sheehan make-up his boys and put a little color on their faces. An actor uses cosmetics, and after all, if the boys are playing at night, under heavy lights, before an audience (it is no longer a crowd after seven o'clock at night), what are they but actors?

What if the Legion Band did play? We don't want bands—we want a football game!!

MARTHA MERRILL, '37.



COURAGEOUS MEMBERS OF



CAMBRIDGE LATIN 7 **NEWTON 20**

Having lost its first game to Somerville by a score of 20 to 13, Captain Dick Row and his fighting, scrappy Cambridge Latin team again suffered defeat. The second defeat was at the hands of the Garden City boys.

In this game the Cantabs gave Newton a 20 point lead in the first half of their Suburban League game at Russell Field and then put away a touchdown for a 20 to 7 score, after fumbling on the five yard line on another occasion and making a grand aerial march late in the game that just missed clicking for another score. For a time it didn't look as though the Cantabs were going to score at all, for the first touchdown they yelled for, on a fine forward pass, the ball was called back and a penalty plastered on for an illegal flip from ce

Newton, with its flashy Paul Forte running pl from a backfield berth, was a strong, powerful gregation in the opening half. The backs getting a load of interference mostly because Cantabs were lagging in blocking up the holes. the Latinites must have heard an earfull betw the halves for they went about their work in n different fashion in the second half and r played Newton off its feet.

Latin got off to an unlucky start. They lost toss, lost the wind, took the kick, and then fum before the crowd could collect its wits.

In a jiffy Forte skirted his right end, ou everything in sight and dashed across the goal on the first play which netted about 25 yards.

NG CAMBRIDGE LATIN SQUAD



Reproduced by courtesy of the Boston Herald

Newton kicked off and after a series of kicks, ewton got the ball on Latin's 40 yard stripe and er the whole backfield had their chances Forte ain plunged over for the second score.

After an unlucky break Newton got the ball ound the Cantabs 20 and a Johnston to Mc-ullin pass netted Newton's last score.

In the second half Latin got underway and after o unsuccessful tries the ball was planted over e coveted line for 6 points. This came by air, Boudreau to Glacken aerial.

The Cantabs held their own very well the rest the way and a fourth period passing attack had em deep in Newton territory before Newton, with enty of subs in at the time, was able to hold off e attack and take the ball on downs and kick ear as the game ended.

CAMBRIDGE LATIN 8 RINDGE 7

After a seven year wait, Cambridge Latin's football team beat their old Rindge Tech rivals 8 to 7 in the first night game of their annual Columbus Day classic at Russell Field.

Captain Al Baniewicz of Rindge gave one of the finest exhibitions of ball lugging, pass throwing and pass receiving that will ever be seen in school football. Al lugged the ball four out of five times and kept marching deep into Latin territory where Latin would buck up and hold for downs or knock down passes in the end zone.

Latin's star was Hockey Captain Wallie Boudreau whose sensational punting kept Rindge in check most of the night. He kicked them high, wide, and handsome and as long as he kicked them Rindge would carry it right back. Rindge must

have made a dozen first downs and most of them by Baniewicz.

Rindge got the first break on a fumble in the first session on Latin's 40 yard marker and with Baniewicz and Bonneau carrying, they marched to the Cantabs' 10. Latin took the next break by recovering a Rindge fumble on the 15 yard line, and Boudreau kicked clear.

Latin threatened when Boudreau flipped Guild a pass, which was also caught by a Rindge player. On rules it went to Latin on the 15 yard line, from where they advanced it to the one foot line before Rindge held for downs. Duest went back to boot it away, but Marimn and O'Connell broke through and blocked and Baniewicz dove under two Cantabs to make it a safety instead of a Latin touchdown behind the goal line.

In the last quarter Boudreau flipped a 20 yard pass to Glacken who caught it on the Rindge 25 yard stripe who kept going, dodging his Brown and White opponents and sliding prettily behind his interference and cutting to the open for a touchdown.

Before the game ended Rindge was off on another march from their own 38. Baniewicz took a swell pass over his shoulder from Bonneau on the Latin 36, and he then rushed a first down to the 25, and later swung the left end for a long touchdown run, following it up by rushing the try point. Rindge was on another march as the late minutes rolled by, but had to go into the air and was forced to give up on downs.

CAMBRIDGE LATIN 13 B. C. HIGH 7

Cambridge Latin's grid team under the able tutelage of Coach "Jack" Sheehan won its second game of the season and also second in a row when they set back the Maroon and Gold team from Boston College High School.

McDonough, the slippery little lad in the Maroon and Gold backfield almost spelled defeat for the Cantabs with his clever carrying, and Hailer's kicking was another feature.

The stands were noticeably empty but for a good crowd of ardent "B. C." rooters. The Latin cheer leaders were lacking support and but for the "regular" crowd there wouldn't have been a single Cambridge cheer.

In this game, in the final half Coach Sheehan sent blonde Jimmie Walsh into the game and he amazed all with his fast and steady yard gaining for Cambridge, and although he was not a scorer his catching of a lateral put Latin in a good scoring position for the second Latin score.

A Boudreau pass put Latin on the visitors' two yard line. Two plays lost five yards as the first quarter ended, but an offside put the Latinites back on the two yard marker, from where it went over with Boudreau carrying, starting the second period. The placement kick was wide.

Boston College High started right back and Kane took a pass from Salvate to the Cantabs 4 yard stripe from where Hailer smashed through the right for a touchdown and Clark kicked the placement which gave B. C. H. a 7 to 6 lead.

After a series of plunges by Coolen, Walsh and Bradley, Boudreau threw Glacken a pass in the end zone which the end grabbed neatly to hold away from a rival. He then caught the try point pass to make it 13 to 7.

Good and Gayne played well at the guard positions while Boudreau was again the standout in the backfield.

CAMBRIDGE LATIN 12 BROOKLINE 0

The Cambridge team travelled to Brookline to whitewash the "Wealthy Towners" and win their third straight victory.

A sensational 85 yard touchdown gallop by Jimmy Lawrence of Latin featured the 12 to 0 victory at Brookline Field.

Taking the second half kick-off Lawrence dodged, slammed, and raced his way through the entire Brookline team behind some good interference. Nearing the coveted stripe he broke away from his interferers and a "Wealthy Towner" was about to grab him when Capt. Dick Row threw a beautiful block at his opponent and Lawrence crossed the goal-line unmolested.

Cambridge scored its first tally on a 10 yard reverse play with Bradley carrying the ball. The Cantabs were put into position for this play when the Cambridge forward wall arose and smeared Waldstein, Brookline's stellar punter, as he was trying to kick out from his own 20 yard line. The blocked kick was recovered by Cambridge on the Brookline 20.

At no time in the game was Latin pressed by Brookline and Dick Row and his boys took things easy. At the close of the game Coach Sheehan flooded the field with substitutes and "Pin" Downey, who was hurt in the Somerville game, smashed through the Brookline team for a 25 yard gain only to be nailed on Brookline's 2 yard marker as the game ended. Guild played exceptionally well at end and Don O'Connell turned in his usual well played performance at tackle.

C. H. L. S. JUMBLE

1. Lnoocn Full of fun
2. Mifr Artist
3. Alnahlma Twins
4. Tquedete Blonde
5. Vthayre Nice personality
6. Nogcla Dancing feet
7. Resas Little Tomboy
8. Seinvn Cute number
9. Yeocj Tall, light, handsome
10. Mslagnsa Tres chic

See page 28 for the Key to the solution.

EXCHANGES

The Aegis, Beverly Trade School, Beverly, Mass.

We enjoyed your whole magazine very much, especially the Literary department, where we read the story "Spunky and Incorporated." Your humor was also very good. We quote from that, "He laughs best who laughs—when the teacher laughs."

The Student, Holmes High School, Covington, Kentucky.

A breezy number of your magazine arrived here the other day, and boy, did we have a good time reading it! It's certainly a bit of what we had always imagined Kentucky ought to be like. There is some real talent in the "Blue-grass Blue-bloods," which is the title of one of your many interesting articles.

The Cauldron, Friends Select School, Philadelphia, Pa.

Worthy of especial note, your Theatre Notes Department impressed us as well as your well-written Book Reviews. We found your literary works both instructive and enjoyable.

The Oracle, Manchester Central High School, Manchester, New Hampshire.

Wow! you had so many good stories and experiences in your Aglaia Number that we could write a whole magazine in praise. But, lacking the space to do that, we shall mention one or two that we liked especially. There was the story, "Complete," and the articles entitled, "Salom," "Chewing Gum," and "Laughter" that we thought were very good. It also seemed to us that your pictures of the students came out very well.

Kelvin Year Book, Kelvin High School, Winnipeg, Manitoba.

Another good Annual. We like especially the method you have of letting each room have its own section. We think that it would be a good idea for more school magazines to have a big Foreign Language Department like yours. The Latin section was especially intriguing.

Seward Folio, Seward Park High School, New York.

You have a large selection of good literature in your magazine as well as the best type of illustrations that we have seen. "All Earth Our Shore" is a very unusual piece of literature and its author is to be commended highly. Another different type of story is "Spring-Ah-Spring." We could go on for hours, but we guess that you get the idea that we think your magazine is good.

Good News, Northeast Catholic High School, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

We would like to quote one thing that we saw in your magazine that seemed to illustrate the tone of the entire paper, whick we think is excellent: "BIG BEN let out a feeble cry of ALARM as he thought his RING career might be over. Why, he could hardly move his HANDS any more! There were very few SECONDS left that would BACK him up. Alas? He still remembered the TIMES they used to watch him give people the WORKS, but now they called him a sad CASE. He was in the P. M. of his ROUNDS. But hooray!!! they were going to give him another WIND-UP! Now the PEOPLE'S EYES WOULD BE OPENED!"

That ought to have you RUN-DOWN or else ready to STRIKE!

LINCOLN HANSON, '37.

THE NOTE BOOK

Rindge is still weeping over their defeat at the hands of our own Latin Team. It was the first time it has happened in the past seven years, but let's all be optimists and say it will take the Rindge lads the same number of years to beat our boys again. And who knows but what it will? It is a pity that the Boudreau-Glacken pass can't be used more frequently. Those two boys really had Rindge on the alert at all times, with, of course, the grand playing of the rest of the team. Is it possible that the novelty of playing under the brilliant flood lights spurred our boys on to victory, or did they decide that it was just about time that Rindge be taken down a peg? Incidentally, the idea of "night" football games seems to have hit the fancy of all the fans. Both night games have drawn record crowds. I am no authority on the matter, but I think it would be wise to have as many games as possible played at night both for the pleasure of the fans and the spirit of the players.

* * * * * *

Bob Lamorette, a well known senior, has just had an operation on his right fore-finger which he injured while at football practice. Don't let it get you down, Bob. It happens to the best of us. Bob is right back at his studies, with a huge bandage around his finger. It takes more than a mere operation to keep Bobby down. Am I right, Bob?

EDWARD MCKENNA, '37.

AUTUMN ANGUISH

The leaves have gone,
The sky is gray,
Autumn is here
But not to stay.
Gently the trees,
Stripped and slim,
Sway at each gust
With quivering limb.
Sadly the birds
Have taken to wing
And found in the South,
A place to sing.

CORALIE METCALFE, '36.



She: Oh, you did splendidly with the wall-papering, darling! But what are those funny lumps?

He: Good Heavens! I forgot to take down the pictures.

Lady: If you love work, why don't you find it?

Tramp: Alas, lady, love is blind.

Philip Taft: Professor, do you think I'll ever be able to do anything with my voice?

Professor: Well, it might come in handy in case of a shipwreck.

"Pah!" said the new driver, surveying the wreckage, "they told me she would climb anything, and she won't even go up a measly little telegraph pole."

Buddy Moran: When will I get another poem in the Review?

Bob Tynan: In the July issue.

Ely Shamieli: Do you file your nails?

Tom Ahearn: No, after I cut them, I throw them away.

Lincoln Hanson: Name three articles containing starch.

Rupert Blue: Two cuffs and a collar.

Mary Quinn: Do you know the sextette from Lucia?

Ann Downey: No, but I know the quintuplets from Canada.

Mel Ponte: I see you advertised for a man to retail canaries.

Proprietor: Yes, are you a salesman?

Ponte: Oh, no; I just had a curiosity to find out how the little birds lost their tails in the first place.

Coralie Metcalfe: That's a lovely hat, let's go buy it.

Mrs. Metcalfe: Certainly, right by it.

Paul Good: Ford says he proposes to make motor cars that will easily attain a speed of 80 miles an hour.

Dick Row: Whew! That's a great business undertaking.

Paul: Yes, it also means a great undertaking business.

Mary Sullivan: Sakes alive! I don't believe anyone could be so fat.

Mary Kiley: What are you talking about now?

Mary Sullivan: Why, this paper tells about an English woman who lost two thousand pounds.

Teacher: 3,426 elephants were needed last year to make billiard balls. Now are there any questions?

Estelle Chaulk: How did they train the beasts to do such delicate work?

Police Officer: Come on! What's the matter with you?

Owen Kiggins: I'm well, thanks; but my engine's dead.

Teacher (in shorthand class): Now write "Chinese."

Anne Parker: We can't. We don't know that language.

George Lobban: Boy, call me a taxi.

Norman Crew: All right, you're a taxi, but you really look more like a truck.

Richard Parrow: Are flies flies because they fly?

John Dick: I suppose so.

Richard: Are fleas fleas because they flee?

John: I guess so.

Richard: Well, I got a scolding today when I told the teacher that bees are bees because they be.

Bob Bouché: When was Rome built?

Ed Waitkus: At night.

Bob: Who told you that?

Ed: You did; you said Rome was not built in a day.

Collins: What do you call it when two people are thinking of the same thing—mental telepathy?

Ramsey: Sometimes it's that, and sometimes it's just plain embarrassment.

The eggs Harlan Smith had been carrying home from the store slipped from the bag and crashed on the sidewalk.

"Oh my poor boy!" a woman cried. "Have you dropped the eggs?"

Harlan sighed and said, "Oh, no, lady; I am an open air cooking demonstrator making an omelet on the sidewalk."

Warren Hardy: I ran across one of my old friends this morning.

Bill Davin: What did you do with him?

Warren: Took him to the hospital.

Don Davis: If a number of cattle is called a herd, and a number of sheep a flock, what would a number of camels be called?

John Lyons: A carton.

Bill Haverty: Is there anything worse than to be old and bent?

James McNamara: Yes, to be young and broke.

Laura Cooper: It seems to me, Jane, that there's something wrong with this cake.

Jane Sweet: That shows how much you know about it. The cook book says it's perfectly delicious.

Employer: Weren't you here looking for employment two weeks ago, and didn't I tell you I wanted an older boy?

Sid Ritvo: Yes, that's why I've come back!

Teacher (conducting a spelling class): Explain the difference between the words "results" and "consequences."

Mary Glacken: Results are what you expect, and consequences are what you get!

Ann Doyle: Who was Homer?

Julia Brown: The fellow Babe Ruth knocked out.

Paul Stumpf: I bet I can tell you the score of the game before it starts.

Tony De Leo: I'll bite, what is it?

Paul: Nothing to nothing—before it starts.

Winifred Collins: Aren't ants the busiest little creatures? They work and never play.

Irene Bouché: Yes, but every time you go on a picnic, they are always there.

Constance Zanghi: I fell like gasoline.

Greta Feroli: Why is that?

Constance: Exhausted.

Tramp: Have you got enough money for a cup o' coffee?

Jack Lyons: Oh, I'll manage somehow, thank you.

Audry Hawks: How are you doing in school?

Marjorie Coleman: Oh, I'm as famous as Napoleon.

Audry: What do you mean?

Marjorie: I went down in history.

Betty Harney: What can be the cause of that crowd over there?

Phyllis Sheridan: I can't imagine. Vulgar curiosity, I presume! Let's go over and see.

Myrtle Cooper: When I graduate I will step into a position at $50 per——

Libbie Flax: Per what?

Myrtle: Perhaps.

Elaine Mahady: Do you like Chopin?

Natalie Pierce: No, I get tired walking from store to store.

Charles Terry: What is the richest country in the world?

Fred Tansey: Ireland.

Charles: What's your proof?

Fred: Her capital has been Dublin for years.

She: Oh, I simply adore that funny step! Where did you pick it up?

He: Funny step, nawthin'! I'm losing my garter!

(*continued on next page*)

George Kelly: Will you give us 10 cents to help the old soldiers' home?
Glacken: What, are they out again?

Judge: Did you or did you not strike the policeman?
James Smythe: That answer is in the infirmary.

Iris Benthate: What time is it?
Mable Noble: A little after.
Iris: A little after what?
Mabel: I don't know, I broke the little hand on my watch.

Bob Barrett: Are you the same barber who cut my hair last?
Barber: I don't know, I've only been here three months.

Francis Keniston: Do you know who the laziest man in the world is?
Jack: No; who is he?
Francis: The man who said, "Moonbeam kiss her for me."

Helen Hacien: What happens when there is an eclipse of the sun?
Melva Johnson: A great many people come out to look at it.

A Bostonian was showing an English friend around the town.
"This," he said, "is Bunker Hill Monument—where Warren fell, you know."
The visitor ran his eye up the lofty shaft and then said sympathetically: "Nasty fall, eh! Killed 'im, of course?"

Lady: Is this your ball?
Joe Hayes: Any windows broken?
Lady: Why, no.
Joe: Thanks, it's mine.

Joseph Regan: Is this airplane safe?
Aviator: Yes, sir! Safest on earth.

Rita Doherty: What's an idiosyncrasy?
Betty Ingles: It's an idiot that's gone crazy.

DURRELL DEBATING NOTES

With newly elected officers and promises of a large enrollment, the Durrell Debating Society is about to enter into a season of keen forensic activity. The officers are: Harry Wasserman, President; Mary Buckley, Vice-President; Theresa Regan, Secretary; Kathryn Monahan, Treasurer.

Plans are already under way for increasing not only the enrollment in the club, but also the interest in the regular weekly meetings.

We invite all who have any debating ability whatsoever to join our society and enter with us in the activities this season which we anticipate will be most successful. HARRY WASSERMAN, '37.

BIG BROTHER BILL

Oh, my brother Bill is five years and ten;
His muscles are hard, for he's licked many men.
His fist is like iron, his knuckles like rock;
Oh, my brother Bill has a tur-ri-bul sock.

Oh, my brother Bill goes great with the girls;
He sez when they see him their heads go in whirls.
They're callin' him up every part of the day;—
Why, if they don't stop soon, his hair'll be gray.

Oh, my brother Bill has an orator's tongue;
On the ladder of fate he's gained the first rung,
In all of the contests he comes right out first;
Oh, my brother Bill is very well versed.

How do I know this is really so?
Well, Bill, he told me, an' he ought to know.

PEGGY CASS, '39.

DRAMATIC CLUB

Dramatic club trials, which were attended by a large number of students, were held October 15 after school. The officers for this year are: President, Rita Doherty; Vice President, Joseph Murphy; Secretary, Constance Gillispie; Treasurer, Phyllis Sheridan; Executive Committee: Carroll Orr, Ruth Gray, and Josephine Paneirello. The club is under the guidance of Miss Johnson of the Oral English department.

A reception for the new members is on the program, and once a month Miss Johnson is going to direct the club in the art of make-up. A Shakespearean afternoon will be held soon. It certainly seems as if the Dramatic Club is going to reach great heights this year!

BEATRICE BARRON, '37.



HONOR ROLL

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SENIOR HONOR ROLL

First Honors: Helen Burns, Mary Cabral, Helen Christopher, Eleanor Davis, Agnes Garoian, Mary Good, Alice Gorakian, Edward Kaulbach, Anna Mullane, Christine Paul, Laura Piasecki, Lorraine Rano, Harry Ritvo, Joseph Robillard, Mary Rodrigues, Sarah Serson, Jennie Sterpinski, Edward Waitkus, Anna Westcott, Margaret Whowell, Hazel Wixon, Annie Wooldridge, Harriet Yankos.

Second Honors: Louise Barrett, Louise Boordetsky, Ruth Brooks, Estelle Chaulk, Laura Cooper, Burton Cutler, Rita Doherty, James Ellis, Greta Ferioli, Gertrude Flanagan, Henry Freniere, Zenona Hacian, Marion Holt, Melva Johnson, Adele Klevas, Georgietta Lamson, Bessie Makris, Joseph Manley, Margaret McCormack, Esther O'Connell, Mary Paiva, Anne Parker, Teresa Regan, Catherine Ryan, Elliott Shaw, Dorothy Starr, Charlotte Sullivan, Veronica Tasonis, Elizabeth Thorne, Margaret Tierney, Marion Walsh, Harry Wasserman, George Wiech.

JUNIOR HONOR ROLL

First Honors: Mary Ahern, George Anastos, Josephine Gabilis, Muriel Haslam, Eloise Humez, Peter Kenney, Paul Lowry, Dorothy Oates, Robert Power, Edith Saint, Jane Small, Margery Smith, Ann Wood.

Second Honors: Ruth Andelman, Mary Buckley, Mildred Button, Mary Burke, Lillian Demurjian, Shirley Fielding, Muriel Fitgerald, Mary Folan, Frances Geller, John Gould, Sidney Grossman, Lydia Holland, Doris Hotchkiss, Luis Hurtado, Melvin Kohan, Mary Kolesinski, Evelyn Langille, Alan Lewis, Helen Lukas, Helen Lukaszewicz, Catherine Mazza, Edith Mazza, Ben Medoff, Grace MacLean, Grace McCaigue, Valentina Paredes, Stanley Romanos, James Ryan, Gerald Segel, Spencer Sterne, Sylvia Sugarman, Helen Yankum.

SOPHOMORE HONOR ROLL

First Honors: Alice Bitinas, Edward Blanchfield, Carmella Bonacci, Audrey Boyan, Mary Feroleto, Joan Fitzerald, Olga Gaidis, Muriel Eisnor, Claire Kelly, Marie McCabe, Sophie Minkiel, Jacqueline Morand, Mildred Newham, Dorothy Pollack, Henry Sawicki.

Second Honors: Marie Anastos, Doris Babson, Frances Batchelor, Elizabeth Bray, Peter Cardillo, Donald Davis, John Driscoll, Harriet Ford, Esther Frongello, Agnes Goldberg, Marion Goldstein, Helen Hall, Dorothy Hoffman, Anne Hogan, Sue Jones, Lillian Karsh, Marilyn Keating, Mary Kochanski, Joseph Lovoi, Gilbert Lewis, Eileen McClintock, George McMahon, Edward Sweeney, Rupert Margetson, Samuel H. Miller, Jr., Edward Modest, Ernestine Mulkern, John Murphy, Samuel Noon, Allison Osborne, Dorothy Perkins, Louise Pero, Nina Pewetz, Antionette Rana, Virginia Rano, John Reynolds, Jean Szymaszek, Frank Tibbets, Stella Waitkus, Margaret White, Thelma Winkler, Irene Wojciechowska.

NOTE: The Honor Rolls for the Freshman Class are not available for this issue. We shall have them in the next number.

AN ADDRESS TO THE FRESHMEN

Freshman, forget that you are young and green. Work hard to put Latin on high. True, the upper classmen are blazing a trail for Latin to fame, but it's up to you, every last one of you, to broaden the trail and make Latin the pathfinder for all other schools. Are you going to do it? For the sake of Latin you will. All right. Now is the time to begin. Follow the saying: "Never leave until tomorrow what you can do today."

Get back of your football team. Boost it! Shout for it! Show that the class of '40 is worth something.

Subscribe to the Review, your school paper. The paper that is of you, for you, and by you. Get out your pen and give your brain a poke. Hand your material to some member of the staff or put it in the box, outside the Review office. You can make this paper just what you want it to be. Surely you want it to be a good one.

Talk Latin's orchestra. Advertise the various clubs.

Boost the school as a whole, not only while attending the home games but everywhere you go.

MARY COUGHLIN, '38.



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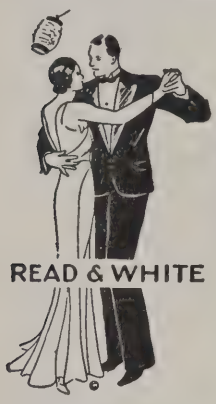
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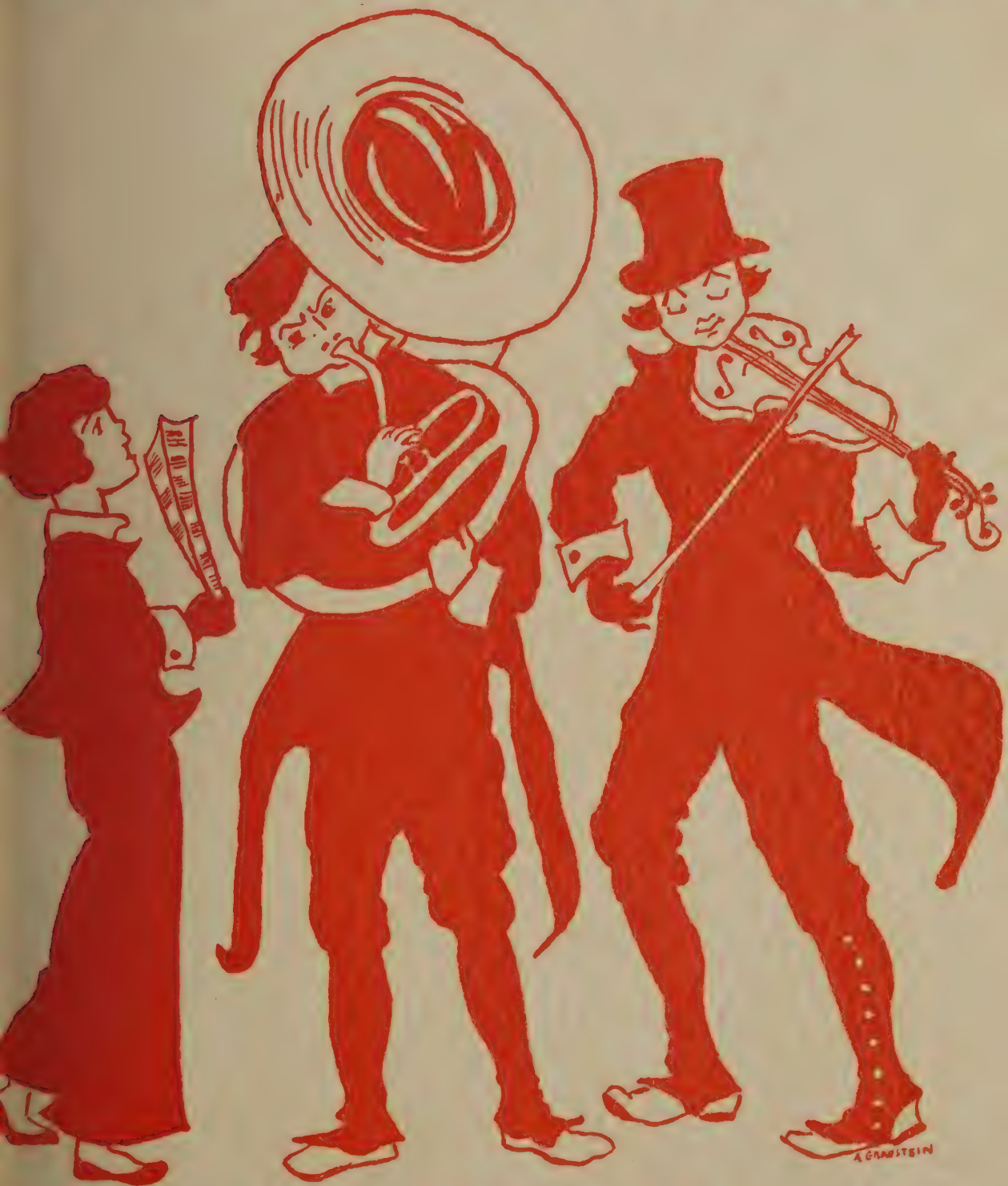
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THE HOLIDAY SPIRIT

WHEN the cold grasp of winter begins to encircle us with icy touch, the approach of Christmas opportunely spreads a feeling of warmth. Just as a blanket of fresh snow seems to smother earthly activity, the overwhelming spirit of joy covers the troubles and cares of the weary world and turns our minds to brighter thoughts.

This holiday spirit is a fitting link between the passing year and the new. Though the beginning of the new year is only a division of time, it has become a symbol of revived spirit and fresh opportunity which the season of Christmas tends to intensify.

With this thought in mind, we of the Review staff take this opportunity to wish happiness and A Merry Christmas to each and every member of Cambridge High and Latin School. May success come to each one in the New Year!

THE FIRST CHRISTMAS EVE

A brilliant star has come to rest
Over a humble stable;
Three wise men of haughty crest
Kneel, for they are able
To see the gracious Christ-child
And offer to Him
Their precious gifts;—mild
Mother smiles so sweet
As one lays his frankincense
At His tender feet;
Another gives his precious gold;
And the humble beasts low
As the third gives his myrrh;
Three kings, in the candle glow,
Praising a tiny child.

MARTHA MERRILL, '37.

CHRISTMAS IS ALWAYS CHRISTMAS

WHY is it that the young people of today do not observe the Yuletide as their ancestors were wont to? Every year my elderly grandfather comments upon our casual treatment of the merry season and pines for "the good old days" when popcorn balls took the place of fragile ornaments and evergreen trees were obtained by the swing of an axe.

Since people, who should know, say that history repeats itself, let us wander in fancy to the apartment where two prospective Latin graduates of the class of 1987 expect to observe the festival in a "modern" manner. An alcove is decorated to depict a stable. Life-size images represent the Blessed Virgin and the Shepherds. Although the ceiling is studded with stars, one in particular has been suspended parallel to the triangular window as if to guide errant Magi to the Infant in the Manger.

On the alcove steps lie gifts, placed as if offerings to the little Family. Although it is only six in the morning, the entire chamber has been darkened to suggest moonlight.

But hark! the room is no longer still. Merry peals of laughter issue from the threshold and two touseled heads, followed by pajama clad figures appear simultaneously. Just as if they had lived half a century ago, these children eagerly rush to open their packages. Amidst the delighted exclamations, the adults of the family enter to smile affectionately at the genuine pleasure of the delighted young people.

Now as I glance over the room from my invisible corner, I perceive a feeble figure groping its way to a chair. Closer inspection proves it to be myself, obviously the grandmother of these children, and — oh, the irony of Fate — I am shaking my platinum locks and muttering wisely: "Christmas isn't what it was when I was a girl."

MARGARET WHOWELL, '37.

REVIEW SHORT STORY CONTEST

The Review wishes to announce the Annual Short Story Contest, for which all students are eligible. A prize will be presented to the writer of the story chosen from those submitted by the freshmen or sophomores; and another prize goes to the writer of the story selected from manuscripts of the upper classmen.

All contributions will be subjected to careful consideration in which originality of thought and treatment will be looked for. The chosen stories will be published in the next issue. The manuscripts must be in the Review Office by January 15.

WINTER SPORTS

HOARY King Winter has come again, bringing with him many healthful, invigorating sports. Skating fans are testing the edges of their skates; skiing enthusiasts anxiously await news of the completion of the new ski jump; children bring forth their sleds and discuss the various ways of making a snowball hard and firm.

There are, of course, other winter recreations. Some people like to trudge along, up to their ankles in slush; others enjoy having a snowball battle, getting hit and having the melting snow trickle down their necks.

My favorite winter sport, however, is slightly different from these; it is to sit reading or twiddling my thumbs or doing nothing at all, snug and cozy in an easy chair before the fire. Although I realize the beneficial effects of outdoor sports, my only sight of those pretty, athletic girls whose cheeks are rosy with the glow of health and whose eyes sparkle because of the fun they are having while skating, is in the picture on a magazine cover. I prefer watching a fast and furious session of snowballing from my window to taking part in the fray. When I see the picture of some skier snapped in midair, I can not only imagine the thrill of whizzing through space, but I can also imagine the sinking sensation of not knowing just how and where you are going to land; therefore my sole contact with the delights of skiing comes from the rotogravure section of the Sunday paper.

I do not, however, advocate complete abstinence from fresh air; indeed, I indulge occasionally in a winter walk. After determining that it isn't too frigid outside, and after putting on heavy woolen socks, overshoes, several sweaters, a jacket, a coat, scarf, hat, and a pair of earlaps, I take my two pairs of gloves and venture forth to brave the cold. When I think that I have stepped into enough snow drifts and been hit by a sufficient number of snowballs, I return home with a feeling of satisfaction in such strenuous outdoor activity.

DOROTHY STARR, '37.

CHRISTMAS

Vivid scarlet poinsettias with
Rounded sides and delicately-pointed edges.
Shining holly with crimson berries—
Lighted candles in a thousand windows—
Wav'ring golden, orange flames,
Dark green Christmas trees
With dangling ornaments
And multi-colored lights,
Stockings,
Little ones for baby feet—
The biggest pair belonging to the nine year old,
Presents 'neath the tree—
Wrapped in vari-colored papers,
And tied with bright ribbon,
The fragrance of roasting turkey
And baking pies—
Cranberry sauce—ice cold
Shimmering in the light from the chandelier.
All thrill me with the Spirit of Christmas.

JACQUELINE MORAND, '39.

THE QUEST OF THE GRAIL

AN appalling task it seems for the youth of this country to merit even a veiled glimpse of the Sacred Chalice. If the worthy knights of the Round Table were deficient in piety and uprightness, how can we of today with our lower moral standards hope to receive the vision?

For in this era of cynicism, the aspirant for lofty ideals must esteem a noble character far more than a copious purse and allow an untainted reputation to supersede a celebrated one. He must soar above derisive associates who belittle the quality of virtue. In fact very few worldly achievements are useful in attaining the exalted honor.

Then, too, the modern seeker for godliness is not bound by any oath of trustworthiness as were the Arthurian gallants. Instead, living by his own code in which mercy and forgiveness predominate, he must make a solitary effort to soothe the pangs of conscience. Even the prospect of glory or commendation from his friends cannot urge him onward; material rewards are presented to those who succeed in more mundane fields than this one of spiritual grace. Since the recognition for one's deeds is the universal desire in this world, is it any wonder that this difficult road to happiness is so seldom travelled?

But on the other hand, there are patient laborers who volunteer their services to a cause merely for the joy of helping mankind. Doctors, nurses, teachers, and missionaries all dedicate their lives to unselfish toil without the expectation of a tangible reward. Therefore, unsuspected by their friends because in outward appearance they may be no more pious than any one else, these people are the present day pursuers of the Holy Grail.

MARGARET WHOWELL, '37.

THE FINE ART OF FIRING THE FURNACE

IF you belong amongst the silver-spoon-bred boys and are accustomed from childhood to step from a warm bed to a warm room without ever giving a second thought, except possibly of appreciation, to the labor involved in keeping that room warm, you will probably be scornful of me and my theme. Let me ask you a question. Do you ever, on a freezing winter morning, face the ultimatum of either tending the furnace or freezing with the morning? Lend your ears to what I have to say, for I intend to impart to you the whys and wherefores of the fine art of firing the furnace as gleaned from my many years of experience. My father had early in my earthly venture arranged for "the boys' rooms upstairs." to be independently heated, and, therefore, my life, as it stretches out behind me, is punctuated at regular intervals by weeks of furiously busy mornings and troublesome evenings. These intervals have occurred every two weeks during the winter seasons when my two brothers have considerately reminded me that it was my turn to keep our quarters warm.

Justified by such experience, I caution you that furnaces are like human beings. Not only do they vary in shape and size, but—you may as well face the fact now—they vary equally as much in the complexity of their internal arrangement. Every furnace is an individual, and the sooner you realize this fact, the better off you will be, for you *cannot* treat furnaces as a group. But, here again like their creators, they all must be fed and what is more, as you soon will realize, they all have drafts to be attended. There you have the whole situation; it seems no larger than a lump of coal.

But ah, those drafts cause so much woe. All you have to do is forget to open them; they will do the rest. They will cause your cellar and possibly your first floor to fill up with smoke, and if it is a hot-air furnace you are using, then it is just too bad; you had better have a gas mask handy. But do not think for a moment that all there is to the drafts is the simple matter of remembering to open them; you also have to remember to close them—on time. If you do not agree, just try letting them remain open. You will soon be stifled by withering blasts of heat and complaint. So you see, you must harken to the drafts.

Now the diet is just as important to the furnace as it is to you. If you are not starving from lack of food or if you have not over eaten, if you have had your meal served on time, you are prepared to master any old furnace. Likewise is this the temper of furnaces. Furnaces are willing to subject themselves to your hand just so long as they are fed properly. With too little fuel, they will eat the bread of idleness, and if constantly in a perishing state, they are most apt to hibernate. With too much fuel, they will choke and you will have to purge them and start all over again. Yes, you must feed that furnace as you would your little cherub, nurse it until it beams forth with a warm smile. Then you may rest assured it is all right.

Of course, all that I have just said has almost completely neglected the individuality of the furnace. I simply cannot do that. Fortunately our furnace is not a one man furnace. We broke it in rightly from the start. But if you should adopt one, upon moving into a new place, you may find that it is not always so. In fact, I have been given to understand that many furnaces have some canny method of knowing when they are under a different person's charge, and then they absolutely refuse to go. Such furnaces are like spoiled children or English epicures. You have to know just how much draft they like with their coal. For some of them insist either upon not the full amount or more than the full amount, i.e., a constant draft. And then it has been told that there are certain degrees to that constancy.

But here I am determined to stop. I could go on and on, however, I am sure you are fully and sufficiently aware of the characteristics of Mr. Furnace. Oh, wait! I almost forgot to tell you that he might like to be tickled with the poker.

ROLAND SHAINE, '36.

DECEMBER

The silent world,
This cold, clear night,
Wrapped in sheets of soft, sheer white
Is God's Christmas gift.
Wreathed by wide blue band of sky,
Are twinkling tinsel stars
With tipsy moon on high;
Moonbeams down from heaven
Drift through the black robes of enshrining night.
Bathed in a weird unearthly light
Are silver shadows on the snow.
The Earth is cleansed and pure as
Each spotless snowflake is sent to reassure
Heaven's vigil o'er us below.

BETTY SUGARMAN, '37.

THE INTELLIGENCE OF CATS



HAVE always been very fond of cats. At one time I had as many as five. Unfortunately, I have no pets at the present time, but I am still greatly interested in the cat, and find it one of the most intelligent of animals. I have often seen and heard of the remarkable feats of horses, dogs, and monkeys who, it is said, have more intelligence than the cat. These animals are often seen performing before large audiences in the theatre, and everyone has seen the feats of the monkey either at the zoo or with the old organ grinder who puts in his appearance every Saturday morning. But to me cats are more interesting because they are clever, temperamental, fussy, and above all, independent. A dog or a horse or a monkey will gladly entertain its audience for an apple, a lump of sugar, or other remuneration, but a cat uses its talents solely to its own advantage.

One of my cats, a very finicky, aristocratic feline, who considered herself high above the other members of her family and their associates of the neighborhood, Regina, as she was called, loved to sleep in unusual places — the higher, the better. Her favorite perch was the top shelf of a pantry, from which she occasionally slipped while slumbering, thus losing momentarily her wonted poise to the great satisfaction of her inferiors. After such a fall, she would assume a nonchalant air and run lightly to the softest corner of the sofa.

As cats have a very keen sense of hearing, Regina was often aroused by the slight noise caused by the opening of the refrigerator. If Regina were in the attic she would respond to this noise as if to Gabriel's trumpet, rushing at a speed to endanger the carpet on the stairs as well as her sleek and trim neck. Whatever Regina's idea of what was in this huge, white cupboard that purred louder than any cat she had ever heard, I, of course, never knew. I often visualized her idea of it as having it well-stocked with cheese, choice bits of meat, cold potatoes, for which she had a great passion, and gallons of milk.

Another one of my cats, brother of Regina, whose favorite sport was boxing in the alley with his rowdy associates, was just as intelligent as Regina, although he did not possess any of her high ideas. Being an outdoor enthusiast, he was not around the house very much, but on one occasion, when I forgot to feed him, he followed me from room to room with loud and scolding meows until, by chance, I entered the kitchen where he promptly dived under the stove and with a mighty swat of his huge paw knocked his empty dish into the center of the floor with one last, pleading request for his forgotten meal.

In my family of cats was also a pair of twins, one of whom was very delicate. Believing that exercise would make him stronger, I encouraged him to scratch away at a small tree in the back yard. Whenever I saw him doing this, I applauded him and praised him as if he had accomplished something very clever. His twin, who was as robust as the other was delicate, was always puzzled by the praise accorded to such a simple trick, while his own specialty of playing dead was quite unheeded. One day he could stand this partiality no longer, and when the weakling had completed his exercise and received the customary praise, Buster immediately rushed to the same tree and sharpened his claws with a vigor that threatened to necessitate a call from the Davy Tree Surgeons. Of course, he was immediately awarded the praise that he desired so much, whereupon Slim, not to be outdone, promptly played dead, something which he had never done before.

Others may sing the praises of the horse and the dog and of the wonderful memory of the elephant, but I, who have had a horse, several dogs, and many cats, am sure that I shall always take the part of the cat when we speak of the intelligence of animals.

CATHERINE CAVANAGH, '37.



THEATRE VS. CINEMA

THE legitimate theatre is old; the cinema is comparatively new. There are disadvantages in the old, and advantages in the new, but the cinema is a product of an age of machinery, an age without individuality. There is a tending to group everything together, to do away with the individual. The cinema is a part of mass production, and has just the disadvantages of mass production.

The legitimate theatre gives a reality to its production to which, it seems to me, the cinema cannot aspire. In a play one really sees the actors; the scenery is real, and substantial; the movies show only a picture. The legitimate theatre, however, is expensive to operate. This, of course, causes tickets to be high priced, and many cannot afford to pay for seats. This was particularly noticeable during the worst years of the depression when audiences at opera and theatres fell off to a degree which caused many theatres to close or become movie houses. Eva Le Gallienne's Civic Repertory Theatre in New York is especially noteworthy for the good productions of classic drama it gives at popular prices, but even those prices cannot compete with the prices for movies. The cinema has to give the performance only once, after rehearsals, or at most twice; scenery may be ingeniously devised from inexpensive material; there are no expenses for road tours. The largest expense is, of course, the stars' salaries, and even these do not amount to so much but that the performance may be given for a small sum. Also since the movies appeal to a far wider range of audiences, the cost of production is distributed among more people.

One cannot, however, expect something for nothing. The movies may be cheaper, but they are not anywhere nearly so good as the legitimate production. Part of this is inherent in the method; the movies are pictures, and always will lack the appearance of reality which theatres have; but part is in the present idea which producers have of what the public wants. Although there has been some improvement in the last few years, the movies are usually swift-moving, spectacular stories of a nature very different from that of the classical stories or the better present-day novels. Many are stories of crime, or wild stories of the west; some are even vulgar; many, at best, are rather inferior musical comedies. There are however, some productions of a better nature, and the number of these productions seems, happily, to be increasing. "Little Women," "David Copperfield," "A Tale of Two Cities," "What Every Woman Knows," and "Romeo and Juliet" are some of the recent movies which show the turning of the trend against the cheaper sort of cinema.

The movies have a method, which, when developed to a better use, could be as good as the theatre, although, of course, different. Without incurring great expense, they can arrange spectacular scenic effects, and thus offer production of drama which have many advantages over the theatre. Also, the cinema can have great use in the line of recording and education films and of travelogues. Films like "Cloistered" show what can be done in this line, and point the way to a newer use of this method.

The theatre has a different method, better in many ways, but more expensive. If expense could be cut down, and more road tours taken, so that legitimate productions could reach larger audiences, the method might be called ideal for the production of the drama.

RUTH CROZIER, '37.



PHOTOGRAPHS OF ME

"How you have grown! Why, my dear, when I saw you last, you were no bigger than a minute!" Such was the inevitable greeting that fell upon my ears as I arrived at Aunt Sue's. The speaker, I later learned, was Mrs. Jameson, an old school chum of my aunt. After being kissed soundly, I was seated between the two ladies who began discussing the pros and cons of my features and the weighty problem of family resemblance. Aunt Sue, feeling that Mrs. Jameson had been deprived of observing my gradual evolution, ignored my meaning glances and brought forth the well-worn photograph album, the history in illustrations of my brief existence.

The first picture is a striking pose of a small girl. In her upraised right hand is ammunition in the form of a box of salt; her expression is that of a big game hunter, anticipating a great prize. Perched on a low bush nearby, is a harmless yellow canary, escaped from his cage and enjoying a brief moment of freedom. At some time I had been informed of the merits of this common household product in apprehending the winged species. Fortunately, this snapshot had been taken at the crucial moment before the master stroke, because a few seconds later the poor bird extricated himself from an avalanche of salt, took to his wings and left far behind the forlorn figure of a bitterly disappointed little girl.

Among other photographs in the book, there is a picture that was taken one summer in the country. Influenced by too many wild west movies and the thrilling spectacle of a recent horse show, I was inflamed with the desire to take up horseback riding. I had been discussing with one of the long-suffering farmers in the vicinity the classifications of horse-flesh, of which I knew absolutely nothing, and the prospects of the professional equestrienne. One day the aforementioned farmer, Tom Wilson, by name, procured for my pleasure an ancient grey work-horse.

When I was twelve years old I had a mania for assembling and making all sorts of costumes. In Aunt Sue's album there is a picture of me when I was in the grip of a very fierce Spanish influence. The havoc which I had raised to get this outfit together was quite apparent in the costume itself. In short it was a symphony, a rather discordant symphony, in blues and greens. The dress, beruffled from waist to hem, was green slik, topped by a black bodice which was edged with red and covered with gold sequins. I was at a loss, for a time as to what I should use for a Spanish comb but ingenuity came to the rescue with a piece of cardboard. Cut into the desired shape and clipped to my head with innumerable bobby pins, it appeared quite effective to the casual observer. The lace mantilla which had served once as a curtain, was artistically draped over the makeshift comb and adorned with a red velvet rose. The shoes, blue satin with French heels often caused a wrenched ankle. In true Castillian manner I had peeped over the edge of my blue and green fan while posing for the picture.

Feeling the dignity of my years and blushing furiously at my aunt's illustrations of past indiscretions I made a hasty exit not without loud lamentations.

"Now, here's a snapshot I took of her—why, what's the matter dear?"

MARY BURKE, '37.

SNOBBERY

SNOBBERY, is really an inferiority complex, and, as such is evident only to the so-called "social climbers."

All of us have seen caricatures of tall ladies, dressed in the latest and most extreme fashion, whose faces are distorted into the most disdainful and overbearing expressions possible, and whose be-jewelled, right hands are holding equally be-jewelled lorgnettes poised just before their widely horrified eyes. Ludicrous as this description may seem, one cannot help realizing that these people, a bit less exaggerated, really do exist, and make life miserable for their "inferiors".

Why is it, that in the United States, the most democratic of all countries, conditions like these exist? Why should some people consider themselves so much better than others merely because they possess more material resources and, in some cases, more education? As far as I can see, all these overbearing, condescending, and extremely two-faced creatures should be piled into a big ship taken out to the deepest part of the ocean, and tossed overboard. There is not a soul in this country, who realizing the injustice of these people, does not feel the same as I.

If these foolish "go-getters" would only realize that they are not accomplishing anything worthwhile by their attitude, and that the really well-bred people of this country and of the world, in fact, are the ones who are kind, generous, always solicitous of another's welfare, and who live in a simple manner, maybe the snobs would change. But then, they usually do not possess enough intelligence to be able to realize this, so they probably never will change.

But considering this question of snobbery even more seriously one finds that it is truly laughable and tragic. These people are deceiving no one but themselves and meanwhile, the world is laughing at them. They are secretly holding a grudge which may, some day, result in America's becoming a second Russia, or even a second France immediately after 1789.

CAROLYN WOOD, '37.

ON PARENTS' NIGHT

THE school has assumed a festive appearance. The janitors, in a great burst of extravagance, have illuminated the whole building. The light streams out upon the thin, crusted layer of snow which edges the windows, and snaps and crunches under the quick steps of the parents, hurrying to push through the portals of learning.

Inside, the floors, worn by the feet of thousands of pupils, have been swept clean. Parents throng through the narrow corridors, scanning slips of paper or gladly greeting the unexpected sight of a neighbor. Numerous students, who have come with the pretense of escorting their parents, join the crowd that surges in all directions.

Passing through the crowded corridors, parents catch glimpses of the classrooms. Impatient fathers and mothers wait for their turn to consult the teacher, who, with her hair newly waved, and bedecked in all her finery, is attempting quite valiantly to hold a conversation with five gesticulating mothers.

Many parents who attempt to converse with a teacher find themselves quite embarrassed and in doubt as to how to open the discussion. The teacher, perfectly at ease, assumes an inquiring attitude, her head bent forward as if to hang on every word the parent says. With a gulp and a strengthening of courage, the daring soul says, "I'm Mary's mother." The teacher, still on firm territory, says, "Oh, yes, Mary," and racks her brain to think of which Mary it is. Then unperturbed she says, "Now, Mrs. ——" and pauses. That is an unfailing way, for Mary's mother then reveals her last name.

After all the formalities are over and the pupil has been discussed thoroughly, the mother, slightly confused by what was said, and knowing just as little of any recipe by which Mary can make all E's, leaves and wanders about, hunting for another teacher; and the process is repeated.

A parent's night is not exactly anticipated by any of three major parties involved; the teacher, the parents, or the pupils. If they were to be asked for their opinion of parent's night, I'm sure that not one would say he really enjoyed it. The teachers, I should judge, find it difficult to tell a father frankly that his boy lacks intelligence; the parent is often annoyed to find that the teacher does not appreciate his son's cleverness; and the pupil that sits at home goes through a time of nerve-racking suspense.

When parent's night has come to an end, I think that from the headmaster to the janitor the whole school breathes a sigh of relief and says fervently, "I'm glad that is all over."

MAXWELL SWARTZ, '37.

NOON STUDY PERIOD

A raucous scraping sound—
The sudden hurried turning of pages "in case
The teacher is lookin',"
The slamming of a book when finally
THAT subject is done,
The upturned, bored faces gazing
Absently out of the window,
The squeaking chairs and desks as
Uneasy students wriggle their disapproval of
Long school hours;
Suddenly—
The bell rings, and
Uncontrollable vigorists dash madly
Down to lunch.

MARTHA MERRILL, '37.

STAINED GLASS

HOW apt it is for a church which reflects a mysterious and gentle light to bear the name "Our Lady"! Upon entering Notre Dame Cathedral, one feels enveloped in a mist of purple radiance. This glow is the more awe-inspiring because the source is a galaxy of minute fragments of red and blue hued glass. Clever thirteenth century artists laboured diligently to create this masterpiece of art. Because the particles were tinted during the fusing of the glass, they do not completely destroy its translucence. However, the lead strips which fasten the separate sections together cast a gloom over the entire sanctuary.

La Sainte Chapelle, consecrated by Louis IX to harbor the Crown of Thorns, contains magnificent medallion windows. The blending of colors is not so perceptible in this church as in Notre Dame because in the smaller house of worship, it is impossible to stand a sufficient distance away to receive the effect of the jewelled gleam.

In later centuries, part of the splendor of both these churches has been destroyed because of the hindrance to vision in the choir. Sometimes pious monks removed panes of the stained glass and replaced them with the ordinary transparent variety in the shapes of white crosses. Because of the same dim religious light, the windows were considered impractical for use in secular edifices.

After the thirteenth century, the size and shape of the windows were changed. These alterations afforded better light to the congregations, but larger panes prevented the merging of hues. Later artists abandoned the thirteenth century method of staining, for an inferior procedure. As a consequence, La Sainte Chapelle and Notre Dame are the two churches in Paris most noted for the brilliant and blinding beauty of their windows.

MARGARET WHOWELL, '37.

SUBWAY OBSERVATIONS

COLD, bleak and dreary seemed the subway when I pushed through the turnstile to see four glowing tail lights disappearing around the first bend in the tube; but as the crowd streamed in, accompanied by the distant rumble of street cars, it became a scene of bustling, clacking activity. As I leaned against one of the pillars, which range parallel to the pit, I noticed a small boy, ducking guiltily under the bar of the turnstile, urged by the prodding hand of a thrifty mother. His furtive sidelong glances to right and left were interrupted by his mother, who hurried him up the platform into the security of the crowd.

The train then screeched and ground into the station. As the doors slid back, I was swept into a car by the impatient mob behind me, and a gay young flapper in full war-paint slipped into the green space between two bulky men, the seat for which I had aimed. The man on her right was reading the latest edition of a picture-studded periodical. Now we all know that Emily Post disapproves of newspaper reading over a neighbor's shoulder. But, heedless of Miss Post's disapproval, this damsel was peering intently at some choice bit of scandal, and praying inwardly, I suppose, that the owner of the paper wouldn't turn the page. By her facial expression, I guess that she hadn't completed her reading when, at Kendall, her neighbor inconsiderately rose and stalked off, stuffing the crumpled paper into his overcoat pocket.

The man on her left seemed to be sleeping peacefully. His eyes were closed, and he was swaying rhythmically with every movement of the car, his pudgy hands clasped loosely across his oversized stomach, as if he were holding himself together. At Central, he was awakened rather roughly; his head slid slowly sidewards and snapped in the opposite direction, as the train jerked abruptly to a stop. He blinked owlishly, and then, recognizing his surroundings, he pulled himself up and waddled off. This also being my stop, I followed my fat friend through the turnstile, up the stairs, and out into the dazzling sunshine and clear, crisp, autumn air.

ROBERT REGAN, '37.



THE CORNER BAKERY

BREATHES there a man with stomach so dead who has never, on passing a bakery window, stopped to admire the appetizing display? What child has not, at some time, pressed his nose against the pane of glass which protects the myriad of cakes and pies? Even the pleasing aromas which issue forth from the open doorway, intrigue many people.

Just such a tempting bakery can be found on the corner of my street with as attractive displays as I ever gazed at peeping from the display window and the show-cases inside. What a variety of savory odors greets me as I pass the store daily! I can almost smell the fresh doughnuts now! My appetite sharpens each time I enter the shop and gaze at the huge birthday cakes, decorative wedding cakes and rich pound cakes. By no means does my taste run only to the fancy cookery, for the crullers and cupcakes stir my appetite as well. The variety of bread has always awed me; loaves are named after almost every country in Europe.

Often times, before meals, I purposely avoid passing the bakery on my way home, because I find it hard to be satisfied with the dessert on the table after seeing so many delicious pastries. That "the way to a man's heart is through his stomach" is a true saying. I shall always seek to find a cook who can serve such food as I see each time I pass the corner bakery. ROBERT ROTH, '37.

DO YOU KNOW THAT — The first woman to receive a pair of silk stockings for Christmas was Queen Elizabeth . . . She was given a pair of knit silk stockings one Christmas, and after that she would wear no other kind. . . . An Englishman named Sir Henry Cole was the first person to send a Christmas card in 1846 . . . The people in the southern part of the U. S. often use holly trees for Christmas trees . . . Washington crossed the Delaware, December 25, 1776 . . . Captain John Smith spent Christmas Day in the woods with the Indians in 1607 because he was their captive . . . Christmas was first made a legal holiday in Massachusetts in 1856 . . . Phillips Brooks wrote "Oh, Little Town of Bethlehem" . . . The favorite Christmas hymn of a great many people is "Silent Night" . . . The word "yule-tide" is an old Celtic word meaning "sun time" . . . Yule means "sun" and tide means "time" . . . Mistletoe was first used in Yule-tide celebrations by the Druids in their temples about 4000 years ago . . . It was considered a sacred plant . . . The earliest Christmas carols were both sung and danced in the churches at an early period . . . The Cathedral at Seville and the Abbey church at Echternach in Luxemberg have dancing on Christmas Eve even in our time.

AMONG THE BOOKS

"YOUNG RENNY"

Little, Brown, 1935 Mazo de la Roche

Like the other Jalna books, "Young Renny" is delightfully entertaining reading. But, also like the other Jalna books, it is rather trivial. All the happenings are minor details, told in an interesting and thoroughly amusing manner, but still details. The story lacks any deep and stirring plot. It is merely highly entertaining light reading: a most enjoyable book for a few hours amusement, but nothing more.

In "Young Renny" Mazo de la Roche takes us back from the more modern happenings of that remarkable Whiteoak family, and describes the Jalna of 1906. Young Renny, whom we have seen as the master of Jalna, the Ontario home of the family, is only a boy, not yet twenty; pretty, plump Meggie is two years his senior, "Gran," who after attaining her long coveted one hundredth birthday, died in "Whiteoaks of Jalna," appears again with all her old vigor and her old desire to dominate the family. Also, a few new characters are introduced, particularly Renny's father, the indolent, easy-going Philip, and Renny's stepmother.

The members of the Whiteoak family, with their squabbles, their clannishness, and their genuineness, are among the most real characters I have ever met in a book. We seem to know every character through and through: from "Gran's" domineering ways and the mystery about her will, to her grandson's red hair, his slim, lithe figure, and his love of horses. And always, Renny, the "perfect Court" and the image of his grandmother, intrigues us with his defiance and yet his shyness; with his love and understanding of horses; and yet his diffidence to people.

In "Young Renny"— the action plays second fiddle to the characters. But the people are so real, so genuine, so convincingly human, that the book calls forth gales of laughter at its amusing episodes.

"GREEN LIGHT"

Houghton, Mifflin, 1935 Lloyd C. Douglas

Dr. Newell Paige, assistant to the surgeon he admired almost to idolatry, gave up his coveted position to take the blame for his chief's fatal mistake on the operating table. Then, with remarkable coincidence, he met and came to care for the daughter of the woman his chief had killed. With the usual happy ending, Dr. Paige was restored after many trials to his position at Parkway Hospital, and married the girl who had hated his name because she thought he killed her mother.

Woven in with this rather commonplace thread of story is a philosophical theory given by Dean Harcourt of Trinity Cathedral, who is spiritual adviser to all near him. His magnetic sympathy and understanding is directed to all human problems brought to him. The theory of the "green light," which he expounds, makes the book unusual, and highly interesting, both as a philosophical theory, and in the way it affects the characters who hear it.

Mr. Douglas's book is sympathetically told, and his characters are vivid. His story is not in the least unusual, but his philosophy is, so that, on the whole, the book is well worth reading.

RUTH CROZIER, '37.

WINTER

I

Delicate designs
Like dainty filagrees—
Scrolls, ferns—
All manner of wondrous things
Are etched upon my window-pane.

II

Drifting, icy crystals
Settling on the trees,
Bushes, ground
To make a fairy-land
Of common things.

JACQUELINE MORAND, '39.



LIFE IN A NEW SCHOOL

THE first day I felt more than courageous, starting out to my new school. I was glad to be returning to my studies. I felt happy at the prospect of making new friends, among both pupils and teachers. Thus, starting anew, I hoped to make a good impression on everyone.

The first few days I was almost in despair. Everyone seemed outwardly kind but more or less indifferent to my plight. Obliged to fend for myself in a maze of corridors and halls, a labyrinth of strange staircases and misleading doorways, I lost my way between every class. I missed out on my lunch, that first day, because I was hunting my homeroom for most of the first recess.

A little later, in an attempt to extract some information I said to one of the students "What is the name of your principal?"

"Who did you say?"

"The name of your principal."

"Who? Oh! Do you mean the headmaster?" Such differences in terms proved confusing, and increased my difficulties.

I also had to combat the manner of speech used in this part of the country. I had seldom heard of the accent except as a sort of legend; the "Harvard" or "Boston Accent." However, I found it less pronounced than I had expected, and became easily accustomed to it.

I am still bothered by the fact that I cannot recite with the readiness and smoothness with which I should. I do not seem to be able to express myself with clarity. This, I believe, is largely due to a kind of shyness in speaking before a strange group of people, and I hope I shall overcome this difficulty in time.

I am not used to such large classes, and I have found it hard to "scrape up" an acquaintance with anyone, for all seem so absorbed in their own friends and affairs. I feel very small and alone. Still, the classes are very interesting. My program is now arranged to my entire satisfaction. Things improve daily.

Outside of school life, I find a wonderful kingdom of historic scenes, places, and traditions. While we were planning, yet still doubtful of our coming, this seemed a sort of promised land. And, indeed, I feel myself very fortunate to be here at last. It is an opportunity of which anyone would be more than glad to take advantage. I am not behind in appreciation of it.

Everything is straightening out. A new pupil, even newer than I, now sits next to me in my homeroom. In an effort to help her with what little knowledge I have of the school, I lose my sense of helplessness. I make a new friend. I am no longer alone.

ANNA LA RUE, '38.

A NIGHT AT THE BALLET

THANKSGIVING NIGHT, after a morn spent cheering at the game, and a noon spent stuffing myself with turkey and "all the fixin's," I sojourned to the Opera House to watch the talented members of the Ballet Russe.

Having calmed myself and suppressed a "hold that line" relic from the game as a row of dancers appeared on the stage, I settled down to the serious business of enjoying Colonel W. de Basil's excellent dancers.

The first ballet was new, "Pavillon," by David Lichine. It pictured a poet, Lichine, who, on entering a garden at night in search of his love, was captured by the spirits led by Tatiana Riabouchinska and forgot his love. Later, when the sweetheart, Irina Baronova, appeared, she was at first unrecognized by the poet, but as daybreak came, the spirits lost their power and the lovers were re-united. The costumes for this ballet were charming and the dancing of Lichine, Baranova, Riabouchinska and the corps de ballet was excellent.

"Symphonie Fantastique" was second. This was conceived and executed by the maître de ballet, Leonide Massine. Mr. Massine played the part of a crazed composer, and Tamara Toumanova that of his beloved. The scenes were excellently executed, the costumes superb, and the dancing unsurpassed. Mr. Massine, Miss Toumanova and the cast took six curtain calls after this artistic achievement.

Mr. Massine favored us with two appearances although he rarely dances in more than one ballet of an evening; his second was in "Le Beau Danube." Massine played the part of the soldier, and Riabouchinska, the daughter. This well-loved ballet, the only one played in former years on the program, told the simple love story of the Austrian soldier for a sweet Austrian daughter. The charm and brilliance of this ballet has not been dimmed by the years.

Mr. Massine has said it will take the business-minded American public a quarter century to appreciate fully the ballet; but judging from the reception of his ballet in the few years it has been playing before Boston audiences, I should say that Boston is twenty-odd years ahead of the times.

MARTHA MERRILL, '37.

CHRYSANTHEMUMS

Yellow flowers in a tall, black vase
With golden hearts 'gainst lacy ferns.
Curling petals,
Shimmering circles of beauty.

JACQUELINE MORAND, '39.



Time marches on, and I, Falter Pinchell, am in again . . . So here goes . . . Here's wishing you all a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year . . . That touch of snow we had before Thanksgiving was just the thing to fill the hearts of many of our playful pupils with joy . . . Plenty of snow was flying and it all wasn't coming from the sky despite notices sent to the rooms about throwing snowballs . . . Saw Eleanor Lloyd frolicking in the drifts . . . Well! Well! Well! Junior elections are finally over . . . Congratulations to all the lucky winners . . . A great time was had by all at the G. A. A. Formal . . . The girls looked charming, and then some, in their formal dresses and it seemed as if the boys had just stepped out of a page in Esquire . . . Many students, however, are still looking for the person who suggested going out to Ten Acres after the dance . . . Is it true that some of the boys are starting a moustache club? . . . To some of us a moustache is only a misplaced eyebrow . . . Tom Adams just loves to visit the "5 and 10" . . . Marie Flynn is a member of the Senior Tri-Code Club at the Y. W.

The tall man of the school . . . Larry Dwyer . . . Paul Moylan looks like a lawyer with that brief case . . . Frank Norcia carries home many books . . . studying Frank? . . . Al Young informs us the principal parts of throwing snowballs are the windup — the delivery — and the ducking . . .

George Nichols rides to school in a new 1937 model . . . Joe Hayes is a clerk in a local chain store . . . Room 64 produced the talents of Peter Cordillo in a holiday program . . . Frank Glackin's smile is exceptionally bright since his presidential victory . . . John Hodoian . . . Latins' gift to Hollywood . . . Bill Flannery, a freshman of room 7 specializes on sport comments . . . Jim Boyle turns those hand springs like a circus performer . . . Gene Wessel will entertain us on Amateur Night . . . George McMahon and Joe Lovoi glide down the corridors with the grace of football players . . . Malcolm Crowley is the idol of the freshmen . . . When Joe Healy had finished telling the story of his recovering a fumble, he saw at last he had an audience . . . John Mahoney, better known as "Jiggsy," will autograph any footballs coming his way . . .

Scotty McCann and Herb Boudreau will be candidates for our hockey team . . . Bill Gardner believes he is the tallest boy in the school for his age . . . Isadore Bickler likes to be called "Dusty" Ed Sullivan is a magician. Ask him nothing and he will tell you everything . . . The serious-minded boy . . . Joe Broderick . . . Tom McCauley is usually the center of a crowd . . . Watch the flashy John Byrne on the hockey team . . . Norman Spinney is a modern Abe Lincoln . . . He can portray the part of this great American at any time . . . Petite Nancy Pickering of room 4 is an up-coming member of her class . . . Many people call her "Sunya" . . . Red Kiggins is the one and only "bean-boy" in the city of Cambridge . . .What'll it be, a pint, a quart? . . . You may have the opportunity of casting your eyes on this wavy-haired lad behind his bean and brown bread counter at the Manhattan Market any Saturday afternoon . . . Room 55 is like a Chinese laundry going at full blast . . . That is, while the steam is turned on . . . What is Peggy Cass's reason for wearing ear muffs in class? . . . It can't be because she doesn't want to hear what is going on, because Peggy is a most attentive lass . . . Dorothy Sullivan has a very cozy little playroom in the basement of her home . . . With the aid of a few friends and a paint brush she performed miracles. . . Dot was so pleased with her work that she has decided to be an interior decorator . . . Many thanks to Leonard Melanson of Room 4 for his co-operation . . . Cambridge High and Latin School was well represented at the football dance at Lexington . . . In prominence were members of our own team . . . John McGloin was there . . . That boy doesn't miss a thing . . . Flash! . . . Can you TRUCK? . . . If not you are out of date . . . So the dance masters of this school tell me . . . This means that many of our dance goers will have to perfect this step . . . While we are at it why not try a little Rhumba? . . . Who are the most inseparable pals in school? . . . They are senior class officers . . . That's right—Mabel Noble and Iris Benthale . . . Any questions you may wish to ask about the Navy you may take to Bob Bouché . . . He has been a Navy man for some time and has already journeyed to Cuba with Uncle Sam's tars . . .Charles Harney

has also had some very delightful and interesting experiences while sailing the briny deep . . . Either of these boys will gladly tell you all about it . . . Ann DeVeaux never resents being called "Youngster" . . . Marie Flynn will never again call a person old-fashioned who tells her to wear rubbers . . . Blonde Joe Kelley is quite the thing in the freshman class . . . He and Jackie Lyons will be candidates for nearly every sport when they grow a little bit more . . . Millie Cassidy reminds one of Gracie Allen . . . She has an answer for everything . . . Foolish but logical . . . Kitty Cavanaugh has become a correspondent and is now telling the readers of the Cambridge Sun what goes on around our school . . . Joe Manley and Bob Flynn were the Cambridge cheer leaders at the Thanksgiving game . . .Speaking of football, I hear that Martha Merrill does not approve of night games . . . I still don't see anything wrong with the American Legion band, do you? . . . Willard Ramsay, that upcoming starlet of the stage, is displaying the most scrumptious pair of colored socks . . . Boy, it does one's heart good to get a look at them . . .

FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS

Iris Benthale: Don't you think I'm cute?

Francis Glacken: But I've got personality!

Jacqueline Morand: I stay out of school on Latin examination day.

Phyllis Sheridan: Have you any candy?

Constance Zanghi: Oh, hello, there!

Eliot Shaw: Now tell me all about it.

Domenico Auciello: Hey Sid, wanna buy a Review?

Joe Manley: You little rascal.

Rita Doherty: Really?

Ann Parker: He is the cutest thing!

Mary Crowley: I hope I get a letter today!

Helen Burns: Hello, long time no see!

Ruth Gray: As I was saying —.

Virginia Frankhouse: All right! All right!

Lillian Hand: Your jokes will be the death of me!

A LETTER TO SANTA CLAUS

Cambridge High and Latin School
Cambridge, Massachusetts
December 20, 1936

Mr. Santa Claus
North Pole

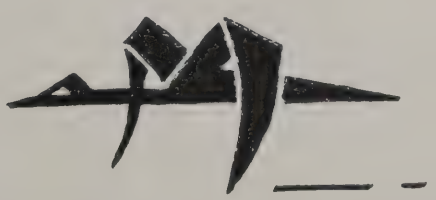
Dear Santa:

I realize that you have to make many stops but when you visit Cambridge early on Christmas morning, but don't forget the anxious students of this school who firmly believe in your existence. Take from your bag, wrapped in cellophane, these gifts for your friends:

Thomas Ahern, a pink elephant; Ruth Brooks, a baseball; Sonny Conant, an invention to clean his desk; Myrtle Cooper, a lollypop; Ruth Crozier, a Shirley Temple doll; Rita Doherty, a scooter; Dutchy Glacken, a toy fire engine; Lincoln Hanson, a chocolate eclaire; Gene Lovett, a rocking horse; Edward Mahen, a rattle; Bessie Makris, a salted peanut; All Freshmen, dolls and teddy bears; Joe Manley, a book "How to Crochet in Ten Easy Lessons;" Mel Ponte, a Necco wafer; Ann Parker, an alarm clock; Bernie Spitzer, a comb; Ely Shamieh, a dime pen; Mary Burke a joke book; Charles Wicker, a knitting needle; Joe Murphy, the main spring of a watch; Lucille Kelly, a policeman; Janet Kelso, a spool of green thread.

Yours hopefully,

Nalhguoc Hpesoj.



... SPORTS ...

CAMBRIDGE LATIN 7 MALDEN 20

After being tripped up in their winning streak by the strong New Bedford team in the Whaler's town the Cantabs were faced by a group of hard plunging backs of the Golden Tornado, namely, Coach McGuirk's Malden High team.

This team was the best organized group that our boys faced in their schedule. Their line was almost impregnable and on the offensive their backfield was superb. Charlie O'Rourke, a coach's dream and All-State quarterback, was the greatest open field runner that our boys had to contend with all season. Once started Charlie would reverse his field about two or three times to evade the Latin tacklers and after a little hocus-pocus and probably twenty yards he would be dragged to earth. Spadafora the hardest line plunging back in Eastern Massachusetts would hit the forward wall like the Twentieth Century Limited and would be pounced upon by the Cantabs secondaries. On the other hand let this not be one sided. Cambridge Latin was well represented by "Dutch" Glacken and Wallie Boudreau. Dutch made quite a bit of yardage by his pass receiving from good old Wallie. In the later stages of the game Wallie was injured enough to cause his removal to a doctor's and to refrain from football for the next two games.

Cambridge was first to score registering a touchdown after Mort Buckley, Latin star fullback, intercepted a Malden pass. Mahoney then threw a pass to Glacken who raced 22 yards for the first score of the game and threw a big scare into rival Coach McGuirk.

Malden took to the air in the second period and a long forward O'Rourke to Spadafora evened the score. Malden again capitalized in the third period after a sixty-yard march down the field with Steed going over from the ten-yard marker to put the Golden Tornado ahead.

Not contented with an extra touchdown, already the winner, Malden started in again in the last canto and Steed threw a beautiful floater into the waiting arms of the outstanding right end, Bob Jones, who outraced the Cantab secondaries in a twenty-five-yard run for the coveted goal line.

A total of 125 yards in penalties was given out in this game with Malden, the home team receiving 145 of the number. Throughout the game, Paul Good and Gayne were diligently plugging for Cambridge at their guard positions, and George Kelley who made his first appearance for the Latinites was constantly blocking up holes.



CAMBRIDGE LATIN 8 NASHUA, N. H. 7

Again proving that a safety was enough margin to give them victory, as they attained against Rindge, Cambridge Latin beat Nashua High at their home field before an enthusiastic crowd of Nashua rooters who cheered heartily for both our visiting team and their losing team.

The long trip apparently put our boys into perfect condition because after playing a scoreless first quarter, speedy Fred Coolen, Latin's flashy half back raced through the Nashua team and scored the first six points of the game. Gene Lovett and his educated toe kicked the point after from placement and it was this point plus the safety which was Cambridge's margin of victory.

From this point on the home team kept pressing and it was only the final whistle in the first half of the game which prevented a Nashua score as the ball was resting on the one-yard line of Latin as the half was called.

After a series of kicks, Nashua was being forced back to their own goal line and after a series of plays a backfield man was nabbed behind his own goal line and an automatic safety was called with two more points added on to the Cantabs score.

The Nashua finally got rolling in the final quarter and smashed over a touchdown and then

dumped a Latin man behind his goal line for a safety. Nashua's inability to convert the point after touchdown was the deciding factor in the game. Twice in the last half Nashua was within the Cantab's 5-yard marker but with a little pep talk from Captain Row they bolstered up and smeared the opposing backs and took the ball on downs.

Boudreau's absence was quite noticeable in the backfield, but Kelley his protege did well with his fine punting and passing. Row, Marimm and Lovett were the Latin standouts in the forward wall while Bradley, Buckley and Lawrence played marvelous ball in the backfield.

Goodwin and Rosmovich were the consistent ground gainers for Nashua and Tremblay was a menace at end almost always breaking into the Latin backfield.

CAMBRIDGE LATIN 0 WAKEFIELD 6

Cambridge Latin certainly bemoaned the tough breaks that sent them into a 6-0 submission before Wakefield High Thanksgiving morning in their traditional grid battle at Russell Field.

Despite the fact that two Cantab players galloped for touchdown runs which were declared null and void by the officials and that the team held possession of the pigskin for the greater part of the game, Coach Sheehan's boys were forced to bow in defeat.

In the opening canto of the fracas the Latinites marched from their own 30 to the Wakefield one-yard ribbon, where they lost the ball on downs. From all appearances in the first period Dick Row and his gang were going to knock down the visitors in grand style, but the tide turned in the last 60 seconds of play, when Brady, after taking the ball, which bounced off a teammate's back, galloped down the center of the field for a touchdown. Kelley was flipping a pass to Glacken when the ball accidently caromed into Brady, the right tackle's hands.

In the third period the Red and White of Cambridge got another tough break when Glacken on the end of a pass thrown from George Kelley ran from the Wakefield 40-yard line for a touchdown which was ruled out by the officials. The reason for the non-acceptance of the touchdown by the officials was that Glacken had, in catching the pass, stepped offside.

Mort Buckley and Frank Glacken played their usual fine brand of football as did Captain Dick Row closing a fine high school career.

The field was in a terrible state after snow and rain, and it was almost impossible for the backs to get a secure footing, and before the end of the first five minutes the players of both elevens were covered with mud from head to foot so that they were hardly recognizable by their own teammates.

The condition of the field also hindered the passing attack of Latin which has proven so successful all season. The ball was too slippery for the backs to get a secure grip to hurl passes to their ends. Kicking was also very difficult. Wakefield had quite a cheering section which when banded together had quite a volume. Their cheerleaders stole the show.

A WINTER GLADE

The indistinguishable murmur
Of a frozen brook,
The soft white blanket
Covering hill and dale,
A plain brown bush
Transformed
Into a sparkling ice-palace;
The soft grey sky
Suggesting yet another snow-fall,
The moon silhouetting
The ink-black trees
Contrasting with
The soft white, on which
Is seen the tiny foot-prints
Of a scurrying rabbit,
Portray
A winter glade.

MARTHA MERRILL, '37.





JOYEUX NOEL ET BONNE ANNÉE A TOUS!

L'Exposition Internationale Des Arts Et Des Techniques Dans La Vie Moderne

Comme on vole par-dessus du centre du Paris maintenant, il distingue à terre une croix géante des constructions, avec un bras tendant de la Place de la Concorde en travers les bords de la Seine au Pont de Grenelle, l'autre de la Place du Trocadéro au Champ de Mars. Il regarde les premières évidences visuelles de plus de cent cinquante arpents des créations les plus modernes dans les arts, les métiers, et la science—le site immense de l'Exposition Mondiale de mil neuf cent trente-sept, de Paris, "L'Exposition des Arts et des Techniques dans la Vie Moderne." Ici trouvera-t-il de mai à novembre les exhibitions de cinquante pays, rangeant de tels sujets que des problèmes sociaeux à l'architecture, à la main-d'oeuvre, aux sports, à la mode, et au transport. Les plans pour cette exposition internationale existent depuis beaucoup d'années, et deux cent trente des meilleurs architectes de France dévouent leurs efforts à faire celle-ci la plus belle exposition de l'histoire.

On a baptisé l'Exposition avec le nom, "La Ville Lumiere," et l'on le ferait très bien, car l'on fait attention particulière au système de l'illumination de nuit, surtout le long de la rivière Seine. D'un bout à l'autre d'une longeur de presque deux milles, les lumières le long des rivages présenteront un spectacle de couleurs diverses d'un fleuve resplendissant des illuminations et des divertissements, embrassant des effets remarquables dans l'eau elle-même et des reflexions brillantes des rives. En effet, la Seine se transformera en artère magnifique des lumières multiples et harmonieuses. Parmi les centaines des palais et des édifices modernes à l'exposition, on établira un projet général de sorte que la nuit les édifices soient baignés des couleurs de lumières nouvelles, bizarres, étranges avec les extrêmes les plus ingénieux de la nouveauté et de l'effet.

Depuis plusieurs générations l'électricité contribue ses créations presque inépuisables aux démonstrations publiques. Ce fait été démontré par les expositions de presque tous les pays du monde, et à l'occasion de mil neuf cent trente-sept l'életricité aura atteint un autre degré du mérite et de le diversité dans son mouvement continu. J'ai lu que pendant l'Exposition Française de mil neuf cent quatre-vingt-neuf les "fontaines illuminées" constituaient la merveille de l'époque comme une attraction populaire, et que la même chose était vraie à l'Exposition de mil neuf cent quand la cascade centrale, Château d'Eau, du Champ de Mars, était l'exhibition qui produisait "ah" de l'admiration publique—mais les techniciens de lumière et d'illumination maintenant promettent encore de plus grandes surprises et plus grands instruments en mil neuf cent trente-sept.

L'Exposition a la première intention de montrer que la beauté a sa place même dans les objets mécaniques et modernes qui sont devenus une partie des activités quotidiennes. Les exhibitions des plus jeunes artistes, des artisans, et des techniciens promettent de révéler une ère nouvelle dans les arts modernes de décoration. L'absence de la superfluité de décoration, si éminente depuis la Grande Guerre, caractérisera les étalages; cependant on fera un effort de prêter de la grâce et de la beauté aux objets familiers sans affaiblir le sens de leur pureté du contour.

Il y aura un essai de créer une certaine mode définie pour un objet ou une nouveauté, au lieu de l'adapter à un modèle précédent, que l'on a fait aux premiers chassis automobiles copiés des voitures. L'automobile, à cause de sa force et de sa vitess de, a tout à fait changé le contour; ce n'est point une copie d'une voiture. On évitera l'absurdité de telle imitation dans autres objets modernes. La pra-

tique de copier et d'adapter cédéra à la création réelle, produisant des effets qui simplifieront et embelliront sur-le-champ la maison et le bureau.

La France est reconnue depuis toujours comme maîtresses des idées décoratives. Le monde entier sera intéressé à voir ce que produiront plus jeunes artistes et decorateurs dans le champ des arts et des métiers à étaler à l'Exposition des Arts et des Techniques dans la Vie Moderne de mil neuf cent trente-sept.

ROLAND E. SHAINE, '36.

LES RÊVES

Freud a beaucoup écrit au sujet des rêves sans nous dire pourquoi faut-il rêver. Je crois que rêver c'est passer le temps à faire quelque chose de fou.

Je base mon opinion sur ce que j'ai éprouvé; je n'ai jamais vu rien de raisonnable ou de probable en rêvant. Peut-être le chien y cause avec le chat au sujet des politiques. Souvent j'y suis tombé en l'air ou suis-je chassé par un animal feroce. J'ai entendu dire que les rêves ne durent pas longtemps; ils ne sont jamais assez courts pour moi. Tous les malheurs qu'il y a au monde y ont lieu.

Pour éviter de rêver il faut se passer de dormir et cela n'est pas, malheureusement, possible.

ELLIOTT SHAW, '37.

A MUSICAL CAREER

To those who are undecided about their future occupations, I should like to point out the great opportunities that lie in the field of music, and especially in the field of modern popular music. Not only are there many openings for good musicians, but the pay is attractive, and the possibilities for the enterprising one are unlimited.

Good musicians are in great demand today, for many new clubs have been opened, and almost every hotel—the Copley, Ritz, Statler, Sheraton, Bradford—now uses at least one orchestra and some use two. Furthermore, there is a constantly increasing number of private dances and other social functions requiring musical entertainment.

The musicians in these orchestras are well paid. If one reaches the top and plays in Guy Lombardo's or Benny Goodman's orchestra, he will be one fortunate person who shares in a fee ranging from one to three thousand dollars for playing in a single night! But one does not have to play in the best orchestras to be well paid. A good union man earns at least eight dollars a night for playing four or five hours, and he may play at social functions such as tea dances and dinners, during the day.

The best musicians, such as Rudy Vallee, may become millionaires if they use all their possibilities, which include playing nightly on contract, at special functions, over the radio, and for the screen. Good musicians who play in popular local bands, as in Jack Marshard's, may easily earn five to ten thousand dollars a year, and the versatile amateur who plays well enough to be a member of a small neighborhood orchestra can often earn a useful five dollar bill.

Because the road to success through music has been brilliant for some, do not think that you yourself, an ordinary person, is automatically excluded. We, right here at C. H. L. S., can boast of some of the few who have reached the top. Two of our graduates, Leroy Anderson and Eddie Duchin, have become famous for their musical talent. Leroy is the arranger for Ruby Newman's orchestra which now plays in the Rainbow Room of Rockefeller Center, and Eddie has a band of his own, which is one of New York's favorites.

Perhaps there are some readers who may still feel that no place waits for them in the musical world. To these it can be said that even if they do not enter music professionally, there is still a chance to make life more pleasant through this form of entertainment. The dullest person can always be the "life of the party" if he can strum a few chords on a guitar while others sing, or if he can play some instrument.

You can be trained for your musical career by one of our own graduates, for Thomas Myles, '32, has a music studio at 1776 Massachusetts Avenue where one can find a teacher for any instrument. His teachers are all young college men.

So, budding geniuses, do not be afraid to push ahead. Learn to play some instrument. Boys, you can be a Guy Lombardo or a Leroy Anderson, and girls, you can be a Laura Ray Hutton. Each of you can be the most popular person who "goes to every party," if you will do something about it. The timid soul who never says anything, and who cannot do anything never gets anywhere!

THE FEEL OF THE FOREST

The ring of an axe—
Through the still north wood,
The call of a lumber-jack—
As the great tree falls
Bring me the breath
Of the great outdoors.
The fragrant odor of the rustling pines—
Brought by the tangy wind
To the robust "jack" as he dines
On flapjacks and amber syrup,
The twinkling toe-prints
From the rabbit's lair
Make me thank God
For the open air!

MARTHA MERRILL, '37.



Isadore Pickler: When you sleep in class, your head reminds me of a story.
John McIntire: Sleeping Beauty?
Isadore: No, Sleepy Hollow.

Geo. Kelly: Why are you late this morning?
John Marimm: Well, it was like this. We had eight people sleeping at our house last night, and the alarm was only set for seven.

Traffic Officer: You can't make a turn to the right.
Joseph Casey: Why not, officer?
Traffic Officer: Well, a right turn is wrong here. If you want to turn right, turn left.

Dr. Cuttem: Oh, you needn't pay me until after I remove your appendix.
Robert Babish: I'm not going to pay you now. I was merely counting my money before you give me the ether.

Robert Claymour: Do you say, "It is me, or it is I?"
Lester Katzen: Always remember the rhyme: "It is I, said the spider to the fly."
Robert: I see—but couldn't you say, "It is me, said the spider to the flea"?

Tom Adams: Do you use tooth paste?
Willard Ramsay: No, none of my teeth are loose.

Eileen Wadden (who has run down a pedestrian): You must have been walking very carelessly. I am a careful driver, and I have been driving a car for eight years.
Old Man: Lady, you've got nothing on me. I've been walking for fifty-eight years.

Ed Nickles: I'm in a hurry, so be quick and give me a yard of pork.
Butcher: O. K. Here you are; three pig's feet.

Paul Good: Is Amherst the next stop?
Porter: Yes, sir; brush you off, sir?
Paul: No, thanks. I'll get off myself.

Bob Sheehan: Ginger Ale.
Waiter: Pale?
Bob: No, just a glass.

Olive Erickson: Why does an Indian wear a feather?
Tona Shea: To keep his wigwam.

Mary Deegan: I am indebted to you for all I know.
Edith Green: Don't mention such a trifle.

Adele Church: I do hope I marry a Dutchman when I'm older.
Dorothy Banne: Why?
Adele: 'Cause I want to be a duchess.

Charles Clark: I'm a big gun at school now.
Dad: Well, then, I'd like to hear some better reports from now on.

Marjorie Coleman: You really ought to come to my place in Maine with me this summer. I won a beauty contest there last year.
Audrey Hawkes: No thanks; I think I'd rather go to a more crowded place.

Rupert Blue: Osborne, how do you spell needle?
Edward: N-e-i-d-l-e.
Rupert: There is no "I" in needle.
Edward: Well, a needle without an eye wouldn't be of much use.

Teacher: Who can tell me what an apricot is?
Paul Hillery: I know, sir. It's a red-headed prune.

Bill Price: You say you were twins once?
Bob Bouché: Yeh, my mother has a picture of me when I was two.

She: I hear you played hooky from correspondence school.
He: Yes, that's true.
She: Well, how in the world did you ever do it?
He: Oh, I just sent in an empty envelope.

Joe Hayes: Got any work for me to do, Dad?
Dad: Why, no.
Joe: Well, won't you put me on the dole?

Peggy Cass: Is this a second-hand shop?
Dealer: Yes.
Peggy: Good, I want to buy a second hand for my watch.

Mrs. D.: Excuse me—do those tatoo marks wash off?
Sailor: I can't say, lady.

Of all the "give me a sentence with the word" jokes we've heard, we give the prize to the lad who put effervescent and fiddlestick in one sentence. He said "Effervescent enough covers on the bed your fiddlestick out."

Al Ponte: How come you resigned from the choir?
James Leydon: I wasn't there one Sunday and somebody asked if they'd fixed the organ.

A simple country-man saw a gaudy-plumaged parrot on the roof of his cottage.
He climbed to capture it.
The parrot looked at him and said sharply, "What do you want?"
The country-man touched his cap, "Beg pardon, sir. I thought you were a bird."

Mr. Simpson: There's a boy called John Simpson working here. May I see him? I'm his grandfather.
Boss: You're just too late. He's gone to your funeral.

Alvin Allen: I've nothing,—and my watch has only sentimental value.
Robber: Hand it over. I feel like having a good cry anyway.

Boss: Have you any references?
Kiggins: Sure, here's the letter.—To whom it may concern: Owen Kiggins worked for us one week and we're satisfied.

Dorothy DeBye: I have cast these figures eight times.
Ann Bartel: Very good and thorough.
Dorothy: Here are the eight results.

Bill Fitzgerald: Why were you kept after school?
Al Cecere: I didn't know where the Azores were.
Bill: Well, remember where you put things hereafter.

Mark Coleman: How'd you get your hands so dirty?
John Senders: Washing my face.

Bill Joyce: Didn't you claim when you sold me this car that you would replace anything that broke or was missing?
Auto Dealer: Yes, sir. What is it?
Bill: Well, I want four front teeth and a collar bone.

Alice Norton: Officer, can you direct me to the flying squad?
Officer: What do you want with the flying squad, ma'am?
Alice: Oh, I want them to capture my canary. It has escaped.





THE CHESS CLUB

So far this year the Chess Club is having a very successful season. After winning the first two games with Lowell and Rindge, it went on to beat Roxbury and to the return game with Rindge. The machine stalled against Brookline; a tie was gained only by Stanley Ramonas beating John Alexander after a long, hard-fought game. However, against Lowell, the day before Thanksgiving, all eight boards were won, thus showing promise that the team will go on in its winning way. It is felt that a better result would have been gained if all the members had been present. It was necessary to play three new players, who, however, gave a good account of themselves, two of them winning. A return match with Roxbury, and one with Brookline have been planned and, in the near future, matches will be played with Somerville, Boston Latin, and a third in the series with Lowell. In the six matches, already played only seven games have been lost and one tied. Six players have won all their games and one other has lost none and tied one.

Again the invitation is extended to any students who wish to join the club. If you wish to learn to play chess, come to Mr. Bliss's office after school, and any of the members will be glad to teach you.

THE K. B. CLUB

Keep busy! seems to be the motto of all K. B. girls at the present moment, and who can fail to notice these ardent members scurrying around here and there keeping posted on the days of meetings, initiations, dances, and what-nots?

On the evening of November twenty-fourth, the formal initiation and reception was held at the home of Carolyn Wood and the following girls became full-fledged K. B. ites: Phyllis Sheridan, Elizabeth Thorne, Ruth Crozier, Mary Buckley, Louise Barrett, Betty Harvey, Marjorie Shea, Eleanor Tynan, Louise Toomey, Mary Kelleher, Catherine Cavanaugh, Rita Doherty, Iris Benthale, Mable Noble, Doris Banne, Dorothy Spinney, Elizabeth Glynn, Phyllis Mihill, Theresa Regan and Dorothy Toomey.

Plans are nearing completion for the Annual Dance to be held on January eighth, 1937, at the Cambridge Boat Club. The tickets will, as usual, be $1.50 per couple, and at the rate at which they are already being sold, this dance promises to be a huge success. Tickets will not be sold at the door, so hurry! and get yours now!

CAROLYN WOOD, '37.

IS THAT SO?

—about California's eternal sunshine"? Having just discovered a second cousin from California, I find that the charming Californians have more rain, fog, and dismal days than deah ol' New England.

—about the fact that "Matter can neither be created nor destroyed?" No, just "pop down" to M. I. T. some fine Sunday and you'll see matter created and destroyed right before your eyes.

—about France's "sunny shores"? Well , the French construct their beautiful stained glass windows so that they are at their best on rainy days 'cause France has so many of them.

—about the "brains without brawn" idea? Look at deah ol' Dartmouth's 1925 football team—all but one member Phi Beta Kappa men; and they certainly knew their football!

—that Cambridge is "just another city?" Cantabrigia is the largest candy manufacturing center in the United States! Why didn't someone tell us this before?

If any perusers of this humble "paragiraffe" can think of more disillusioning ideas, send them in to the Review office, and we'll see what we can do with them.

MARTHA MERRILL, '37.

EXCHANGES

The Record, North High School, Worcester, Mass.

If we were Mr. Winchell, we should award you orchids and plenty of them, because all through your magazine, everything was of excellent quality. We hope to see it again during this Anno Domini.

The Crimson and Grey, Mary E. Wells High School, Southbridge, Mass.

In your magazine, we came across some unusual and very interesting material. First we liked your headings. The author of "Love versus Brains" will probably be the author of a best-seller some day, if she keeps on as she has started. The novelty of your alumni column is refreshing and we like the ideas in "Locals." We know that everything can't be perfect, and we think your cartoons leave room for improvement.

The Crisp, Cæsar Rodney High School, Camden-Wyoming, Delaware.

We enjoyed particularly, your unusual departments and their headings. "Currents" contained some very interesting articles. Of these we enjoyed particularly, "An Oriental Wedding," "Drifting" and "Yams" which were packed with interest and "Knots" was super-fine.

We are pleased to receive many new magazines this year, and we are happy to exchange with our many friends, who, we hope, like our paper.

LINCOLN HANSON, '37.

G. A. A. NEWS

Season's greetings from the G. A. A. We, in conjunction with jolly old Santa, are just overflowing with loads of news and packs of pleasant surprises. The first announcement is that Phyllis Sheridan and Betty Harney are tennis champions.

The social activities of the year opened with the Freshman party which took place Friday evening, October 23. After a colorful Grand March, the club trooped into the hall to witness an entertainment of song and dance followed by a humorous skit, "The Sniggles Family," and a play, "Aunt Hetty."

"The Sniggles Family" consisted of Mrs. Sniggles, Shirley Fielding, and her seven little Sniggles: Ivy Peterson, Mildred Matory, Ruth Lakely, Nancy O'Brien, Loretta Murphy, Alma de Cohen and Eleanor Lundgren. The girls were so well coached by Miss Brown, that they often had to repeat their lines because of continued laughter from the audience. The "Aunt Hetty" cast was composed of Rita Doherty, Phyllis Sheridan, Katherine Ricker, Martha Corcoran, Ruth Perrere, Muriel Maires and Mary Quinn, who also directed the play. Miss Marjorie O'Dell, a former president of the G.A.A., awarded the prizes to Miss Wood and Miss Feeley as the closing ceremony of the first G. A. A. party of the new season.

Friday, November 20, the G. A. A. held the first formal of the season at the Hotel Commander. It was a new experience since in former years the formal took place at Rindge, but the venture proved to be an overwhelming success and the whole school responded heartily.

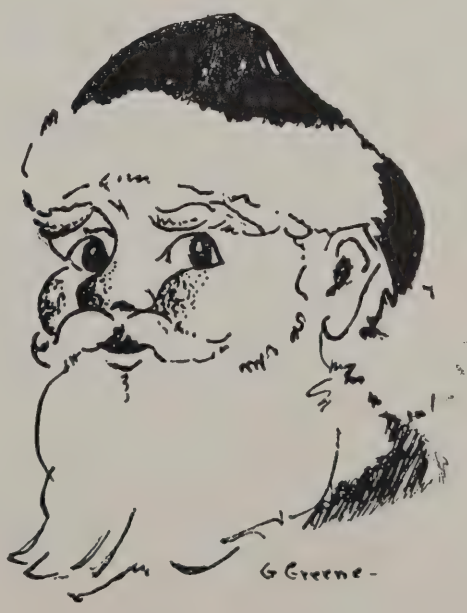
Beginning December 17, there will be a G. A. A. swim meet every Thursday evening from six to seven at the Y. M. C. A. pool. It is not necessary to be an expert swimmer to join our group, and we urge the girls who would like to swim to take advantage of this opportunity offered by the club.

The junior and senior interclass basketball team consists of Arlene Hopkins, Alfreda Newdolf, Eleanor Paine, Dorothy Prouty, Libbie Flax and Phyllis Sheridan—forwards; Bessie Makris, Frances Brown. Janet Kelso and Betty Sugarman, Guards: Sylvia Kaufman (captain), Betty Harney, Rita Doherty, and Ann Parker.

This year, as in every year, the G. A. A. has turned from an athletic to a charitable organization for a time and has distributed heavily laden baskets to needy families at Thanksgiving. The girls and the teachers of the school who contributed generously, are well rewarded in the fact that some poor people enjoyed a happy Thanksgiving because of their thoughtful kindness.

December 11 is the date for the long awaited Girl Dance. Sophomores have the time of their lives while even juniors and seniors attending for the third and fourth time, still get a thrill out of dressing in a "tux".

BETTY SUGARMAN, '37.





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TO ONE AND ALL

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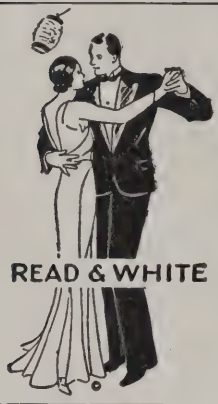
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CAMBRIDGE HIGH AND LATIN SCHOOL
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MISS GERTRUDE BERNICE ROGERS

DIED DECEMBER 20, 1936

We, her fellow teachers and students of the Cambridge High and Latin School, have lost a loyal and devoted friend. Her intellectual honesty, quick and brilliant mind, and her executive ability, made Miss Rogers an outstanding personality in this school and in this community where she lived. We, who knew her well, will remember her best for her sparkling wit, the speed and aptness of her repartee, and for her intense, ardent adherence to ideals.

To all who needed her, and to the many enterprises which won her approval, she gave herself with eager, generous selflessness. She showed rare courage in meeting all obligations and duties with complete preparedness, and with unsurpassed cheerfulness to the very end.

Such loyalty, devotion and courage, have left a legacy of spiritual uplift as a shining memorial for all who knew her, and who felt the sympathy of her generous soul.

OUR OPPORTUNITIES

Those who attend high school without participating in the many extra-curricula activities which are part of school life, miss much of the pleasure which can be added to the daily routine of studying. In taking advantage of participation in these activities, the student not only secures the joy of companionship, but he also improves the standing of the school, to an extent. A group representing Cambridge High and Latin School in any competitive event is generally accepted as being representative of the spirit and quality of all the students of this school. Furthermore, after leaving high school, many of the happiest memories will be of moments spent with companions in some pursuit of mutual interest. Therefore, let us enjoy the present and enrich the future, by joining one of our school organizations or participating in some of the many activities which this high school offers to each one.

E. S.

NIGHTFALL

Slowly sinking in the west, the sun,
A large red ball of fire,
Finds its scarlet hues reflected
By each window, lake and spire.

Leaves a blazing trail behind,
As it ends another day,
Never lingers, never falters,
Just continues on its way.

Then it is that golden cloudlets,
Dream of artists, young and old,
Float across a tinted meadow
To an opalescent fold.

Now that day has gone completely,
Night will come; and none too soon
For in the diamond-studded heavens
Shines the coldly silver moon.

HELEN SKILTON, '38.

THE REVIEW SHORT STORY CONTEST

In our last issue we announced our Short Story Contest for which we offered two prizes.

We take pleasure in announcing that the winner for the upper classes is Carolyn Wood, '37, with her story "The Path to Justice." Honorable Mention is given to William Flaherty, '38, for his story "Misfortune." We have a unique contribution from Janet Hayes, '40, in her story which has a Chinese setting called "One In Three Hundred Million." At the Senior Assembly held February 10 prizes were awarded by Headmaster Cleveland, who complimented the winners on their splendid contributions.

AWAKE

Awake to see the rising sun
Starting on its way!
Awake to have thy work begun
At the start of day!

Awake to thank thy gracious God
For this thy daily bread!
Awake to hear the robins sing
From the trees o'erhead!

Awake and sleep ye not too late;
Robins fly away!
Awake, the sun for man won't wait;
Labor starts its day!

Awake, O Mortal from thy sleep;
Forget not now thy God;
For if ye sleep too long and deep,
Soon ye will be but sod.

BEATRICE BARRON, '37.

THE PATH TO JUSTICE

Prize Story

NO one, except a man on urgent business, would have ventured abroad on a night like this. Over the lonely, country road, the thick, penetrating fog writhed and twisted as it wrapped itself around the dripping trees and settled in ominous silence along the ruts in the road; ruts which were wide and deep and indescribably terrible in their slime and oozing softness. No sound, save the monotonous dripping of the trees, broke the silence, hovering over this desolate scene like some evil phantom who, with damp, soggy fingers, lies in wait for his victim.

Notwithstanding the nature of such a night, the silence was finally broken by the squish of human footsteps in the mud, and out of the fog and the murk, appeared a man whose threadbare garments were hardly sufficient to prevent their owner from continual spasms of shivering. He hardly seemed to notice the ruts or the chill in the air, however, but plunged swiftly along the road, occasionally uttering a low curse when his foot struck a snag and delayed him. The man was evidently in great haste, for in his hand, he clutched a large, gold watch at which he continually glanced, each glance inducing him to walk more rapidly than before.

Along this same road, a black roadster lurched and jerked its way through the ruts which, as if in anger that anyone should pass, hurled great masses of mud against its sides. The conversation between the two surly looking men who occupied this car seemed singularly in keeping with the ominous atmosphere outside.

"Well, Butch," remarked the driver," it doesn't seem as if there'd be anything worthwhile along this infernal cowpath!"

"Naw," answered his companion, "but then we'd take a strike at most anything, eh Chief?"

The man addressed as "Chief" clucked his tongue delightfully and winked at his companion, Butch, his whole face glowing with a startlingly cruel expression. Butch, however, didn't seem to mind this expression in the least, and was in the act of settling back comfortably in his seat, when a figure looming out of the fog, in front of the car, sent him bounding into an alert, half-crouched position. "It's a man!" he gasped into the Chief's ear, "and he's alone on this road!""

The two men looked straight into each other's face; their eyes seemed to probe each other's thoughts. Was this lone man worth it? Who knows who he might be? Should they carry out their desperate plan? After a moment, the Chief nodded briefly and whispered in a hoarse voice, "Okay! Butch."

The roadster slithered to a stop. The two men leaped out. Before the startled man could resist, they rushed upon him. Butch grasped his tattered sleeve, while the Chief, armed with a sledge hammer, rained a stunning blow upon his head. The man sank slowly to the ground, whereupon the thieves eagerly beset him, ransacking his pockets in their search for valuables. About to give up in despair, they were turning from the inert body when the Chief suddenly perceived something glittering beside the man's out-stretched hand. Dashing to the spot, he stooped and rose again bearing a large, gold watch in his hand.

"The prize!" they exclaimed gleefully, then casually glanced at their victim, leaped into the waiting car, and lurched happily away.

As they continued on their journey, the fog drifted slowly past, half smothering the car with its clinging tentacles as if to block their progress, that it might strangle the men in its soggy grasp. Suddenly a long, weird whistle pierced the fog, echoing and reëchoing against its damp walls. The men inside the roadster, were visibly startled, but just for a moment.

"Only a train whistle," observed the Chief, but added quickly, "Say! the track must be parallel to this road!"

Another shrill whistle, louder than the first, interrupted his observations. "It's goin' our way," exclaimed Butch, "Let's race it, Chief!"

At that moment the express became visible through the fog and immediately the Chief put on speed and the car was soon racing crazily through the fog in an endeavor to keep abreast of the train. If they had once glanced at the express, they would certainly have noticed the engineer gesticulating wildly at them, but Fate ruled they should not look. A sudden, right angle curve in the road, and the thieves found themselves gazing, horror-stricken, at the track lying barely three yards before them. There was a screeching of brakes, a deafening roar, an impact, sickening in its force, and utter oblivion.

On the following morning, when the billowy, grey clouds were scudding across the windy sky leaving not one trace of fog on the road, an old man might have been heard saying to his neighbor,

" 'Sa queer thing about those men being killed down at the railroad crossin'. The gatekeeper should have been there, 'tendin' to his job. 'Stead o' that, he was lyin' beside this road, with his skull cracked open. Now what do you think o' that, for a coincidence?"

CAROLYN WOOD, '37.

ONE IN THREE HUNDRED MILLION

Prize Story

IN a small, overcrowded hut in North China an unwanted little girl was born to a poverty-stricken Chinese family. At the pleas of the tender-hearted mother, the hardworking farmer permitted their new child to remain in his household. The family was none the happier for the coming of little Hoa Chih Ch'in as she was named, because it only meant another child to feed and clothe.

When Chih Ch'in was about ten, her mother died and the woman who became her stepmother was a cruel, hard-hearted, individual who hated little children. For a year Chih Ch'in endured untold misery, and finally she could stand it no longer. In desperation she ran away from home to live with her maternal grandmother with whom she spent five comparatively happy years.

When Hoa's grandmother died she fled to her aunt where she worked for two years. After her aunt's death, Chih Ch'in, now a young lady of eighteen, tried to find a way in which she could escape going home to her stepmother. In a flash it came to her. Before her mother's death, the dying woman had betrothed her little daughter to a neighbor's son — nine years younger than the girl. That was where she would go, and there she went.

Her fiance at that time was nine years old and it was part of her duty, as a future daughter-in-law, to rock him to sleep, sing to him, and amuse him when necessary. She was, in fact, a regular nurse-maid to her affianced.

When he was but ten years old they were married. This did not affect her position in the family, however, for all of the heavy work, usually divided between two or more maid-servants, fell to her.

Then came the drought!

In all Northeastern Shantung there was scarcely one crop that did not dry up. With the drought, also came the locusts, devouring every plant that had any vestige of nourishment in it. In all time—the village wiseman said that never had there been such a pass!

In the small village of which Chih Ch'in, now Mrs. Li, was a member, the starving families held a meeting to seek means of saving the small, dwindling population. Nothing was left to eat. Even now they were eating the husks of the kernels mixed with bean sauce, having nothing better. However, when nobody could suggest anything at the conference, which would be in any way helpful, the dejected farmers went back to their huts.

One week later not a single healthy man, woman, or child, was left in that town—or in the district either. For three days they had been eating a mixture of sawdust and water and now even that was gone. Ravenous children seized whatever they could lay their hands on to fill the yawning gaps that had once been mouths, and to quell the dull ache in the pits of their stomachs. Stark carcasses of dogs and cats lay in the open road, from which even the scant supply of flesh that had covered those detestable skeletons had been torn by hands that now obeyed only the impulse of instinctive hunger.

How she managed it, no one will ever know, but somehow, Chih Ch'in and her husband succeeded in leaving the region, and slowly but surely they travelled the long dusty road to the capital. Having little baggage, the pair could go comparatively fast and soon caught up with a larger group of peasants, in whose company they could travel more safely and with greater convenience.

Once at Peking, the young girl, footsore and tired, somehow managed to find a room wherein her tired husband and she could spend the night. This room was not of the best, but it sufficed. That night was spent in sleepless worry. Now, what could she do? Her money was gone and her weak husband was both hungry and tired. Oh! what on earth had persuaded her to leave her village—however terrible it was—for this!

The next morning this girl left her sleeping husband to go out to seek work. Time after time she was rejected because of her inexperience and mere rusticity. Finally in desperation she stumbled into a small courtyard—bearing the sign "Kung Ch'ang Sewing School."

Once inside, she found herself amid a hum of activity. Everywhere girls dressed in blue tunics were happily sewing while chatting of this and that. Once in a while one of them rose, and depositing her finished article on the pile of cloth, took new materials and went back to work. Timidly Chih Ch'in approached the matron, a young business like woman with a kind face.

"Do you have any room for me here?" she asked.

Surprised at hearing a question asked her in a country tone, the matron wheeled around quickly. She saw before her an attractive girl of about nineteen or twenty, dressed in a simple tunic of coarse blue cloth. She hesitated, knowing the lack of room in the school and yet, hating to disappoint her.

Seeing the worried lines that wrinkled her forehead, Chih Ch'in said quickly, "Oh, but I can sew. Mother taught me before she—died!"

Sensing the advantages in this suggestion, the matron finally approved.

"Here is some material," she said, taking up a piece of grasscloth, "see what you can do in the way of embroidery. You may use these threads."

When she came back, some minutes later, expecting to find a flower or two in the material, she saw a whole bevy of flowers of all colors, made in cross-stitch with twisted threads.

It was not long before Chih Ch'in had left behind her the lonely life of a homeless waif and had started out on one of a respected member of the sewing school. She received weekly pay and was able to afford decent lodgings for herself and her husband.

From that time on, the young woman grew higher and higher in the admiration and estimation of others, especially those in school. She had never had much of an education, but she was willing to learn, and loved to read and to pore over, the primary books which were lent her to study. Suddenly the American Missionary, in charge of the school, became interested in the girl. Seeing for her a higher future than that of a matron in the sewing school, the lady managed to get her the post of an "amah." In this job she learned to take care of small children and to do family serving. Chih Ch'in did well in this job, being always willing to learn. She even found for her husband, who was now old enough to work for his living, the post of janitor in one of the buildings in the big college outside of Peking.

She became a Christian and persuaded her husband to do likewise. Now she holds the honored and coveted position of a family servant, and has done so for the past ten years. She has journeyed over to England and back.

Thus little by little she raised herself from the state in which she was born, and proved herself even more capable than most of the high-class women who have started out with countless advantages and have been beaten in the race of life by this earnest, faithful, and hard working woman of the poorer class of China.

JANET HAYES, '40.

Born in Peking, China, thirteen years ago, Janet Hayes received much of her education as the daughter of a missionary, learning to speak Chinese at an early age. The travels of her father brought her from time to time to London and, now, here to Cambridge where she is spending her first year in an American public school. After finishing her freshman year next June, Janet is to return to China. She hopes to come back to America one day in order to enter Wellesley.—*Editor.*

MISFORTUNE

Honorable Mention

THE sun, setting behind the rocky crag of Gorman's peak, sent long, purple shadows down the side of the mountain to blend finally with the gathering darkness at its base. Little fluffy white clouds scurried before a fresh wind as dry and hot as the desert over which it passed. Off in the distance the twinkling lights of the little mining town could be seen and occasional snatches of song were wafted to the ears of a man standing alone on the high bluff where for two months he had slaved and had taken out only enough gold to keep him alive.

Larry Roxton was just twenty-five years old, but had met with so many misfortunes that he looked ten years older. A shaggy beard covered his strong, determined face creased with lines caused by hard work and disappointments. He had worked at many varied things ranging from a position on a newspaper to a cowpuncher, but had failed in everything he had tried. Now he was ready to give up his claim and move on to try something else which might turn out to be more profitable. It had now grown dark and with the darkness it had become very cold. The end of one more uneventful day in the drab life of Larry Roxton had ended, and he lay down under the bright, cold stars.

A faint streak of light in the east foretold the dawn of another day as Larry rose and prepared to begin work at his claim. He had determined it was to be his last day unless he had a change of the hard luck that had been following him as long as he could remember.

It had turned out to be a blazing hot day, typical of that part of the country. Larry was about to stop for a few hours when a dull yellow gleam caught his eye. It seemed impossible, but there it was, a nugget as big as his fist. Feverishly he shoveled away the soft sand and one after another, nuggets as big as, and bigger than the first, tumbled out on the ground. He worked at the claim under the burning sun until he dropped from sheer exhaustion. The impossible had happened! He had struck a vein of gold whose contents seemed unlimited! He was rich!

After he had rested a bit, he put some of the gold in a bag and set out for the town. He was happy and sang merrily as he rode down the side of the bluff.

A few miles out of town he met another prospector who called to him. "I just bought a claim," he said, "and I'm a bit confused as to its location. Could you give me some idea where it is?"

Larry took the sheet of paper which was proffered him and looked at the directions on it.

"Why," said Larry, "there must be some mistake. That's my claim you've bought."

"Your claim," exclaimed the stranger, "I just bought it half an hour ago from the Sheriff. Let's see your paper." Larry gave it to him and they compared the two sheets. They were identical except that Larry's was signed by Tom Michaels and the stranger's was signed by the sheriff.

"Haven't you heard about Michaels?" he asked.

"Why, no," answerd Larry, "I haven't been in town for a month."

"He was arrested for selling false claims a few weeks ago. This paper isn't worth a cent."

The desert was lined with deep shadows while the mountains off on the horizon reflected the late afternoon sun. Moving slowly along, almost obliterated by the shadows, was the lonely figure of a man on horseback. His heavily bearded face was inscrutable in the fast gathering darkness, but to someone who was acquainted with him it would not be hard to guess what was on his mind. He had had success and prosperity in the grasp of his hand for the first time, and probably the last time, in his life, only to have it snatched away from him.

Only a last beam of the setting sun shining on his tattered hat prevented the darkness from enveloping him as he rode on into the night. It was easy to understand that this man would never share in the measure of success and prosperity which should be every man's birthright.

WILLIAM G. FLAHERTY, '38.

'RITIN' FOR THE REVIEW

Zig-zag, criss-cross, up and down — so goes my pencil as I patiently wait for genius to burn. No use, my pencil keeps right on zig-zagging, criss-crossing and going up and down and never forms a single word.

Aha! I'll write about trying to ski—yes, Mother? Oh, all right, I'll shut off that ol' pressure cooker. Nerts! I'd just got in the mood, too. Doesn't any one realize that a writer can't be disturbed when she's trying to bring forth beautiful thoughts? Of course. Mother often doesn't appreciate the beautiful thoughts, but then, Shakespeare's words weren't collected, published and appreciated until after he died; so when I'm dead and six feet under, she'll be sorry.

Well, I've lost all ideas I had on the skiing subject. H'mmm, I'll write about George Washington; it will be February when the REVIEW comes out — Yes, mother, I'll set the table. No mother dear, I'm not complaining about a simple thing like setting the table. It only upsets my train of thought, that's all — go ahead and laugh! I'll bet Fannie Hurst's mother didn't make her set the table.

Let's see, I'll turn on the radio for just a minute until I get an idea. Oh, boy! "I'm in a Dancing Mood," my favorite, da-da-dee-dee-da-dum — I ought to write something peppy and modern, about Fred Astaire or someone.

There's the telephone; I'll get it! Hello — Ann? Yes, nope, not a thing, just trying my hand at something for the REVIEW— Yes, heh! heh! Anything I'd do wouldn't be worth sending in, anyhow. Heh! heh! — h'mmm! You don't think so either! ! Say, young lady, I'll have you know . . .

MARTHA MERRILL., '37.

AMATEUR PHYSICIANS

If Saint Peter were to consult me about suitable professions for my relatives when they enter the heavenly kingdom, I should advise him to let every member of my family study the art of healing. I think such a course would be a fitting reward for their earthly experimentation upon me, an ungrateful subject.

For alas! The moment I chance to sneeze, the patent medicine phase of every one's nature is uppermost, although it is common knowledge that such convulsions on my part are frequently the result of proximity to red pepper. Pills and tablets are thrust upon me from all sides. My father, who has only recently graduated from the cult of mustard footbath adherents, still firmly believes in the omnipotence of hot lemonade. The more modern benefactors undermine my constitution with quinine and other effective drugs. After every one else has had an opportunity to try his remedy, my grandmother, faithful to the time-worn adage about feeding a cold and starving a fever, enters the improvised infirmary with a tray of delectable viands. By this time the power of suggestion and the distasteful concoctions have collaborated to make me feel really ill. By refusing to eat, I confirm the general suspicion that I am in the throes of some dire malady.

Then, too, my versatile nature can provide another gala occasion for the amateur doctors. I am often inflicted with the series of spasms known as hiccoughs. To preserve peace I am obliged to try to drown myself with my head immersed in water, or to sip vinegar from a spoon. Someone always morosely recounts the tale of cousin Algernon who suffered for five days with the hiccoughs before he died. I have never been sure whether the tale shows the advisability of dying immediately or of attempting to surpass poor Algernon's record by lingering six days.

I suppose the foregoing remarks seem to imply that I do not appreciate the efforts of thoughtful people. In that case I must assure the reader that I retaliate by offering similar remedies for the indisposition of my friends and relatives.

MARGARET WHOWELL., '37.

THE BEAUTY OF COMMON WORDS

THERE are in English a few words intrinsically beautiful, but there are more which are beautiful merely through connotation. This is especially true in English, for a language primarily based upon the gutteral sounds of Germanic tongues is bound to lack the beauty of sound which is present to a greater extent in the more polished romance languages. Yet many English words possess beauty through their association so that we are all moved by them.

A fine example is the word "serene." This word possessses great euphonic beauty, derived especially from the emphasis upon the slightly different "e" sounds, and from the "s" and "n" sounds which predominate. But also this word has many beautiful associations: we cannot think of an angry or excitable woman as truly beautiful: serenity is an attribute necessary to true beauty, and it is a quality which we associate with graceful, polished people. Serenity, I believe, is one of the most telling qualities in the famed portrait of Mona Lisa; most of her beauty, and most of her fame are due to that serene, composed, and half mysterious smile which has haunted the world for many years. Everywhere serenity has a beautiful connotation, and the word "serene" can raise in my mind, at least, many beautiful suggestions which prove its hidden, connotative melody.

Another example of beauty in words is in that graceful little word, "glide." Part of its beauty comes from that omnipotent liquid "l," which can transform almost any otherwise ugly word into one of true dignity and grace. But, also, gliding has always seemed a graceful movement, full of symmetry and harmony, free from harshness and discord. The word "glide" rouses in me a picture of a graceful woman on a ballroom floor; of a woman who knows how to carry herself, and how to move graciously.

Yet another word of beauty both intrinsic and connotative, is "melodious." Again, we have that liquid "l" and the powerfully varied vowel sounds which make any word harmonious. Melody is truly beautiful in the aesthetic sense, and "melodious" has associations in music and the dance which make it powerfully suggestive.

These are only a few of the many words in English which have great beauty both in themselves and in their associations. Yet I think that they have proved that mere connotation can make a simple word a thing of beauty and a joy forever.

RUTH CROZIER, '37.

THREE O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING

BE it an earthquake, a general alarm fire, a death, a crashing ceiling, or a frightful thunder storm, it is my opinion that statistics would reveal that three o'clock in the morning is the most favorable hour at which these extraordinarily alarming things take place.

A few months ago I was awakened from a sound slumber by a terrifying crash. It sounded very much like several tons of coal being delivered at the foot of my bed. When I recovered from my partial paralysis, due to sudden shock, I was able to switch on the light. The sight that met my eyes was comparable to the city dump the day after the weekly ash collections. A goodly portion of the ceiling had suddenly given away, and I was thankful not to have been killed by the downpour of plaster. Not willing to leave the mess until morning, I went to the kitchen to get the broom. I looked at the clock, and what was the time? 3:00 A. M.

So it seems that the deadly hour of three is the fatal hour for me. Should I be startled from my sleep one night by the shrieking of fire horns and sirens and the clanging of bells, such as announce a general alarm fire, I should know without glancing at my watch that the time was 3:00 A. M.

If one is to be taken with appendicitis, why must he choose the early hours of the morning? Unfortunately I have had this experience. Perhaps the only good thing about it was that I was not the patient. This time my awakening was of a quieter nature. Instead of any loud noises I heard the steady, calm voice of my sister requesting me to rise immediately and drive Elsa, the maid, to the nearest hospital. I am not the one to say "I told you so," but I do think it was unfair of Elsa, for the doctor had warned her at least three months before that unless she underwent an appendix operation, she would be seized suddenly some night after a good, hearty dinner. Elsa still reminds me of that fateful night, and she often refers to the "I told you so" expression in my eyes as she asked, "What time is it?" and I answered, "Three o'clock.."

The last straw was the night I spent alone, because the rest of the family was away. I was roused this time by the incessant ringing of the telephone. Upon awakening, I immediately rushed to the instrument, visions of my dear and cherished family in some lonely morgue flashing before my eyes, only to hear, when I picked up the receiver, "This is Capitol 1000. The time is 3:00 o'clock, Eastern Standard Time." I suppose some ambitious, nature-loving individual had planned to get an early start for the mountains and had left word to be called at the cursed hour, but had given the wrong number.

KITTY CAVANAGH, '37.

TRAILERS

TRAILERS are the delight of careless debtors and the disgust of tax collectors. How can the state officials dine at the Ritz and spend vacations with pay in Hawaii, the Bahamas, or on a World Cruise unless the taxpayers, those forgotten men, are in one spot where the tax-collector can call to collect the tax bill?

However, there are many disadvantages to a trailer-life.

It would be rather disconcerting to have to lean out of the trailer window at the risk of breaking your neck to grasp the milk bottle as you pass the milk-man on his early morning route. Father would be rather upset if he returned from work on his wife's "bridge party day," to find not only that his supper was missing but that the house had gone too! Mother thought she'd drive the house over to Mrs. Jones's in the next town; it's so much easier than taking a bus, you know.

In a trailer, one would almost never be bothered by visiting relatives. When Aunt Mary and the nine sweet little kiddies finally discovered you are living in a trailer somewhere in Massachusetts and wrote that they were going to spend a week with you, you could weigh anchor immediately and head for California. By the time Aunt Mary and the offspring had reached your old camping place, you would be sailing through Buffalo without a care in the world.

The greatest advantage of trailers, housewives agree, is that the seemingly inexterminable pest, the house-to-house salesman, is for the present exterminated. However, the housewives are not kidding themselves into thinking this pest has gone forever. Somehow the salesman always pops up. Some morning they expect to find him hanging onto the trailer by the "skin of his teeth" as it whizzes along at seventy miles per hour, with a vacuum cleaner in one hand, a sales slip clasped tightly in the other. He has a wild look in his eye, and with a convincing demonstration speech he is about to burst forth.

Trailers are a great asset. Should there be another war, which Heaven forbid, the statesmen undoubtedly will blame the war on the trailers, for upon almost everything else have we placed the blame.

MARTHA MERRILL, '37.



DANGEROUS DIAMONDS

AT last, after these many months of suffering I had procured a pass to leave my native Russia. I hoped truly never to return again. The tortures and even death my family had endured at the hands of murderous usurpers, who were now carrying on a reign of terror through the country, curdled my blood.

I am the sole suvivor, and still vivid in my memory is the impalement of my father, which the powerful devastaters had forced me to witness. It would be impossible to forget all this, but I could at least try to forget, and try to forgive too.

My pass was in order, stating I was the daughter of a rebellious patrician, now dead. But mere papers don't help greatly in Russia. Perhaps, if the Captain likes you, and can have your last bottle of excellent Kajlamiri, he will let you pass. Many stories of fleeing victims who had been stopped on the verge of crossing the border, with papers in perfect order, hounded my feverish brain, especially so, as I had with me the last remaining possession of any value which the marauding troops had overlooked during their search. This was a valuable diamond bracelet of my dear mother's which I scarcely knew how to smuggle. As there was nothing else between starvation and me until I could train myself for some means of livelihood, it was imperative that I figure out some way to save it.

At Petrograd, I was lucky to see a noblewoman of my acquaintance with her little daughter board the coach ahead; and being only too glad for companionship, I joined her. The countess, I found to be in a situation similar to my own. Her husband had been shot and she was leaving the country with her child, hoping to find peace in less hostile surroundings.

The train was nearing the border line and I knew it was soon to be boarded by officers who would go over every inch of our possessions in the train, while a personal inspection was being conducted in the depot. There wasn't a chance to conceal the bracelet! In my desperation I told the countess of my diamonds, imploring her to help me in my exigency. She informed me she also had a valuable necklace, artfully painted black. We would, of course, promptly be stood up and shot if we were caught with any valuables.

The busy station was now plainly in sight, and with a last effort to save my only hope of life in the outer world, I dropped my diamonds into the bowl of pomaj, a popular Russian porridge, which little Verda had been eating. Thus I hoped that the innocent-looking bowl of pomaj on the window sill would be passed over.

The countess and I were thoroughly searched by slovenly policewomen. The lengthy ordeal finally

ended, and we returned to the carriage. It was bitterly cold and the cars were unheated. We huddled together, too worried to speak. The Captain had an insatiable desire to detain us all, miserably persecuted as we were, and to reject as many passes as possible. It seemed we would never be on our way.

It was over an hour before the impossible man was even grudgingly satisfied. The commotion died away, but still there was so sign of leaving. I glanced furtively at the bowl, relieved that no mark indicated its hidden contents. We decided to get up and walk about, fearing we would freeze, for the temperature was well below zero, when an unmistakable tramp of feet approaching the train from the station spelled doom to us.

The troops, for some reason, had arrived and once again each coach was subjected to a complete examination. Louder grew their steps as the soldiers came near, one entering each car.

An unmannerly Bolshevik was loudly ranting in the next compartment when our door was suddenly flung open and in the arch stood a vicious barbarian, grinning. Looking us over keenly, his eye which took everything in, glanced to the window sill and rested on the bowl. I was agonized; the countess trembling drew her frightened and silent child closely to her, as the creature advanced, grinning with repulsive glee. Fascinated, I watched like the wren hypnotized by a rattlesnake, unable to tear my eyes from him as he took the bowl in his hands and grabbed the spoon. I wondered why he paused, and I prayed for a mercifully swift death. Then, observing the dish of food more closely, my terrified mind relaxed. With a curse, the invader slammed the bowl of cereal on the sill with the bracelet still hidden, as the pomaj had frozen into a solid block of ice.

HARRY CORSE, '37.

MODERN MERCURY

This is a funny time of year!
The rains and snows and winds are queer,
First it's cold, and then it's hot;
A happy medium there is not.

We bundle up to brave a storm!
Venture forth to find it warm,
All at once, becoming bold,
We lightly dress and catch a cold!

Oh yes, I know it's February,
Though the weather's quite contrary,
But to us it all seems fine;
I guess the weather's gone STEAMLINE!

CORALIE METCALFE, '36.

A LADY OF THE PRESS

AN intriguing bit of excitement is suggested by the above words. Next to going to Hollywood, and knowing perfectly well, we can't, most of us girls cherish a desire to be in a position where we may walk indifferently up to moviedom's celebrities and verbally settle whatever question is in our minds about them. If we represented the public by working for the press, we should have a perfectly good excuse in doing so, as Ann Marsters, feature writer for the Boston American, informs me.

During a recent chat with Miss Marsters, I discovered that I was interviewing an interviewer, strictly speaking, for my hostess revealed that she had met most of the stars of the cinema. What's more they all are grand, regular people who are apparently as friendly as any of our every day neighbors.

"Of all the stars, who do you think is the most charming?" I inquired.

"Gary Cooper," was the prompt reply. "Gary is genuinely shy, and because of this bashfulness, he is forced to act in that natural, unaffected way which has endeared him to the hearts of his public. He regards acting as a lot of foolishness, but adds that 'man must live'—hence his screen career."

"And Shirley Temple—?" I prompted hopefully.

"A delightfully sweet little girl. She is a remarkably intelligent child who is like Mr. Cooper, perfectly natural on the screen. I chanced to be on the set when 'Dimples' was being filmed and I was greatly intrigued in the indoor scenes. My illusions were completely shattered when rivers, trees, and the whole outdoors appeared right there in the studio."

"And the man of the hour — Bob Taylor, what about him?"

"Oh, lots about him, but you've probably seen it all in the movie magazines. Bob is really as handsome as he appears on the screen. He has a delightful sense of humor, and he never seems embarrassed."

"Every person is entirely different from his brother or sister — even in Hollywood. Bing Crosby is one of the very busy movie people with his family, horses, radio program, and his career as an actor. He is as well liked by the directors as he is by the prop boys."

"Whom do you consider to be the most gracious hostess?"

"Now, that's really a difficult question. They were all charming, but I should nominate Mary Pickford."

A pause.

"Won't you elaborate a little on that subject," I asked.

"And become a target for Emily Post or the star herself? Don't mind if I say 'No' will you?"

Yea or nay — I still got "No."

"Fred Astaire is planning to earn himself a retirement. Everybody asks why Fred wants to retire, but he won't discuss his private life. As a matter of fact very few celebrities will, and who can blame them? Why should they? Kay Francis is the most difficult of all."

For the first time during our conversation, I asked "Why, why won't she talk?"

"Oh yes, she talks, but she evades questions in such an intelligent fashion that you can't very sensibly repeat them."

"Now about Hollywood itself. Would you choose to live in Hollywood and become an actress?"

"No, because I know that newspaper work is much more exciting and interesting. Anyhow, the people there practically have no interest outside of their work in the films and that would leave me out because I am naturally a curious person. When you are assigned to tour a studio lot for news your greatest problem is gaining an entrance."

"You have appeared before the camera before, haven't you?"

"Well, yes, in a way. You see I made a series a few months ago called 'Ann Marsters in Hollywood,' although that brief experience has not relieved me of nervousness."

Miss Marsters revealed that she will play bit parts in the following pictures in order to write a series about the movie life of the stars: "Souls at Sea" with Gary Cooper, Frances Dee and George Raft; "The Waikiki Wedding," Bing Crosby's picture featuring Shirley Ross, Martha Raye, and Bob Burns; "High, Wide and Handsome" with Irene Dunne. She will also work with Marlene Dietrich, Carole Lombard, Claudette Colbert, Fred McMurray, Sylvia Sidney and Bette Davis.

"Just what part do you expect to play in these pictures?" I asked.

"Oh, I shall probably be a door!"

CORALIE METCALFE,, '36.

WHILE I THINK

IT is perhaps while under the stress of writing my own impressions of certain subjects for the edification of my teacher, and myself, that I wield my pencil best in the field of art. I grope for ideas, my pencil pirouetting and gliding across the paper in most unsymmetrical design, as if diagraming my thoughts. Suddenly, while my eye is roving around the room, it falls on some periodical, and I realize, as I contemplate, that the gentleman on the cover would look at least fifty per cent more masculine with a "Clark Gable" moustache. I am decided! As one in a trance, I cross the room, secure the magazine, and return to my seat to perform my duty of making a "he-man" of the pink-cheeked individual, who is resting so indolently on the handle of his cane.

But now, also, I have completed the moustache and I must again return to the writing of my essay.

This fellow Montaigne started it all; I wonder what he looked like. He begins to take form, not only in my imagination, but right on top of the one sentence I had begun to write. The drawing is a profile, my attempts always end with the ears at odds with the shoulders, and the eyes too high up to see through the mop of hair. There, he is complete; that is, I have his nose on now. Oops, I forgot those "twin appendages," as Mr. Lamb refers to his ears, and except for a few strands of hair well up toward the center of the cranium, the upper portion of his head is "entirely devoid of vegetation."

Of course, as I have never seen any portrait, snapshot or "impression" of our dear Montaigne I cannot verify the identy of the subject which adorns my composition, but I can defend the lack of hair by saying that I am drawing that famous man as he appeared in middle age, without his wig, if he wore one. And that brings me to the question of whether or not people wore wigs in Montaigne's day and age, and in what day and age did Montaigne live?

But aside with such frivolities, I realize, with a feeling of panic, that I have but a few minutes in which to complete my masterpiece of writing, not drawing, and as dinner is about ready, I think I might as well postpone my thinking. And so, away I flit to read the comic strips before dinner, which will not be ready for another hour.

JOHN CORBETT, '38.

WHAT YOU SEE ON THE ROAD

Blue Moons, Green Owls,
Turkey Cocks, and Feathered Fowls.
State Construction, County Fairs,
Hooked rugs, and Antique Chairs.
Cantaloupes, Go Slow.
Rabbit cages in a row.
Picnics held beside the road,
Hay carts with a heavy load.
Fried Clams, Tourists Overnight,
Side Road on Your Right.
Tonic, Candy, Cigarettes,
Hot dogs, Peanuts, House to Let.
Cabins, Honey, Blue Ox Bow,
Gasoline and Boats to Row.
Horses, Ponies, Have a ride?
Maple Sugar, Bear Outside.
Railroad Crossing Overhead,
Home again and into bed.

HELEN SKILTON, '38.



ENGLISH JOURNEY

Harper and Brothers, 1934 J. B. Priestley

The author's own account of his book, "a rambling but truthful account of what one man saw and heard and felt and thought" on a trip through England, is singularly accurate. The book gives a remarkably vivid picture of England, with its varied scenery and industry, and yet it accomplishes this with a good deal of pleasant, rambling description.

One peculiarity of the author's style should be noted here. His mood, his interest in the land and the people, varies as he travels, and as his mood varies, his style of writing also changes. In describing the pleasant rural districts, the heaths and moorlands, his style is rambling, pleasant, decidedly charming, and full of references to all forms of culture. Yet when he is describing the sordid, gloomy regions of the north and the north-east, the regions of modern industrial and mining England, his style becomes crisp, brief, and sometimes almost satyrical. His feeling for the underpaid and overworked laborer and for the unemployed, and his disgust with the stupidity of modern methods of industry and relief, make him rather grim in describing these areas, so that the contrast between this and his more pleasant but more superficial style serves to emphasize his feeling toward the life of the working classes of industrial England.

While temporarily abandoning the novel, in which class of writing he is famous, Mr. Priestley has given an account of the lives of the proletarian classes of England, with their work and their recreation, as well as a vivid description of the country itself.

SO RED THE ROSE

Scribner's, 1934 Stark Young

Stark Young has written an interesting and absorbing account of life in the South during Civil War times. The setting is fairly common among recent books, but the characters are unusual representatives of the planter class. They seem to have more life and personality than do most members of their class in similar stories of the South. Plantation life is fully described, and the destruction which the war left in its wake is carefully, almost pathetically detailed.

The two neighboring plantations, Montrose and Portobella, are occupied by the related families of the McGehees and the Bedfords. The families, without a care before the war, feel its full effects. Many from their families are killed; Montrose is sacked by the Yankees; and all are sadly affected by the fierce brutality of the Reconstruction. Yet all this is told in a sincere, convincing way which prevents our considering it exaggeration of the conditions caused by the war.

A story such as this, of Southerners who did not want secession, but who followed the lead of their states when secession came, could have done much to increase mutual understanding immediately after the war, and to reconcile the South and North. At present, such reconciliation is no longer needed, but, nevertheless, *So Red the Rose* should do much to increase Northern knowledge of and sympathy for plantation life before the Civil War, and the dread effects of war in the region which it crushed and ruined.

RUTH CROZIER, '37.

LOVE

Down through the years the perfect gift is sought;
I, too, shall seek it, till I find this thing.
In younger days I thought it could be bought
With pleasures coins that youth doth heedless fling.
But when the wisdom of maturing years
Had shown me life and grim reality
My mind was filled with doubting and with fears.
I longed for wealth, and its security,
Yet gold soon lost its glitter and its lure.
And when age called me to her side, I found
Love was the gift, but it could not endure;
For I had heard the angel's trumpet sound
And felt the bitter irony of fate,
For though my goal was reached, 'twas reached too late.

JACQUELINE E. MORAND, '38.

BABES IN SCREENLAND

"The higher you climb the harder you fall."

GLORY, that enticing tribute that fairly glitters with glamor really does have a price which is paid eventually by the celebrities who bask for a short while in its warmth. The magic land of Hollywood contains, perhaps, the greatest number of living examples of this theory. Screen fame is looked upon, by the average individual as the finding of the proverbial pot of gold at the end of the rainbow. No thought, if any, is given to the hardships of a movie star as he or she climbs, if, fortunately, he or she does ascend.

Many child stars in Hollywood live for a short while unaware of the fame and fortune which surround them. Then, suddenly, almost overnight, these sweet cherubs grow up and simply because they have been but are no longer box-office attractions, they are through.

Shirley Temple, the dimpled darling of America's heart, presents a doubt in the minds of everyone as to just how long her popularity, coupled with her versatility and sweetness, will endure under the constant fire of the critics.

Freddie Bartholomew might be classed as Shirley's male competitor for popularity. This little English boy, who won renown by his pathetic portrayal in Dickens' "David Copperfield," is uncertain of his future as an actor. A lengthy law suit has eaten up much of the little fellow's earnings already and with but a few more years ahead of him as a child actor, this situation is anything but promising. One point in Freddie's favor, however, is his rise to the place once held by the now "grown up" Jackie Cooper whose little boy roles have ended.

Jane Withers, the dark-haired little imp, whose antics on the screen are typically tomboyish, is the exact opposite of Shirley Temple. Butter would not only melt in Jane's mouth, but would fairly sizzle away, I'm afraid. The natural charm which Janie possesses is the direct cause for her success, but again there arises the question of a future. Whether or not little Miss Withers' popularity will fade never to return, or remain and grow to unparalleled heights as she becomes a young woman, is yet to be determined.

Jackie Cooper, the little blonde fellow who fairly wrung tears from his audiences with his acting ability a few years ago, is too big to cry now. Jackie is on his way out, so to speak, because the awkward age has crept upon him and has a tight hold. At present Master Cooper is biding his time by acting as master of ceremonies on the radio.

Bobby Breen, Edith Fellows, Mickey Rooney and the newly discovered Deanna Durbin are, at present, the lesser known child stars who will rise only to fall, perhaps, in the typical experience of most child actors. Jackie Coogan and Mitzi Green are the young people who are examples of this very situation in that they are endeavoring to return to the screen to win back the fame each had acquired in childhood. They are going through what Madge Evans, once the Shirley Temple of her time, went through; what Helen Mack, a successful child actress at one time, went through; what Bebe Daniels and Robert Cummings went through, to get where they are today. Robert Cummings is a more recent example of what becomes of the members of "Our Gang" for upon graduation from Mr. Roach's group, Robert started the grind which finally established him as a child actor who had made the grade. His success in Martha Raye's picture "Hideaway Girl" leaves little doubt in our minds as to whether or not he will click in the motion picture world.

But coming back to Freddie Bartholomew, we note that his aunt is making inquiries in our leading colleges as to entrance requirements. Perhaps Freddie will enter Harvard some day. He already has the polish and charm of an English aristocrat, which we Americans so much admire. We think that Freddie as a child actor is the screen's gift to thousands of movie-goers, and that his success will continue as he grows older.

CORALIE METCALFE, '36.



FREDDIE BARTHOLOMEW

SKETCH BY CORALIE METCALFE

AN INTERVIEW WITH A GREAT MUSICIAN

DIMITRI MITROPOULOS, the celebrated Athenian conductor, returned to Boston this year as guest conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra by popular request. Mr. Mitropoulos directed six concerts in January. The first was presented in Sanders Theatre in Cambridge, while the others were given in Symphony Hall in Boston. For my purpose of interview, I found Mr. Mitropoulos in the office of the Greek Cathedral in Boston.

He is a distinguished looking gentleman, keen-eyed, of medium height, nervously energetic, and withal a very vivid, engaging personality. Mr. Mitropoulos has that "continental" polish which one sometimes sees in this country. He speaks perfect English, pronouncing each word distinctly and emphasizing his words by eloquent gestures with his well-formed hands. After I had introduced myself, I asked Mr. Mitropoulos if he would please answer a few questions for the REVIEW. He graciously consented and thus followed the interview:

Where were you born, Mr. Mitropoulos?

I was born in Athens, in 1896.

Where were you educated?

I received my first education in Athens; later I studied in Germany under Busoni.

What other languages can you speak beside Greek and English?

I can speak French, Italian, and German.

Are there any other musicians in your family?

None; I am the only one.

How old were you when you conducted your first orchestra?

I was twenty-five.

Which was the first orchestra you conducted?

The first orchestra I conducted was the Berlin Philharmonic in Germany.

What other symphony orchestras have you conducted up to now?

I have conducted orchestras in France, Italy, Russia, England, Poland, in the United States of course, and in other countries.

What have you composed?

I have composed music for the piano and orchestra.

What great composer's works do your prefer?

I like all the great composers. (Here Mr. Mitropoulos hesitated awhile before answering.)

What is your opinion of American music and especially of "jazz"?

Wonderful! I like it very much. Mr. Mitropoulos said this with great enthusiasm.

What do you find most interesting in this country?

First of all the people; everyone is so kind and there is such good feeling in this country. Then, of course the music.

What do you think most strange in this country?

Mr. Mitropoulos hesitated and then replied, with a smile, "Your question."

How long are you going to remain in this country, Mr. Mitropoulos?

A month.

Are you planning to return to the United States again?

I could not say, because I am not sure.

With this question we terminated the interview and after wishing Mr. Mitropoulos good luck on his American concert tour and thanking him warmly on behalf of myself and the REVIEW, we parted.

I left, feeling that the great symphony orchestra of Boston is indeed fortunate in having as guest conductor, Mr. Dimitri Mitropoulos, a man inspired with the cultural spirit of immortal Greece.

THEODORE ANASTOS, '38.

THE SENIOR DRAMA

On Friday, February 5 "Jane Eyre" was presented by the Senior Drama Committee. It was a very successful production both from the point of view of true artistry and realistic dramatic portrayal. Those who saw the performance were unanimous in their opinion that our senior class gave as finished a dramatic product as that of Katharine Hepburn and her company of professionals.

Ruth Gray as Jane Eyre was especially sympathetic. Her performance, as usual, was excellent while Harlan Smith as Mr. Rochester gave us a vivid realistic characterization of a Victorian gentleman. Shirley Frim as Mrs. Fairfax, and Thomas Adams as Mr. Briggs, the solicitor, were great favorites with the audience. Willard Ramsay made a very good Rev. Mr. Wood, and Iris Benthale was especially attractive as Adele, the small French ward of Mr. Rochester.

The cast as a whole gave a splendid performance which pleased the large audience.

Much of the credit for the success of the play belongs to Miss Lillian Hartigan, the coach. When she is in charge we know the senior drama cast will measure up to her high standard.

SHINI
CAMBRIDGE HI





With our trusty camera we took snap shots of some of the leaders in our school. When we looked at our camera today we find it is unbroken, so we may have more of our galaxy of stars in the coming issues of the REVIEW. Now if you are good, and eat your spinach every day, you, too, may appear among our student celebrities.

(1) Editor-in-Chief of the REVIEW, Elliott Shaw A high ranking student, with 3 E's and 3 G's, a genius if there ever was one (2) Here is Ruth Crozier A charming girl who makes dandy fudge She is never too busy to do all the extra things that must be done to run a school magazine We could not get along without Ruth (3) Who is this girl smiling into the camera? . . . None other than Margaret Whowell Witty and wise is Margaret Read her essay on "Amateur Physicians" in this issue (4) Hail to the Prize Short Story Winner of this year, Carolyn Wood She is a wonderful subscription getter, too This picture shows Carolyn a little wind blown (5) Who is this studious chap sitting on the Library steps with open book in hand? None other than Willard Ramsay He is a versatile lad







RS OF
LATIN SCHOOL

. . . . He made a superb minister in Jane Eyre A great and new George Arliss (6) Let us introduce the President of the Junior Class, Ray Guild He seems to take his responsibilities seriously Of course it is a big job directing the destinies of the Juniors Besides Ray is a great football player and impersonator (7) You ought to know this boy Alfred Jozwicki He is a talented artist You should see his portraits in oils Alfred is a top notcher in his studies as well as in Chess This blond-haired boy is among the popular members of the senior class (8) The leading lady in the Senior Drama is before us Ruth Gray made an excellent Jane Eyre Ruthie is a popular winner of several honors in dramatic contests in Oklahoma and elsewhere (9) A human dynamo is Domenico Auciello He gets what he goes after He is the best subscription agent the REVIEW has ever had . . . What a marvellous Indian he made Talent Night! He was a lovely lady as Thisbe (10) Smiling, genial "Dutchie" Glacken is the Senior Class President He is the flash of the football and basketball teams . . . Popularity is his middle name.

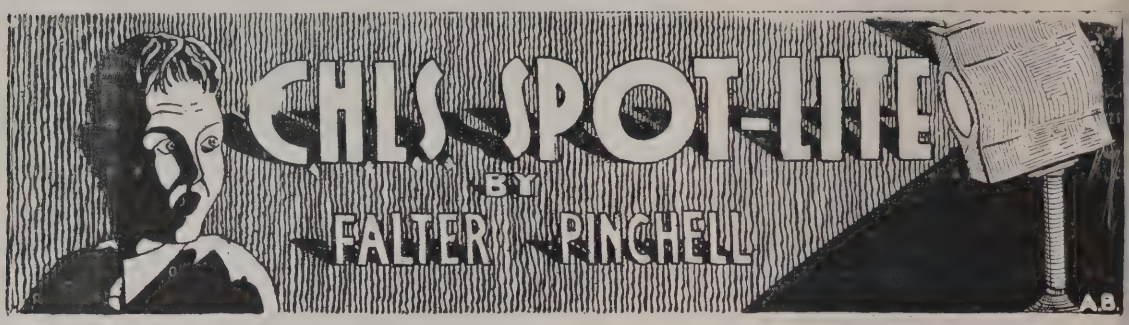












Heigh-Ho and Cheerio—and here goes for the latest news . . . Janet Krevis brought back a cold as a souvenir of her trip to Maine . . . Peg Sheedy believes in man-size monograms . . . I'll leave it to you to picture Russ Donaldson reading Shakespeare . . . I can't . . . Chester Clifford is a promising young linguist . . . It won't be his fault if he doesn't learn French . . . Ellie Greene simply could not exist without her Marycliffe pals . . . Russell Brown and "Popeye" the sailor have something in common . . . They both eat spinach . . . Joe Terra will be a rich man some day if he saves his pennies . . . He could start by charging his passengers carfare . . . Does Linkey Hanson still carry that little mirror around with him? . . . George Kelly is a good hockey player . . . The seniors are now putting on the assemblies . . . perhaps some of the amateurs will hit Hollywood as a result . . . Ray Guild's impersonations are remarkable . . . he sounds more like Fred Allen than F. A. himself . . . Why so merry at the K. B. Dance, Bill Galgay? . . . Guess what! Dick Fairbank can truck . . . Mary Glacken's favorite expression is "Was it *funny!*" Muggsie is the new name for Helena McDonald . . . Some Latinites visited Concord and offered the Minute Man a handkerchief . . . What do you think of the two white-hatters in the junior class? . . . Maybe all of Latin School will soon appear in crew hats . . . Bernie Spitzer and Jack McGloin spend their afternoons coaxing Jack's car to go . . . Tom Adams isn't half bad as Master of Ceremonies . . . The Senior Drama was a big success . . . We are proud of the talent we have in the class of '37 . . .Murray Bevis and Teddy Anastos enjoy a daily walk through the college yards . . Marguerite Bisson is an artist — she can put on lipstick without a mirror — What is her charm over Fudgicles, she always gets a free stick . . .

Mary and Jean Crowley and their crowd show school spirit driving up to Newton to cheer Latin to victory in basketball . . . Eleanor Tynan will knit you a pair of socks if you can squeeze into a size 15 . . . Dick Row intended to start the New Year right, by going to a dance, but what happened? . . . Didn't Anne Hiltz have a nice Christmas vacation? . . . Almost two weeks longer than the rest of us . . . Glad to see you back, Del Duquette . . . Prosperity is back again judging by the lovely corsages worn at the K. B. dance . . . French is just one of those things to William Fitzgerald . . . Learn to be a life saver . . . Join the G. A. A. swimming team at the Y When it comes to carrying trays Valeria Klevas is the tops . . . Note the eye-glasses on Ernie Caroselli . . . He really looks like a professor . . . FLASH . . . George Makris had a front seat at all of the hockey games, just to watch his pal, Herb Boudreau, who was a forward on the squad . . . Have you ever heard Isadore Pickler and Abe Wallace sing "A Rendezvous With A Dream"? . . . John Reardon's secret ambition is to become a P. G. . . . Those rumors were false . . . Frank McTernan cannot twirl a baton, but he can play basketball . . . Dan Pero is a master mind . . . He drew up a set of blueprints for the construction of a bridge to be built from New York to London . . . Uncanny . . . WARNING . . . Keep a certain distance away from Jim Boyle or else learn some new defensive tricks for wrestling . . . John Brogan is not a villain; he reads murder mysteries "Gone With The Wind" is Dot Hoffman at 1:45 . . . Arthur Alleyne just adores playing the part of a ghost in "Hamlet" . . . Joe Fico is an ice-cream salesman at the Boston Garden . . . It's no use fellows . . . I tried, and soon found out that he only does a cash business . . . no credit . . . Peter Cardillo has volunteered to help Eddie Cantor find "Oscar" his trained flea . . . Ed McSweeney, the actor, is on the verge of turning professional . . . Yes, Dan Desmond drinks those three bottles of milk himself . . . Frank Norcia advocates an old age pension plan for P. G.'s . . . You'll be a P. G. yourself some day, Frank . . . Gene and Richard Wessell at Talent Night gave remarkable imitations of radio-stage-and screen stars . . . Bob Flynn is an excellent dancer . . . He said so himself . . . Bernie Savransky still cannot understand this French language . . . George Kelly is a marvelous hockey player Will Ramsey makes a capable master of ceremonies . . . He is also a great actor . . . Bob King may leave dear old Latin at a second's notice to join Uncle Sam's Navy . . . John Macedo is one of the smallest hockey stars ever produced by Latin . . . He is almost sure to be a regular next year . . . After seeing the Drama I think that Iris Benthale was really meant to be a little French girl . . . Barbara Myles has a winning smile . . . She can even get around a

teacher with it . . . Ask Kitty Cavanagh anything you want to know about Ant-eaters Time marches on and so does the school year . . . Only a few more months left to go . . . Jimmy Leyden seems to be quite the dashing hero these days . . . Margaret Boisvert has decided never to see another schoolboy hockey game . . . Talent Night was tremendously enjoyed by all . . . At this entertainment the "Three Bars of Harmony" made their first public appearance . . . They are the two Linskey Sisters and Shirley Frim . . . By the way, how did you like Shirley's song, "Pennies From Heaven"? . . . It sure left a lot of the balcony boys broke for a while . . . How do you like Betty Thorne's bangs? . . . Did everybody notice Nicolas Ianelli's misplaced eyebrow? . . . Nick is now known as the most courageous lad in the school . . . Just another Steve Brody; he took a chance . . . The pupils in a history class got Talleyrand, the French foreign minister in the colonial days mixed up with a famous personage of our own time . . . Frank Sharka is a generous supporter of this column . . . We are very grateful for your help, Frank . . . Vivian Glassman, stellar star of the stage and mistress of the dance, is our nomination for the Miss Eleanor Powell of Cambridge and all points west . . . Did you know that Joe Manley has an egg-nogg every day? . . . Joe is chairman of the Reception Committee Sid Ritvo is the champion soda-jerker in our school . . . If you don't believe it, ask Frank Rossi or visit the Felton Drug and see for yourself . . . This is no advertisement Florence Rix is a drum major for the Junior Post American Legion of Cambridge . . . Arthur T. Supernard is quite a traveling man . . . I see by the papers . . . Jacqueline Morand is studying to be a second Shakespeare . . . Charlie Terry gives an exhibition of his crooning ability every morning before classes . . . Harper McKay is a jazz fiend on the piano around school . . Get a glimpse of the super-loud scarf worn by Thomas Forde . . . Jim Leyden is a second Bob Burns minus the bazooka . . . Georgietta Lamson is a future dramatical star . . . Mike Rizzo is master of the saxophone . . . Arthur Morel would like to take play and school, put them all in a dish and mix them up . . . Leo Mancinelli owns a small business for repairing radios . . . Jim McNamara just can't seem to keep quiet . . . Oralie Kane has broken into the news . . . Did you see her picture in the paper under the title "Loyal Hockey Fans"? . . . Libby Flax has her class picture already. . . Jim Lawrence, Latin's capable third base man, is also a member of Wally Boudreau's hockey squad . . . We beat Rindge anyway, didn't we, Jim? And so, until the next issue, I offer you a fond farewell and lotions of love

C. H. L. S. SONG HITS

Pennies From Heaven.....Free Fudgicle Sticks
Swing Mr. Charlie.....Charles Terry
It's Delovely.....The Orchestra
Come To The Sea.....Bobe Bouché
Goodie Goodie.....Paul Good
'A Frangesa.....Lorraine LaFrance
Forbidden Music.....Whistling in corridors
Please Keep Me In Your Dreams.....Diplomas
Hobo On Park Avenue.....Dutchie Glacken
About A Quarter To Nine.....Freshmen's bedtime
There's Something In The Air.....Report cards
You're Slightly Terrific.....Marks
These Foolish Things.....Departmentals
So Nice Of You.....To Pass Me
Let's Grow Old Together.....P. G's.
My Day Begins and Ends With You.....Books
Lost In My Dreams.....Study Periods
Jingle Bells.....Every 40 minutes
I've Got A Heavy Date.....Seventh period
If I Had Known.....The Answer
Papa Treetop Tall.....Fred Tansey
Two Seats in the Balcony.....Senior Drama
Boys Will Be Boys.....Spitzer and Savransky
Old Man Rhythm.....Tom Adams
What's the Reason?.....Absence Note
Gone Midyears
Rhythm Is Our Business.....The Orchestra
Curly Top.....Betty Sugarman
Red Heads on Parade.....Wiech and Flaherty
A Mile A Minute.....John McGloin
Early to Bed.....Before a basketball game
I Feel A Song Coming On.....Shirly Frim
Will Wonders Never Cease?.....No school signal
I Won't Dance.....Lillian Hand
We Were So Young..... P. G's.
When I Grow Up.....Joseph Murphy
I'm In A Dancing Mood.....Night of the Prom.
Did I Remember.....Thought after an exam.
Dream Awhile.....Study Period
I Can't Escape From You.....7th period
It Ain't Right.....Exams on a Monday morning
Now or Never.....Finals
There's No Substitute For You.....Correct answer
Better Get Off Your High Horse.....Freshmen
A Treat for the Eyes.....1:45
Easy To Love.....100%
I Could Be In Heaven.....Good report card
Pick Yourself Up.....Latin Hockey team
If I Had Known.....Parents' Night
You Came To My Rescue.....Lunch period
Fancy Meeting You.....Assembly
Timber.....Discarded pencils



Mary Harris: Is Jack a reckless driver?

Mildred Gould: Say, when the road turns the same way he does, it's just coincidence.

Abraham Wallace: It's absurd for this man to charge us ten dollars for towing us three miles.

Edward Walker: That's all right; he's earning it. I have my brakes on.

Dick Levy had fallen down the steps, and his mother was anxiously bending over him.

Mother: Oh, Dick, did you miss a step?

Dick: No, I hit 'em all.

Isadore Picken: I suppose that this is another of those terrible futuristic paintings?

Wendell Perry: That — is a mirror.

Dad: Tim, why are you late from school?

Tim Moore: My teacher kept me after school.

Dad: Why?

Tim: In biology class she asked me how many teeth a person had, and I said, "A mouthful."

He: Field goal!

She: No! Very comfortable, thanks.

Senior: Have you an opening for a bright, energetic, high school graduate?

Office Manager: Yes, and don't slam it on the way out.

Betty Falvey: I'm very optimistic about the future.

Frances Brown: Then why do you look so worried?

Betty: I am not very certain that my optimism is justified.

A passenger in an airplane was far up in the sky when the pilot began to laugh hysterically.

Passenger: What's the joke?

Pilot: I'm thinking of what they'll say at the asylum when they find out that I've escaped.

Bill: What's your name?

Jim: Gooey.

Bill: How do you spell it?

Jim: Just like it sounds, G-u-y.

Frances Ford: There was no one home last night, so I just sat and sang to the clock.

Rita Babson: What were you trying to do — kill time?

Lillian Hand (Who has just been robbed): Help! Help! I have just lost my own pay and my aunt's pay, too.

Police Officer (on the job as usual): Never mind the Hog Latin, Lady! ! Just tell me in your own words what happened.

Ben Medoff: Have you forgotten that five dollars you owe me?

Mel Cohen: Not yet; give me time.

Frances Noonan: What'll we do tonight?

Helen Ronzio: Let's think.

Frances: Let's do something you can do too.

Cartoonist: Say—I can draw a cartoon in a few seconds and think nothing of it.

Martin Ryan: I quite agree with you.

Lady: What do you expect to be when you grow up?

Isadore Pickler: An old man.

Rita Donahue: If the president and the vice-president die, who gets the job?

Mary Burke: The secretary of state, why?

Rita: Oh, I thought the undertaker did.

Anna Bedard: What page did you say?

Grace Burns: If you didn't hear me say page 113, I won't repeat it again.

Gertrude Flanagan: We're having a three-piece orchestra for the dance tonight.

Marguerite Gilligan: Three-piece?

Gertrude: Yea — piano, bench and player.

Anna Woolridge: I would like to get a C. C. job.

Ruth Curtis: A what?

Anne: A C. C. job.

Ruth: I did not know that you stuttered.

Margaret Walsh: What are those holes in the board for?

Marie Toomey: Those are knot holes.

Margaret (after consideration): Well, if they are not holes, what are they?

Grace Darling: My English teacher has the worst memory of anybody I know.

Mary Coughlin: Forgets everything, eh?

Grace: No, remembers everything!

Willard Ramsay: In another four weeks, we shall have exams.

Thomas Adams: Really? It seems like a month to me.

Teacher: What poem do you remember reading which concerned two people on a hill?

Dot Kelly: Jack and Jill.

She: You sure think you're good looking, don't you?

He: Well, no, but what's my opinion against thousands of women?

Charles Clark: Did you get home all right last night?

Joseph Hayes: Of course, why do you ask?

Charles: Well, when you got up and gave that lady your seat last night, you were the only two in the car.

Judge: You are accused of shooting squirrels out of season, have you any plea?

Harry Wasserman: Yes, your honor — self defense.

Isabelle Casey: Too bad Macbeth wasn't killed by Banquo.

Margaret Corcoran: Why?

Isabelle: I said so on my exam paper.

Teacher: What is HNO_3?

Elliott Shaw: Oh, er, er — it's right on the tip of my tongue — I —

Teacher: Well, spit it out; it's nitric acid.

Edward Maher: Don't you find it hard to keep your accounts straight?

Roland Shaine: Yes, this month I had to put in four mistakes to make mine balance.

Owen Higgins (about to be operated on): Doctor, when I take the ether how long will it be before I know anything?

Doctor (kindly): Well, you mustn't expect too much from an anesthetic.

Anne Hiltz: I've come here for the winter.

Californian: Well, you've come to the wrong place, there's no winter here!

Tom Ahern: I suppose your baby brother is very fond of you?

Ely Shamieh: Fond of me! Why the little rascal sleeps all day when I'm at school so he can stay up nights and enjoy my company.

John Robert: Are you sure your brother goes on fishing trips every time he claims he does? He seldom brings home any fish.

Dick Row: That's why I'm sure he really goes!

Visitor: Lay down, pup; lay down.

Rupert Blue: You'll have to say "Lie down, sir," that's a Boston terrier.

Dick Row: I'm a little better, Doc, but I'm still a little short of breath.

Doctor: Have patience. We'll soon put a stop to that.

St. Peter: How did you get up here?

James Lawrence: Flu.

Teacher: Is your essay meant to be serious or jocose?

James Leydon (pondering over meaning of jocose): Neither, it's humorous.

Gene Lovett: Would I be a cannibal if I ate my mother and father?

Joe Spitzer: No, an orphan.

OUR MAIL-BOX

As we allow our roving editorial eye to scan the pages of journals from other schools, we have had much pleasure.

Trade Winds, Worcester Boys' Trade School, Worcester, Mass.

We thoroughly enjoyed your column, "For Goodness Sake." In our opinion, the only pleasant way of gleaning information is through such a delightful source.

The Kalends, Delaware Academy and Central School, Delhi, New York.

We enjoyed your short story, "Little Shaver" because of its naturalness. Our heart was touched by the semi-tragedy. We hope you keep those admirable New Year's Resolutions. There were several other interesting items in your December issue.

Good News, Northeast Catholic High, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

We appreciated the pathos in your story, "The Blessing." It is difficult to write a story of that type and avoid the pitfall of sentimentality. To fully as great a degree, although in another manner, we relished your novel presentation of school notes. In fact, it is almost redundant to say that your December issue as a whole is delightful.

The Gazette, Lynn Classical High School, Lynn, Massachusetts.

We received many a hearty laugh from "The Ketchy Kwestionnaire." Allow us to quote an especially humorous "kwestion":

Kw.: What's the name of a book and movie represented in this sentence: Two cats were born with one tale?

Ans.: "The Tale of Two Kitties."

Ink Spots, Garden City High School, Garden City, New York.

We are glad you enjoyed our November issue. Your editorial on Christmas cards struck a familiar chord. "The Life Preserver" was a very interesting story.

The Student, Holmes High School, Covington, Kentucky.

It seems your blue grass state produces many humorous writers if an innocent bystander may judge "From Soup to Nuts." The article "Us On a Bus" further established the aforementioned conviction in our mind.

Latin School Register, Boston Latin School, Boston, Massachusetts.

We liked your "Figures of Speech" and wished we could use them in our English class. Your "Classroom Clippings" also were entertaining. From one neighboring Latin School to another, we enjoyed your magazine immensely.

MARGARET WHOWELL, '37.

DURRELL DEBATING NOTES

The first meeting of the Durrell Debating Society was held Dec. 2 in the Science Lecture Hall. Mr. Cleveland, our Headmaster, who is greatly interested in forensic activities, delivered an interesting address to the club, in which he stressed, among other things, the fact that debaters should strive to present arguments and weighty evidence rather than make sarcastic remarks and attempts at humor.

Since then, the members of the Durrell Club have been holding their meetings on Tuesday of each week, conducting the general business of the society and discussing current topics. A constitution, drawn up by the members of the newly elected executive committee has been unanimously accepted.

On Monday, December 21, tryouts for the debating team were held. The members whom the judges deemed best fitted for interscholastic debating are: Sutton Munro, William Buecler, Morris Burk, Mary Buckley, Jacqueline Morand, Joseph Hayes, Katherine Monahan, James Cole and Harry Wasserman.

The subject upon which the clubs will debate this year is "Resolved that all electrical utilities be governmentally owned and operated."

An affirmative team composed of Mary Buckley and Harry Wasserman, and a negative team made up of Morris Burk and Sutton Munro, are doing much research work on this subject and have been practicing under Miss Breau's direction in preparation for a series of debates with Revere, Arlington, and other High Schools.

A Radio debate was held Wednesday, January 27 over station WCOP. At this time, we upheld the negative side of the Supreme Court Question against Somerville. Sutton Munro and Morris Burk represented Cambridge Latin.

Other teams, composed of freshmen and juniors have been selected and are preparing for an interclass debate.

On the whole, we are quite confident that the debaters representing the Durrell Debating Society in our Cambridge High and Latin School will continue to do the fine work for which they have already been noted.

HARRY WASSERMAN, '37.

SPORTS

HOCKEY

CAMBRIDGE LATIN 4 NEWTON 1

In the first game of the season the Cantabs displayed the old Cambridge style of hockey by trouncing the Garden city boys of Newton to the tune of 4 to 1.

Cambridge Latin was the smoothest team in the Garden at the start of the Interscholastic season. They skated, passed, and checked to perfection.

Captain Wally Boudreau was the star, and his locomotive drives and attacks from the defense usually carried in deep.

Latin got a two goal lead early in the first period when Wally started down the ice, carried through the Newton defense and hammered the puck past Buttrick for the first score of the year. Two minutes later Buckley carried in, and passed to Briand who slammed the puck into the net for the second Latin score. Shortly after the half-way mark in the first period, Green slipped the puck past Carey after a pass from Manchester.

All was even in the second period when neither scored or drew a penalty but at the start of the third canto Briand soloed and scored his second unassisted and Buckley added another on Herb Boudreau's assist. Boudreau drew the lone Latin penalty for a trip.

CAMBRIDGE LATIN 0 MELROSE 2

Cambridge Latin was not so fortunate in its second game of the season when it was defeated by its League rival, Melrose. For years Melrose and Cambridge Latin gave the fans a game, hard fought and full of fireworks.

The inital canto of this game was a bit slow with neither team opening up and both playing cautiously. The Cantabs put on a fine display of passing but too often. The fellows over-ragged the puck when getting into shooting position.

The game really didn't begin to perk up until the second period was half spent. Latin made a few attacks, but Liston in the Melrose goal came through with enough fine saves to rescue the game.

Noyes opened the scoring for Melrose in the second period with a waist high lift that tipped off Carey's elbow and shot into the strings. They finished out the period with no further score. After playing a torrid third period with both teams threatening, Melrose scored their second goal with but 45 seconds to play. In a hot scrimmage around Carey, Grant passed out to Sullivan anchored like Nels Stewart in front of the crease, and with a swish the disk was parked in the net.



CAMBRIDGE LATIN 12 BELMONT 2

The Cantabs had a real field day against Belmont at the Garden in the third game of the season when they piled up a new record for goals scored by trouncing the lowly Towners 12 to 2.

Coach Jack Culhane used every player on the squad, some twenty in number and yet the pucks continued to slip, slide, or go flying into the Belmont draperies.

Sharkey, a Belmont sub, made some peachy saves on real tough shots, more than half a dozen of them, but still some easier ones got by him.

As a result of mostly exacting passing the Cantab players did a fancy job boosting their scoring averages.

In the first period Cambridge scored three, Robillard, Buckley and Kelley taking the honors. In the second canto Wally Boudreau scored two and not to be outdone his brother Herb tallied with two. Belmont's first goal was garnered by Talbot. The final period saw the Cantabs pile up five more and Belmont score one more.

"Red" Buckley, Wally Boudreau, and George Kelley were the Cambridge standouts. Joe Rizzo was the lone bit of pep in the Belmont roster.

CAMBRIDGE LATIN 1 STONEHAM 4

Stoneham High's stunning ice forces, marshaling behind Captain Cliff Thompson and Larry Petroni against their sternest foe of the season, paraded to an impressive 4 to 1 triumph over Cambridge

Latin to stay out front in the Greater Boston Interscholastic League race.

A little of the edge was worn off this game when the new Stoneham scoring combination of Thompson and Petroni functioned twice in the first two minutes. Petroni went behind the net to pass out perfectly to his captain, and Cliff unhooked himself from Cliff Robillard who was covering him to bang the disc past Powers, sub goalie, in 1:08. Just 22 seconds later, the process was reversed, Petroni pouring one through from the right after taking a pass from Thompson.

The second period developed no scoring but a typical Thompson dash, in which the brightest individual star of the circuit skated past three Cantabs, put Stoneham miles out in front after 56 seconds of the final period.

An equally brilliant skirmish by Mort Buckley, the Latin standout of the game, gave the Cantabs a life at 7:16, but that goal was equalized two minutes later when Joe Tole's golfing backhander bounced off Walter Boudreau's stick and into the net for the final score of the game had elapsed.

CAMBRIDGE LATIN 1 MEDFORD 5

Medford did quite a job on Cambridge Latin when they trounced the Cantabs 5 to 1 to move into undisputed second place behind the League—leading Stoneham team.

While a part of the heavy count was goalie trouble, Medford deserved the victory, as it outplayed the Latinites in every department.

Oddly enough three of the Medford goals were chalked up in the first minute of play of each period. The battle was only 19 seconds old when Charlie Stanley, captain and star of Medford, fed across the crease to allow Carroll to slam the puck into the strings. Later in the initial canto Stanley made it a two-goal lead when he soloed through the Cambridge team and planked the disc into the draperies.

In 18 seconds of the next period, Carroll anchored near the crease, and took Stanley's feed for the third goal. In 52 seconds of the final period, Southwick aided by Carroll planked in another, and Riley took Devoe's pass on the left for the last tally. Stanley was serving time when the Cantabs stacked the Medford end and came out with a goal to prevent a shut-out, Buckley registering and Robillard and Briand getting assists.

CAMBRIDGE LATIN 2 ARLINGTON 3

With a shift of lines, defencemen and all, Latin again were losers. The sixth game of the scheduled season pitted the Cantabs against the hardest skating team in the league, Arlington.

Goals went through in clusters in the opening period. The Spy Ponders rushed ahead to a three-goal lead before the Cantabs could gather a couple of points.

Cousins, Arlington's strong defenceman, scored on a long surprise shot from the blue line. Carey half-stopped this shot but it deflected from his hand and rolled into the net. Then, shortly after this Babine, deep in the right corner, passed out to Flores, who was racing in to flash home the shot. Twenty-five seconds later, Flores boosted his scoring another point, on a bullet shot high into the net after taking a feed from Adams.

Latin then came up with two sudden goals when Kelley rushed the right lane, followed his shot on the backboards, and sneaked past Dutton. The Latinites further cut the lead when Buckley took a pass from Cliff Robillard and lifted it high into the strings to get easily past Dutton. While they continued at a great clip in the second period, neither side could boost their count. Latin booted goal after goal in the third period. Three times at least either Wally Boudreau or Buckley was in on Dutton with another Cantab, and all the Arlington team behind them, when Dutton would easily save or our men would shoot wildly.

Only three penalties were meted out in this game; Latin getting all three.

BASKETBALL

With the season really not quite underway as this issue goes to press there could be no real predictions for Coach Kozlowsky's team.

Without the aid of Joe Mannke, star of the past season, the team is really handicapped but in the opening games, "Tar" Menez promises to be a real threat to all opponents.

Latin twice met and twice defeated the Alumni in their opening games by two close scores. The starters for the Cantabs were Menez and West at the forward positions, Marimn and Sheehan at the guard posts, with Glacken jumping center.

In their first scheduled game of High School teams Latin went to Chelsea and defeated their ancient arch rivals by a goodly margin. "Witch" Marimn and Menez were the stars for Latin.

Their second game also saw a win for the Cantabrigians when they travelled to Newton and won their first game in the Suburban League by the score of 18 to 15. In the opening half, Newton had a little too much on the ball leading at the end of the first half, but the Cantabs found their shooting eyes and evened it up in the third quarter and went ahead in the last period not to be overtaken again.

Both teams tossed away innumerable chances and Newton missed more than half of its foul shots, which alone meant either victory or defeat.

With many more games to play, we all hope for continued success and the possibility of another invitation to the Tech Tourney.

JOE MANLEY, '37.



G. A. A. NEWS

During the week of January 25, G. A. A. membership was open to sport enthusiasts for the first time in the new year. May we offer our welcome to all newcomers, as we look forward to welcoming them personally at our social function, the long awaited Gay Nineties Dance.

Because of an early Lent, the Gay Nineties Dance will be the last of our social activities for some time. Once more bustles and trailing skirts will sweep the floor as youthful figures dance to the strains of the waltz and "swing your partners" in the Virginia Reel. The orchestra that played for C. H. L. S. Talent Nite has been hired for the occasion. Clever decorations and specialty numbers have been planned, and beautiful red roses will adorn the evening dresses of the patronesses. A good time is guaranteed and all G. A. A. members are invited to come and join in the fun.

The annual grammar school basketball tournament, sponsored by the G. A. A. will begin March first. All games will take place in the C. H. L. S. gym on Mondays and Thursdays for two weeks only. The admission fee of five cents will go for the purchase of letters for the winning team. A cup is presented by the G. A. A. to the school that wins the tournament two years in succession. The referees will be our president, Betty Harney, the star guard of the senior basketball team, Bessie Makris, and the sophomore jump center, Phyllis Norton, who in recent games seems to have had great difficulty in discerning which way to jump.

Swimming in mid-winter seems to agree with G. A. A. members. At the second class conducted by Mr. Perdyne, 38 girls were present, and the number promises to increase weekly. Everyone is very willing to dive into the green waters of the "Y" pool, but not everyone is quite so eager to climb out at the blow of the whistle, and Mr. Perdyne informed us, in a burst of confidence, that his big problem is not the lack of swimmers or the formation of a team, but how to get sixty minutes out of the hour allowed us. Swim meets have been planned with Melrose and Somerville for the latter part of the season.

The appearance of Frances Ritvo as a referee of the second sophomore-senior basketball game, led us to wonder what has become of the rest of the famous team of '36. Edith Coady, one of the best guards we have ever had, is now captain of the Sargent team; Evelyn Bisson and Margo Quinn are also at Sargent. Mary Hayes is studying dramatics, and Gen Doherty is at Salem Teachers' College. Julie Buckly is taking a P. G. course at High School and Minnie Pietkewicz is training to be a nurse.

The interclass basketball championship has been won by the seniors; they certainly deserved to win and we hope they will be rewarded. The youthful sophomores offered surprising competition to the mighty seniors, and the second Senior-Sophomore game was the most exciting of the season with the underclassmen in the lead for the first half, and the seniors finally creeping up to finish ahead with the score, 15-10.

The sophomore team, by the way, is the only team which has a manager. No one, as yet, has had the courage to undertake the job for the seniors who demand attention and plenty of it; the happy-go-lucky juniors scorn the very mention of anything that sounds like work, and the freshmen are too young to know what it is all about, so Anne Sullivan stands alone, hard working, efficient, conscientious, THE manager of the year.

BETTY SUGARMAN, '37.

THE K. B. CLUB

After the smashing success of the K. B. Dance on the evening of January eighth, the club is now enjoying a temporary rest which is being pleasantly accompanied by many expressions of congratulation from those who attended the sociable. The Mt. Vernon Room of the Commander Hotel was well filled with prominent Latinites, all dancing spiritedly to the tunes of Jim Carmody's excellent orchestra.

With the approach of the Senior Drama, the officers of the club aided by the members, will soon be busy preparing for the making and selling of candy, which, by the way, has become an anticipated and quite delightful part of the evening's festivity.

To turn once more to the topic of dances, I may venture to say that, because of the success of the past one, the K. B. is seriously considering another sociable to be held early in the spring. May it be a continuation of past successes and truly live up to the high standards of the K. B.!

CAROLYN WOOD, '37.



KNIGHTS OF THE CHESSBOARD

The Chess Team continued its winning ways by gaining victories over Roxbury Memorial, Brookline, Lynn, and Rindge. We are especially proud of our success over Lynn because there are over one hundred and fifty players on the Lynn English team. The gain over Brookline, however, gave the most pleasure as in a previous match the outcome was a tie. A match had been scheduled with Boston English, but it was necessary to postpone it.

A tournament is now being held to determine the schoolboy championship of Massachusetts. Stanley Ramonas has been entered, and the good wishes of all the members of the Chess Club go with him. The preliminaries for this district are to be held at Cambridge Latin, and the finals, on February 22, will be held at the City Club in Boston.

Our team has won every game but one and that was a tie with Brookline. It is now pointing for a match with Boston Latin and if it can better Boston Latin's strong team, we shall feel that we have had a most successful season.

	Cambridge Latin		*Lynn English*	
1.	Stanley Ramonas	1	Martin Kalikan	0
2.	Walter Graham	1	Fred Gove	0
3.	Alfred Joswicki (as adjudged)	0	John Duffy	1
4.	Bernard Spitzer	1	Herbert Davidson	0
5.	Joseph Coughlan	1	Louis Scanlon	0
6.	Susan Ciampi	1	Fred Warren	0
7.	Paul Kirby	1	Charles Kelley	0
8.	Henry Jezierski	1	Harold Tremblay	0
9.	John Senders	½	Robert O'Neill	½
		7½		1½

	Cambridge Latin		*Rindge*	
1.	Stanley Ramonas	1	Wesley Drew	0
2.	Walter Graham	½	Gordon Hart	½
3.	Alfred Jozwicki	1	David Locke	0
4.	Bernard Spitzer	1	Francis Babish	0
5.	Joseph Coughlan	1	Walter Weston	0
6.	Henry Jezierski	1	William Cavanaugh	0
7.	Thomas Keltner	1	Irving Bond	0
8.	John Senders	1	Robert Fitzgerald	0
9.	Donald Laing	1	Fred Jellow	0
10.	Gordon Buchanan	0	Otis Camber	1
		8½		1½

A LAMENT

Mes professeurs sont si, si strict,
Elles give un test with a load of tricks.
They toujours demandent what I don't know
Et boy, oh boy, je reçois un zero!
Mes amis sunt pals in every class
Ils adsunt to passer de friend à friend
Un cribbing-paper quid will get me past
Un awful test, sed ego just bend
Dans awful knots
Quod if I am caught
I mieux think not
Of meum out-come which I'll have to seek
In less than a month, in less than a week!

ELEANOR TYNAN, '36.

SPRING

She calls forth from ice-bound earth
Beauty, dormant in the turf;
Weaving, now, a magic spell
Casting it o'er the hill and dell
So 'tis tolled, cold winter's knell.

Decks the trees with em'rald green
Till their branches are not seen;
And a velvet carpet's spread
On the ground, whence snowdrifts fled
When the Spring sun rose more red.

Calls the golden daffodil
To flaunt its shades on every hill
This, her flag of victory—
Nodding, waving, flying free —
Never heeding winter's plea.

From a blossom-laden bough
For the trees are flow'ring now
A joyous bluebird sings
Next, departs on sapphire wings
Even then, the echo rings.

By a limpid sparkling stream,
Where butterflies stop to dream,
Tall-stemmed, purple violets grow;
When the breezes gently blow
Each one nods, swaying slow.

JACQUELINE E. MORAND, '38.



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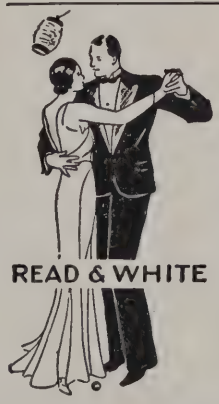
That George Washington had a set of wooden teeth . . . that the Duke of Windsor knits . . . that real live men are used as chessmen in one of the Baltic States . . . They are used at festival time . . . that Uncle Sam was a real person . . . that you walk over Ben Johnson in Westminster Abbey . . . that if you keep cutting a piece of string in half you never reach the end . . . that Thomas Hardy's heart is in the Poet's Corner in Westminster Abbey . . .that "Michael Souris" is Mickey Mouse that you can lift a heavy dictionary with your breath . . . that Michael Angelo made a sketch of an airplane in the 15th century . . . that if you lived in a desert you wouldn't need a blotter . . . that squirrels plant trees . . . that Pershing never said "Lafayette, we are here" . . . that Washington did tell lies . . . that Prince Potemkin, friend of Catherine II, never traveled without a garden and a retinue of gardeners . . . that in the Middle Ages violets were a regular item on the menu; often they were chopped with onions . . . that Cleopatra, it is said, covered her banquet floor eighteen inches deep with rose petals and had her mattress stuffed with them . . . that Lafayette married at sixteen and his wife was fourteen?

ELEANOR TYNAN, '36.

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APRIL, 1937

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CAMBRIDGE HIGH AND LATIN SCHOOL
CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS

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GEORGE F. RITTER

DIED MARCH 7, 1937

In a school-year fraught with many tragic happenings, the untimely death of Mr. George F. Ritter, found us all unprepared.

To his pupils he was an understanding, devoted, sympathetic counselor and teacher. Among the teachers of his department he maintained a spirit of camaradarie unusual in such a large group of divergent personalities. Toward the whole school he turned with a rare spirit of generosity, giving himself unsparingly in the service of all.

His long hours of suffering and abnegation in the care of loved ones at home, seemed but to increase the intensity of his desire to give even more to his teaching here. The respite from his grief was brief indeed.

Words come with difficulty in the effort to express the sorrow of those of us who have known and worked with the firm but gentle character that was his. His memory remains with us as a benediction.

A WORD FOR THOSE WHO HAVE GONE

In the past year three teachers have died in service—John O'Connor, an able teacher of high ideals, a loyal friend—Gertrude Rogers, an outstandingly able teacher who gave of herself unsparingly—George Ritter, a rare character, gentle yet strong, free from prejudice, a student of education and a lover of youth.

Two have resigned—Miss Bertha Cogswell and Miss Alice Baldwin, who entered the service in 1894 and 1895 respectively. To both, teaching was not only a profession but an opportunity for devoted service, and that truth remained in the foreground to the end.

We are all thankful that we could know and labor with these five fellow-workers.

L. L. CLEVELAND.

ONWARD!!

With the coming of spring, restlessness is evident throughout the school. The warmer weather seldom fails to promise the pleasures that accompany summer vacation. Languidness on our part, however, will secure an effect far from desirable where marks are concerned, although, it is evident, now that we consider the matter, that there is seldom a period of the school year during which we are not getting back on our feet after a vacation or anticipating the next. Nevertheless, the approach of June should not encourage laxity, but rather inspire effort from each one that we may finish this year's work with success.

Let us always keep in mind that our present occupation is the getting the most out of our studies, and let us strive to become skilled laborers!

E. S., '37.

SUCCESS COMES TO THE REVIEW

Once again the REVIEW was placed second among the literary publications of the country at the National Convention of the Columbia Scholastic Press Association which was held in New York City. To have been selected from the many hundreds of magazines of high quality is indeed a distinction which is very gratifying to those who have unselfishly given of their time in making the REVIEW a magazine of which we are rightfully proud.

In the REVIEW we try to present a variety of matter, excellent in quality, to suit a variety of tastes. Such diversity of appeal can be secured not through the efforts of a few students, but rather from a widespread list of contributors.

HEIRS OF THE AGES

NATURE has developed for us the beauty of green fields, the glory of foaming, tossing seas, the glamour of white, fleece-like clouds, the splendor of the dipping, sinking sun, orange-flame in color, with the opposite quarter darkening from lilac to violet, from violet to a grape-skin purple. Man, too, has conceived glories comparable to those of nature. Art, the expression of love for beauty by the soul of man; literature, "realm of gold," poetry, music,—all are the treasures of man made by himself.

The art of today is the heritage, in large or small degree, of the art of all time. It is an inheritance of which we cannot be too proud. Glorious in its splendor, eternal in its spirit, its beginnings lie in remote civilizations. For centuries the nations of the earth have been creating and storing up the treasures of art, lovely and beautiful in shape, color, expression,—our joys today. These are a historic possession. Every year that passes, exquisite things are made which owe their origin, unconsciously or consciously, to this historic possession, and in these we are again enriched. In art, more than in any other province of the world's history, we are indeed the heirs of all the ages.

Through generations men have judged art, have disparaged the mediocre, and have praised the divine. A Titian, a Rembrandt, have survived; others have not. For the great masters express in their works an inner emotion, a sense, a feeling, a vision of the inherent characteristics of man. Uncounted artists have drawn portraits of old women; their art has perished. Rembrandt painted the portrait of an old woman; it is one of the greatest in the world. Because by his keen sense of sight, because by his appreciation of and sense for beauty and imagination, he has recorded not the face of an old woman, but the lovableness, the sorrow, the dignity, the weariness of old age of all time. Symbolic, eternal and immortal, the OLD WOMAN CUTTING HER NAILS is a treasure of another age which we, the heirs, cherish.

The past ages have handed down to modern times works of literature, perfect in artistry, remarkable in vital reality, universal in appeal. Shakespeare has given to posterity HAMLET and OTHELLO. Goethe has left us FAUST. We are the inheritors of the magical poems of Milton, Keats, Shelley, of Schiller and Heine. We become more understanding toward our surroundings; we are the richer, the more thoughtful, as we read these treasures of bygone ages.

Music is a gem of the rarest beauty. It sparkles in the sunlight of Hayden and Mozart; it flashes in the thunder of Bach, Beethoven, and Brahms; it glows in the gloom of Tschaikowsky and Franck. This jewel crystallized in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries; now we, the heirs of the ages, enjoy its lasting beauty.

As forms of self-expression, as emblems of past civilizations, as mediums of beauty, the arts have endured these many ages. Art gives speech to our dumb emotions. Literature outlives "all man both great and small," for time cannot wither nor custom make stale these treasures of our glorious inheritance.

PAUL STUMPF, '36

LIFE IS AN ADVENTURE

LIFE really is an adventure, a great, thrilling, exciting and sometimes dangerous adventure. It is one which we all undertake with avid eagerness, with a fierce desire to "hang on" no matter what may come of it.

Every single day that we live, we discover new, interesting things. Like an explorer in a wild, rough country, we push through the tangled undergrowth of ignorance, of vice, and of misunderstanding the mysteries that surround us; and we come suddenly upon the beauty, the dazzling sunshine, and the clean fresh air that fill the world. New vistas for moral, intellectual, and spiritual development are opened, through the medium of books, of plays, of the arts, and sciences, through high ideals and the privilege of analyzing and expressing without fear our innermost thoughts and ideals.

It is inevitable that sometimes, in the depths of the jungle, treacherous pitfalls and swamps in the guises of carelessness, of over-anxiety to get through the accompanying hardships, and of lack of faith in ourselves and in our God, threaten to mar the unsoiled beauty of an adventure, even to end it; but ever more courageous, those who wish to make something of the great gift of life, so generously given, fight through these dangers and come safely out into the open. The weak and unfit are here weeded out, and the line treks on without them.

In this way, like the explorer in the jungle, we pass through adolescence, through maturity and middle age, which sees us to a calm, smooth pathway and that far goal. Success is something, no matter if only a life fully and richly lived.

And as, after having reached a safe harbor, and an end of our journey, we look back through the hardships, the joys, and the ups and downs of our existence, let us hope we can all say, "I have lived a good life, and I am glad." This is the thought that should crown that great adventure, Life.

ESTHER O'CONNELL, '37.

BEAUTY IS TRUTH

IT must have been a philosopher or a mathematician who said, "If the nose of Cleopatra had been a little shorter, the history of the world would have been changed about." The saying is full of the mellow wisdom of the philosopher and of the remarkable exactitude of the mathematician, for in it is a peculiar veracity which only a student of metaphysics or of mathematics would ever notice, namely, that true features make the beauty of the face. Whatever he was, the aphorist might have extended his maxim on truth and beauty; he might have pointed out that, in the same manner, that true proportion makes the beauty of architecture.

Gothic architecture, whence come many of our architectural treasures, owes not a little of its splendor and grandeur to truth or exactness or proportion. The Rheims Cathedral in France provides an excellent example of this. The true proportion of the lateral entrances, flanking, in ascending height, the main entrance with the rose window lifting above it, makes the cathedral a masterpiece of unity of composition, whereas the whole effect is heightened to exotic beauty by the power of the two balanced-in-mass towers which frame the front.

An analysis of Renaissance architecture shows its beauty and truth of a much different kind. The beauty of the Renaissance is of Grecian simplicity; the truth of proportion is subtle. In place of ascending arches, of towers in mass, of rose windows, there is a carefully adjusted relation between the simple decorative features. So, too, do we find, in the beauty of our modern skyscrapers, evidence of the truth sought by the architects of all other periods—the truth of proportion.

Truth's relation with beauty does not end in architecture. It is found in all beauty. Keats found a truth and beauty that transcends the physical world, but we need not be a poet with the imagination of Keats to find further proof of the affinity of truth and beauty. True measures make the beauty of harmony and music. Frederic Chopin's unique ability to produce harmony and measures of amazing exactness invested his melodic lines with an iridescent, gossamer-like tracery of tone-color in infinitesimal shadings; Robert Schumann's compositions have a truth in them very much like the Gothic architect's. Schumann, as fond of syncopation as the Gothic architect of balance, developed an individual way of placing melody in the middle of the harmonious scheme and of building around it, impregnating the whole with massive tonal effects.

ROLAND SHAINE, '36.

THE WORLD'S DISCONTENT

SHELLEY aptly expressed the discontentment of the world when he said,

"We look before and after
And pine for what is not."

In all stations of life, at all ages, people wish that their lot had been different, that Fate had dealt with them otherwise. The poor yearn to be rich, while the rich bemoan the cares brought by wealth; young people pose as sophisticates and try to appear older than their years, while old people mourn their younger days and search for a fountain of eternal youth.

When a group of old or middle-aged people come together, very often the conversation dwells on the "Good old days." No matter how happy and pleasant their life at the present is, people look back at the past and, because of the haziness brought on by the intervening years, see the days of the past as far more glamorous and enjoyable. The whole company agrees that the world is changing for the worse. One man may say, "Why, I remember back when I was a young man, a nickel bought a good cigar; now a five-cent cigar isn't fit to smoke." At this statement, all nod their heads in agreement and mutter about the degeneration of the five-cent cigar. If only we were less bigoted! Man can buy just as good a cigar for five cents as ever, but his taste in smoking has developed as he has grown older, and he finds that what once pleased him is now harsh and irritating.

On the other hand, when young people meet, the topic of conversation may be the future, their careers, their hopes and aspirations. One will be a doctor, another an engineer, and still another a famous author. With their eyes fixed on the future, they long for time to pass quickly that they may arrive at the fulfillment of their ambitions and, in the meantime, neglect their duties and chafe at their monotonous, ordinary lives. Their youthful minds do not realize that by these commonplace events, by their daily tasks, they are being trained and fitted for life.

However, this general feeling of dissatisfaction is not entirely to be frowned upon. It is due to this longing for what is not, that the world has progressed. Had man been completely satisfied with crude weapons, rough skins for clothing, and raw meats for food, we might still be cavemen.

Discontent of people, along with their feeling the need of added conveniences, have led to many inventions. If people had not expressed their desire for a means of quicker communication, the telephone and telegraph would not have been invented or efficient postal systems established. In a similar manner, the wish for speed in transporta-

tion led to the development of the train, the aeroplane and the high-powered motor cars. The demand for better lighting necessitated the invention of the incandescent lamp and the establishment of companies which would furnish electricity to the public.

New countries have been discovered and settled because of this seeking for what one has not. America is an outstanding example of a land built up by those who were dissatisfied with their lot. The Pilgrims came here to obtain religious freedom not available to them in England; several colonies were founded by Huguenots fleeing from persecution.

We do look before and after; we do pine for what is not; we are sometimes discontented generally seeking what we have not. However, this feeling is the motivation behind the advance of civilization and, as such, must at least be condoned.

DOROTHY STARR, '37.

THEY NAME TO PLEASE

STRANGE as it may seem, the serious minded people of the present generation are as concerned with the trade names of merchandise as they are with quality. Clever advertisers understand this weakness in the characters of the public and strive to formulate pleasant but suitable names for their products.

It is true, however, that in recent years people's taste in nomenclature has changed. Although grandfather would have placed implicit faith in Dr. Pott's "Impeccable Elixir," either as a cure for a head cold or as an antidote for poison, his present day descendant prefers a more specific remedy such as "Rub-ine," the title of which reveals its method of application.

A trade name becomes popular if it designates a certain desirable quality about the product. A cigar manufacturer, for instance, realizes that his product will meet with popular favor if its title suggests warm, dreamy Cuba, the accepted home of tobacco. Thus names like "Garcia Grande" and "Labalena" attract many smokers. On the other hand, a housewife is apt to select a soap powder such as "Super Suds," with its name implying its energetic action in the laundry. The same rule applies to beauty aids, shoes and candy.

Cleverly chosen trade names sometimes find their way into vocabulary's Hall of Fame, the dictionary. The word "kodak," which was originally a manufacturer's name for a certain photographic machine, is now generally considered a synonym for camera. The popularity of this word is due, in part, to its easily pronounced and short syllables. Other words such as "victrola" and "vaseline" have become enrolled in our common speech because of their pleasantly suggestive sounds.

Still another method of obtaining titles for merchandise is to adopt a foreign word or phrase. The system has disadvantages, however, because purchasers who are not foreign language students often mispronounce the phrase or incorrectly accent it. Occasionally a resourceful advertiser places the anglicized form in parenthesis below. If the word is particularly awkward, the capricious public soon simplifies it with an undignified abbreviation.

Momentous is the problem of the successful advertiser. He must have a copious knowledge of the classic languages as well as a familiarity with colloquialisms. You see, fellow delvers in the mysteries of rhetoric, that even the coiners of currently popular phrases rely upon the principles of grammar.

MARGARET WHOWELL, '37.

SPRING IS HERE

Spring fever is in my blood. I hate to think of the gray classrooms when the outdoors is throbbing with life and gayety. When I am confined in school, I feel like a prisoner hidden from the rays of sunshine in a dungeon deep. The air, this beauteous day, is sweeter and clearer than ever. I feel it drawing me out into the paradise of deep delight. I love the beauty of Spring, for the call is as clear and sweet as life itself.

EDWARD BREENE, '40.

Editor's Note: We wish to call attention to this theme, the work of a Freshman, which we think is very well written. We welcome the writing of any student in the school when the work is well done.



OUR CHANGING WORLD

WHEN we think of recent progress, grandiose visions of modern inventions come to our minds. However, the different phases the world has undergone in the last hundred years, with its revolutionary changes, find their cause in the Industrial Revolution which has had far-reaching political, economic, and social effects, greater than many other events in history.

The Eighteenth Century, with the discovery of a few basic principles such as the steam engine, inaugurated an era whose significance we are beginning to realize and whose future possibilities arouse conjectures in our minds. At that early period, the factory system began; slowly the laborer lost his independence and fell under the power of the controlling employer. Labor problems took on different aspects with disputes between the laborer and the employer, characterized today by sit-down strikes and boycotts. With increasing profits, industry expanded, and over-production sent magnates searching for new markets to unburden loaded warehouses.

In the Twentieth Century, the search for markets leads to disastrous, imperialistic tendencies throughout the world. Clarified by the wisdom which time lends to the observer, the World War can be described as a conflict of imperialistic desires in Europe. Little good it does, however, to nod our heads wisely over this explanation, unless provisions against similar recurrences are made, for today the burned child is returning to the fire; the actions of Italy and Japan, as well as Germany's efforts to regain African colonies, outline a procedure which may easily lead us back into chaos.

Social conditions have changed radically with the Industrial Revolution. Humanity deserted nature for city life with its higher standard of living, where, after a time, the gradual displacement of labor by machinery caused the acute situation of unemployment. Education, fortunately, spread rapidly, as child labor diminished. On the other hand, general culture has been waning due to the standardization of our lives; we listen to the same radio programs; see the same movies, and read the same newspapers; without conflict of ideas and different modes of living, progress cannot rapidly advance, for in such conditions we see but one side of the question, whereas, where two sides exist, we may choose the better and thus advance. Nevertheless, in the world of science, progress is continual.

A satisfactory solution of our growing problems is inevitable and would probably mean one of the greatest changes characteristic of our world; we see many instances of radical proposals, some of which are being tested in other parts of the globe. The day is approaching when the amount of work to be done will be distributed equally, thus decreasing the working hours of the average laborer. This means an increase of leisure, a golden opportunity for the growth of culture and a balanced life.

ELLIOTT SHAW, '37.

THE BACKYARD BY MOONLIGHT

DROWSY from a long siege of study in a warm room, I pushed open the window for a breath of winter air, and looked down on a moonlit yard, silent and frozen. The sharp corner of an old garage jutted out from blackness into a circle of moonlight, in which each brick on the wall stood plainly apart. The jagged shadow of a barren apple tree cut across the monotony of the bricks, and, in occasional gusts of wind, it shivered and crawled like a giant octopus.

A silver grape vine wove through the latticed fence and mingled with the withered remains of a once proud flower bed, where any plant which still stood caught the moonlight on its blade and sent a lengthened shadow over the bent and fallen plants behind it. I saw something crawl from the garden, and the moonlight slipped across a shiny back. Two green eyes glittered and were gone. Soon, from the house opposite me, an oblong of light flashed, and silhouetted against it, waited a dark figure. The silvery cat I had noticed slipped under the fence, and up to the door, and the last I saw, he was fondly rubbing himself against his master's leg. Then the oblong vanished and the moon was alone once more.

The white, leafless branches, which reached toward my window, sighed and rustled in the wind and, somewhere down below, a little gate swung and creaked on its rusty, old hinges. I could just see its restless shadow as it played over the frozen ground.

A noisy automobile swung up the driveway before the garage and again the still, lifeless reign of the moon was broken. The shadows became alive and danced. The octopus out-stepped his narrow wall and careened wildly down to the lawn. The warm, yellow lights blinked out. Everything was as it had been before. The moon was again alone, but paler from the breathless interruption.

ANN GRAUSTEIN, '37.

Thoughts quid bon are vous?
You arrivez too late
Mon paper est in,
Et il was non bene to fake!

Etudiant is sisi a foolish thing
Vous work comme Trojans,
Et il seems nous sommes using
Noster brains sine any ends.

E. T., '36.

SIGHT-SEERS

CAMBRIDGE is dead in summer. Everyone has left except the poor soul who displays the glass flowers at the museum and me.

Well, perhaps this statement is marked by a slight exaggeration, because Cambridge is a city of much historical interest and we have therefore, all varieties of sightseers, particularly in summer. One of these varieties is the family group. Father, in this group, is either a small meek gentleman who says little, or a large, loud man who tells all within shouting distance that he and the little wife go sightseeing only to give the kiddies educational advantages. The first man has either a large domineering wife and a great flock of children, or a wife of his own proportions followed by no family, or practically none. The second man has a wife and three children, who appear to take after father. The members of these two groups are of course divided on what they shall see, or at least on what they shall see first. The museums and the "dorm," where father lived with the class of '05, are the more popular suggestions.

The bespectacled lady, dressed in the conservative garb of the past accompanied by "sister" or "dear Alicia" seems to be the most typical of the sightseers. She holds a book describing Longfellow's Home and the Old Cambridge Burying-ground. Either she or her companion carries a black-beaded purse and an umbrella. The other carries a battered leather hand-bag of voluminous proportions. Usually this is in the hands of the smaller of the two. They read all the tablets and consult the guide book, looking up from these to indulge in a long discussion on the history of the object of their scrutiny. They are sure to visit the churches, and will probably sit for a few awed minutes in a pew of Christ Church so that they may go home feeling that they sat where Washington sat in this church.

Girl sight-seers of high-school age come in groups, headed by a matron of middle age, to whom they pay no attention. They are all dressed in sport clothes, excepting the woman, who wears a two-piece bouclé dress which she "knitted herself", comfortable black walking shoes, and a "good-looking" hat. Their chief objective is the Harvard Yard. The matron is much engrossed in Widener Library, but her charges are more apt to be looking for a Harvard student who hasn't yet gone home for the summer. If, by chance, they do see one, they all giggle at once and try to attract his attention.

Yes, indeed, Cambridge would be dead in summer, if it were not for the sight-seers.

NATALIE PIERCE, '37.

THE KING

"How goes the Empire?" These were the dying words of his late majesty, King George V.

His present majesty, King George the sixth, is to be crowned at Westminster Abbey on May twelfth, 1937, twenty-six years after the coronation of his father. George VI has conquered many hardships. He was a sickly youth, yet he forced himself to undertake out-door activities and is now the healthiest member of the House of Windsor. When a boy, the king stuttered badly, and as many stutterers, became self-conscious and shy, but by great patience and struggle, he overcame his handicap which is only evident on rare occasions.

George VI's elder brother, a socially brilliant man, quite eclipsed the quiet Duke of York, who, nevertheless, took it with a smile and once remarked, "My only claim to popularity seems to be that I am the father of Princess Elizabeth."

The king and his queen, Elizabeth, make a happy pair. The other members of the well-loved royal family, the two princesses, Elizabeth, the heir presumptive, and Margaret Rose, have been brought up in an atmosphere of affection, English calm, and Scottish good sense.

His father, George V, already called "George the Good", was once Duke of York and made an excellent ruler; may George VI, like him, become one of England's best kings. As he winds his way through the streets of historic London as he goes to his coronation next May, he will carry with him the prayers of the world that he may have a happy, long and prosperous reign.

MARTHA MERRILL, '37.



ILLUSTRATED ADVERTISEMENTS



HAT a great boon to human civilization are these illustrated advertisements! How kindly and yet firmly do they paint the way to earthly bliss! With what generosity do they reveal to us the secrets of human happiness! For instance, you can actually learn how to keep your hair glistening and lustrous, how to make your rebellious son drink his milk, how to make your weekly wash at least three or four shades whiter by merely soaking the clothes, and even how to choose an undertaking establishment well in advance of your last earthly breath.

One type of advertisement in particular, always excites my most ardent sympathy. The ones showing the struggles of poor Gretchen and her Ghost, or Haunted Helen are those to which I refer, and if those unfortunate creatures shown scrubbing their clothes until both they and the clothes are mere rags, would only use Rinso, all their mortal woes would vanish instantly; at least, that is what we are told.

Have you ever heard this one? "The NEW Tattoo, the ONLY lipstick that can give your lips the irresistible witchery of transparent, pastel South Sea color . . . the lipstick containing a magic ingredient that will make your lips sparkle like a moon-path o'er an iridescent tropical sea." This really intrigues me, and some day when I have a very important conquest to make, I believe I shall invest in some. And wouldn't it be grand if by doing so, I might one day achieve the dazzling appearance of the girl who graces this alluring advertisement?

But to turn again to the more melancholy phases of these "ads"; how tragic it is to view, on the first page of a magazine, an irate husband wrathfully crushing a hat on his overwrought cranium as he leaves his home and loved ones, in a perfect frenzy, merely because his wife, the unfortunate wretch, cannot make a decent cup of coffee or does not keep her hands smooth and lovable, or has lost her girlish figure. But usually these heartbreaking "ads" do not end here, for a kind fairy, most often in the form of a mother-in-law or the neighbor next door, reveals to her that by using Sanka coffee or Pond's cream, or a Spirella corset, she may once more obtain marital peace. The scene where the kind fairy is earnestly enlightening the distraught wife, is really the best part of the whole episode because there, we come to understand most clearly, the full merits of the product discussed and we also realize that the milk of human kindness is not utterly lacking in the world, after all.

Well, I must end now, but before doing so, I wish to remind you of one more thing: Belinda really is bewitching, until she smiles—Don't you think someone ought to tip her off about Ipana?

CAROLYN WOOD, '37.

"A PENNY FOR YOUR THOUGHTS"



HATE that expression. It's just a popular expression everyone uses when he is dying to know what you are wrapped up in, or perhaps I should say, "The thoughts in which you are absorbed." However, I just can't help thinking what makes other people stare into space sometimes. Of course, I never stare into space; I just become oblivious of my surroundings, a fact which gives everyone the idea that I am staring into space. I never offend anyone by offering a miserly little penny as a means of bringing him back to earth or helping him find his way out of that place that people are always getting lost in—thought. No, I just have fun with myself trying to imagine what he's dreaming.

For example, there is Sue over there. She doesn't even know she's in school, let alone the fact that she's in a history class. I bet I know what she is thinking. One glance at that smile on her face and the vacant look in her eyes, and I know she is miles away in Screenland. Her thoughts are something like this: This is the big scene, where Sue, now Greta Greatfeet, is dying in a very romantic fashion. Everyone in the audience is weeping, of course. A few excited ones are whispering between sobs, "I went to school with her, and" —but Sue is recalled to reality and the magic spell is broken as she is asked to name the place where occurred the first battle of the Revolutionary War. I feel terribly sorry for her when she says, "Hollywood!" I am not surprised though, and that is one time I thought, "A penny for your thoughts," and had the right idea.

There is usually some expression about a person who appears to be in another world that tells in what kind of mood he is.

Just last week, I watched an elderly gentleman who was sitting near me in the street car, gazing rather wistfully at a certain young man who was reading a newspaper. He was so intent on his observations that he let the bundle on his knees slip to the floor. The young man whom he had been watching bent down and restored the bundle to its owner. With a pleasant smile and "You're welcome," he folded his paper and left the car as it stopped. After the car had resumed its way, the old man turned to the woman next to him and said, "The image of my son who was killed in the war." That was one time when I realized how very stupid is the expression, "A penny for your thoughts," for certainly this man's thoughts were perhaps his greatest treasure.

KITTY CAVANAGH, '37.

MY FIRST CORSAGES

NOTICE, if you please, the plural ending on corsages. Ahem! Many of you can boast about your first, but how many can bask in the glory of two first ones? But wait—the explanation is quite simple.

Years ago—well, not so many years ago, I received my first invitation to a prom. I was terribly thrilled even though Freddie Smith was only the boy next door whom I had known from the time he was beginning to lose his front teeth right through that unforgettable period of his life when his mouth was simply full of wires, caps, and other gadgets to straighten his teeth.

I must have had a wonderful imagination. In the weeks preceding the prom, I convinced myself that Freddie's nose didn't turn up so much after all, that his freckles were hardly noticeable, and as for that cowlick of his (it had always been a problem to his mother), it could be easily fixed—a bobby pin, or something.

But, to go back to corsages. My family, of course, was just as excited as I was—or they pretended to be. I had the household in a turmoil over gowns, slippers, and evening bags. Poor father! The day of the prom dawned, and with it an idea dawned on my mother. Why, what if he didn't remember to bring me a corsage? What a catastrophe! Something must be done!

An order was sent to the florist. Of course, if Freddie did remember, nobody was to say a word.

Just as I finished dressing, the corsage arrived. With trembling hands and bated breath, I opened the small green box. I stared at the living beauty which filled that tiny carton. A cluster of sweet peas fading from violet to pale pink, relieved only by a spray of baby's breath, rested on fragile green fern, each tendril of which clung tenderly about the tiny blossoms. And all this beauty was caught by a bit of misty, silvery ribbon. The bell rang; everything was whisked out of sight, and someone went to the door. I sent up a short but fervent prayer that Freddie had arrived MINUS flowers. Alas, in he walked with a green box held gingerly between thumb and forefinger. I took it just as gingerly as it was proffered. Numbly I opened it and found in it an exact replica of My First Corsage. I squealed with joy and actually threw my arms around poor Freddie's neck!

Then with My Second Corsage pinned on my shoulder, I sallied forth with Freddie, with exactly the same air I should have assumed had Clark Gable himself been escorting me to a premier of his newest film. I looked upon Freddie with the admiration a person of his fine taste and discrimination deserved. Freddie enjoyed it—funny how we always enjoy the unusual.

The next day he came over to the house to borrow a book. He stayed only a few minutes and then left, looking rather disappointed. I'm afraid I had gone back to normal.

OLGA SOUSA, '37.

NOW YOU KNOW

that Tennyson wrote "The Charge of the Heavy Brigade" as well as "The Charge of the Light Brigade."

that stars don't twinkle.

that Florenz Ziegfield presented every one of his chorus girls on the opening night with a dozen American Beauty roses.

that Joseph Conrad made oodles of sentence errors and got away with them.

that Charles Lamb was a bookkeeper as well as an author.

that Dawes was the man who hung the lanterns in the Old North Church for Paul Revere.

that Paul Revere was an artist as well as a silversmith.

that there never was a perfect crime.

that we have more subscriptions for the REVIEW this year than at any time since 1930.

that there is no lead in pencils, merely a mixture of graphite and clay.

that a diamond is the densest form of carbon.

that coal is composed of enormous amounts of vegetable matter decayed under pressure in the absence of air.

that there was a man named Fahrenheit.

LIFE

Life is what you make it
It can be nothing more.
For some it is a joyful gift,
To others it's a bore.

Life can be a failure
For those who do not try
To mend their ways of living,
But keep on till they die.

For these there is no pleasure
In the world in which they live,
The only word they use is "take",
They never think of "give."

Then there is the sunny side
Where fortune and success
Go hand in hand with charity,
With peace and happiness.

Where one may not have all he wants
But does the best he can,
With hope that on the Judgment day
He'll prove a worthy man.

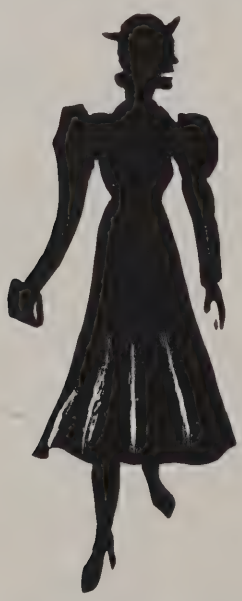
HELEN SKILTON, '38.

ARE YOU CHIC?

GIRLS, let's throw aside, for a brief moment, our geometry problems and French translation. Wouldn't you like to get some inside information on fashions? Well, listen:

In planning your spring wardrobe, think in terms of gaiety. News flashes from Paris say, "Wear soft shades—grey, tan, beige, and that lovely, alluring shade, thistle." Cheer up your severe modest black or navy outfit with a dash of yellow, red or coronation blue in the form of a belt, flowers, or costume jewelry.

Suits for girls in their teens have smart nipped-in waistlines, accentuating broad shoulders; while the sleeves are of the modified leg-o'-mutton type. The back of the jacket has a very "1880-ish" peplum effect. Add brightness to your trim tailored suit with a cluster of colored flowers or cherries on the lapel. For the sake of variety, Dame Fashion



says wear light jackets with dark skirts and blouses, although the opposite has been the mode. Flashing plaid pleated skirts add zest to your sprightly gait. Monogram your simple shirt-maker blouses on the pocket, sleeve or collar. Complete your mid-spring smartness with short kid or fabric gauntlets. Garnish your perky chapeau with a bumper of daisies or a quill of daffodils, a daring veil or a bright dashing feather. Crocodile patent leather is the newest in hand-bags.

Make the swing skirts of your afternoon or tea-time frocks boldly short. Sleeves are full at the shoulders and taper snugly to a little above the elbow. Shirring carried out by an Elizabethan collar is quite dainty. Flatter your figure with a short waistline and high belt.

Sweet young things show sophistication in princess-style dresses slashed from neck to hem with fascinating zippers. Accentuate your femininity with an eton bolero top, a pocket pitched high and coaxing for a splash of kerchief color.

Be up to the minute in a coat with the new sun-ray skirt achieved by trouser-crease seams, with high soft revers, carnelian belt and matching cravat. You'll love the slim, willowy feeling, and the supple drape of the ballerina.

Glorify those romantic moonlit nights with chiffon, mousseline-de-soie, and net. Your spring-y pastel evening gowns may be slinky or crinoline, but do have them give you a bright, up-and-coming, pert appearance.

Push your curly short hair well off the face. Use orange-tinted make-up to give you that French come-hither look.

Oh, yes, I forgot to mention a very important item, shoes. Well, girls, the only thing I can say is—wear comfortable foot-wear at all times! Don't walk in agony with your toes pinching and you will surely look your very best.

IRENE ANDELMAN, '37.

SLUMBER

A sweeter peace will come to me
To dwell alive in revery.
When day is done and night is new,
The moon shines down to cast on you
Its silvery veil;
When you're in slumber.

As by that mossy bank wherein
You lie with dreams of conquering.
Your heart's desire, a palisade,
Arises from the edge, and in its shade
You lie in peace
And fall in slumber.

ELEANOR KORPI, '37.

Harvard has recently announced the award to three students of Cambridge High and Latin of the Class of 1933, from the Edward Hopkins Fund for attaining Group I of the rank list for the first time. The awards were presented to: Franklin Coleman, John Carchia and to Arthur Schlesinger.

From Colby College comes the report that Virginia Gray, '36, is on the Dean's List.

The Massachusetts Institute of Technology has published a list of Undergraduate Students of High Scholastic Standing. We note the following are on the Dean's List: Richard Babish, Jeanne Pearlson, Joseph Donovan, Henry Baker, Arthur Quint, Solomon Kaufman, Harold Rosenthal, Murray Manos, George Rundlet, and William Wold.

LE CERCLE FRANCAIS

Le dix-huit février, le président, M. Thomas Adams, ouvrit une séance du Cercle Français. Il y avait un concert gracieusement offert par Mlle. Waite et l'orchestre du lycée, qui jouait plusieurs selections. L'orchestre ensemble nous a donné trois danses classiques; "Sarabande" par Couperin, "Gavotte" par Grétry, et "Rigaudon" par Rameau; M. Eleftherios Eleftherakis a offert "Méditation de Thaïs" du violon, et M. Harper McKay du piano "Polonaise" et "Minute Waltz" par Chopin. Le dernier morceau était "Le Secret", rendu par l'orchestre. Puis on a servi aux membres une collation. Le Cercle Français désire remercier sincèrement Mlle. Waite et l'orchestre de nous présenter un concert tellement agréable.

MARGARET WHOWELL, '37.

PIERRE

C'était le printemps en Bretagne; partout les fleurs étaient éclatantes dans un excès de couleur. Dans son petit entrait Pierre pour prendre soin de ses quelques fleurs. Comme nous le voyons maintenant, c'est un vieillard mais à son tour il avait été le meilleur marin de son bateau. Il aimait à s'asseoir et à parler des jours quand il pouvait naviguer son bateau et courir avec des autres. Souvent il parlait du mascaret, un flot violent qui s'empare des vies chaque an. Si tout à coup vient-il, que ne rien peut l'échapper. Lentement le temps venait quand le flot terrible reviendrait encore.

Deux jours plus tard il décida d'aller examiner ses filets. En y travaillant, il remarqua qu'un nuage noir efface le soleil. Il avait vu ce présage trop de fois de ne pas le reconnaître. Le mascaret! Dans un peu de temps il submergerait la petite ville, alors il disparaîtrait aussi vite qu'il était venu. Levant les yeux, il vit des enfants qui jouaient dans le sable. Comme il les regardait il en remarqua un qui commençait à nager à un petit bateau. Il sut qu'il a dû agir vite! Pierre, se rendant compte que le mascaret descendrait à tout moment, courut pour l'arrêter. Le ciel devint plus sombre et plus sombre et le vent souffla avec violence maintenant. L'orage éclata dans toute sa colere. Plus loin et plus loin nagea Pierre jusqu'a ce qu'il arriva à l'enfant qui à ce moment était tout épuisé. Après une dure lutte il ramena finalement l'enfant sur le rivage. Mais cela avait été trop pour un tel vieillard, car après avoir placé tendrement l'enfant sur le sable il tomba mort. Il avait sauvé la vie de l'enfant mais cela lui coûta la vie.

Les gens de la ville élevèrent un monument en souvenir de son brave fait, sur lequel était écrit l'épitaphe suivante:

Nôtre bien-aimé ami Pierre qui
donna sa vie pour un autre.

HELEN SKILTON, '38.

LE FOYER

(TRADUCTION)

Il n'y a pas un mot français qui remplace au juste notre mot tendrement chéri—"home". Mais il est également important que nous nous souvenions que l'anglais n'a aucun terme unique qui corresponde précisément au mot français et intime —"foyer". Deux expressions françaises, "chez soi" et "à la maison", indiquent que l'on est "in his house", ou "at home", mais les nuances délicates de la signification qui se trouvent dans "foyer" résument la dévotion passionée d'un Français à son "home" et aux habitants, d'une maniére qui semble souvent étrange à une personne qui parle anglais.

De l'ironie des Parques, le terme "foyer" sert à signifier en anglais une salle publique vaste et vide que traversent des visiteurs casuels. Quand il est ainsi appliqué, le mot rappelle les antichambres brillantes des théâtres français, et, en général, la salle d'attente voûtée d'un théâtre quelconque, surtout depuis le moment où les cinémas ont adopté le mot.

Mais au Français, "foyer" est aussi loin de vouloir dire cette sorte de chose que le mot anglais "home" dire appartement de "kitchenette" fourni, avec une combinaison d'une glacière et d'un four, et avec un lit dans une porte. La signification originale de "foyer" en donne le sens vrai au Français. C'est la cheminée, l'âtre; l'âme de la vie domestique; le lieu où la famille se réunit complète, distincte de n'importe quel autre groupe de ce monde coufus et turbulent.

Ainsi, si nous autres américains pensons que les Français. C'est la cheminée, l'âtre, l'âme de la vie par "home", le Français sera bien certain que nous ne pouvons pas comprendre ce qu'il veut dire par "foyer". Dans un pays comme le nôtre où nous sevrons tôt les enfants de la vie de famille par le voyage, par l'absence à l'école, par les visites aux camp d'été, nous ne sommes pas si prêts à aimer un lieu sacré et particulier, où la famille est tout entière. Dans un monde comme le nôtre où nous permettons souvent aux jeunes gens de faire leurs propres projets sans conseil de famille, peut-être ne savons nous pas beaucoup de ce sens de famille bien liée, qui signifie un "home" de France.

Seulement celui qui demeure en France pour une saison et qui y fait la connaissance des amis peut se rendre compte des exemples de ce sentiment français de la famille. Lui apprend que les petites choses qui ne lui sont que des affaires de la politesse prennent le caractère du sentiment sincère en France. Mais, en France, cet intérêt à nos parents (même à ceux qui n'ont jamais été vus) n'est qu'un geste de bien savoir vivre. Il est basé plutôt sur le credo que nous devons chérir dans notre âme nos parentés.

ROLAND E. SHAINE, '36.



Howdy folks . . . The Harmonica Band is coming right along . . . Alfreida Neudorf is the only girl member . . . What would the school socials do without Jeannette Coté to make the posters? . . . Arseny Karpovitch knows his frogs so I hear from the Biology class . . . Congratulations to the new members of the K. B. . . . Doris Banne, took the part of Olivia in Twelfth Night in the Shakesperian Afternoon . . . Things are beginning to brighten up for the Seniors . . . Pictures are flying in every direction and these upper-classmen haven't a care—much! . . . These people with "Candid Cameras" are mean to snap a picture when one isn't on guard. . . . Lincoln Hanson is, shall we say, "Jack-(or Linkey)-the-Snapper" . . . My own creation . . . cute? . . . Anna Andon would like to know who eats the apples she brings for lunch . . . From now on she will guard her fruit by means of a rat trap . . . Eddie Osborne helped a lady find a nickel which she dropped in Central Square . . . Won't Bob Bouché fool you if he gets a job as a radio announcer . . . Frank Norcia would make a good lawyer . . . He never says in one word what he can say in THREE . . . Jacob Andelman is especially fond of Current Events . . . The Seniors are taking up a collection so that they can buy "bobby" pins for Eddie Greenburg . . . The P. G.'s are almost a thing of the past . . . The Freshmen just long for assemblies . . . Be sure and drop into the Review Office and see our Exchanges . . . Barbara Woodfin is one of the world's best knitters . . . Lincoln Hanson stands outside school every day and snaps pictures when you are unaware . . . Just another hobby of his . . . How is "Captain Blood", Bill Galgay? . . . A friend of yours, isn't he? . . . Elaine Mahady wants the K. B. to have a Tea Dance—Wouldn't that be a good idea? . . . Franny Morgan gave a long dissertation on bugs and worms once . . . Will you believe it that Johnny Corbet danced a graceful minuet? No wonder he is a rival of Fred Astaire . . .Aren't Lucille Kelly's ringlets cute? . . . I am sure Alfred Cecere is destined to be a Dean as he made such a perfect one at assembly . . . Don O'Connor is very proud of his class pictures . . . and why shouldn't he be? . . . Don is indeed a good-looking boy . . . While on the subject, I'd like to let you know that C. H. L. S. claims many proud beauties . . . Look out, Hollywood . . . John Monteiro is THE firebug . . . Florence Rix and Oralie Kane are making a collection of class pictures . . . Alfred Jozwicki is a talented artist . . . Lorraine La France says that fifty-million Frenchmen can't be wrong . . . or can they? . . . Glad to hear that Ruth Gray has recovered from her illness . . . John K. Madden thrives in the study of Economics . . . Quentin Reuben found it necessary to hide behind the counter in his place of business . . . Not scared of buttons, are you Quen? . . . Many of the freshmen are in a turmoil . . . What they want to know is whether that old fellow,—they must mean Philip Director—is a P. G. or a teacher . . . Sidney Ritvo has lost his dog "Bismark" . . . Have you seen him? . . . The Trowbridge Street entrance seems to attract all kinds of animals . . . The chief troubles of Mr. Coté are dogs, cats and birds . . . "A bird in the hallway is worth two in the dish" . . . Mel Ponte has volunteered to help Sid find "Bismark" . . . Betty Hunt loves to play the piano and make fudge . . . The end of the school year is drawing near and some Seniors are just beginning to think . . . The Crowleys couldn't cram any more people in their house for their party . . . Jackie King had a gay exciting week during vacation . . . A party every day keeps Jackie exhausted! . . . Auciello loves to pinch people—so beware—Bernie Spitzer has his career all picked out for him . . . He just must be a bus driver . . . And so . . . s'long until we meet again

TO CORRECT AN OMISSION

We wish to correct an omission in the report on the Senior Drama in the last issue of the REVIEW. Mention should be made of the clever performances of Mary Sullivan, Catherine Cavanagh, Phyllis Sheridan, and Mary Burke, and we especially wish to congratulate Edward Greenberg on his excellent dramatic performance.

We regret exceedingly that credit was not given in the previous report to the above mentioned players, and we take this opportunity to tell them we think their contribution to the success of the Senior Play was in each case very imporant.

C.H.L.S. SONG HITS

How Can You Stay Away! Seventh Period
Nothing But The Best.....Themes
Dancing With The One You Love....Junior Prom
On the Wrong Side of the Fence.....Below 60%
Over Somebody Else's Shoulder....During an exam
Tired Hands.....In Type class
Vive, Vive, La France.....French 7th Period
Got The Jitters.....Seymour Bradshaw
Something's Got to Happen.....Report Cards
Gone.....Hopes for Graduation
It's all So New To Me....Every Freshman's Excuse
Quarter To Nine....Rushing Down Trowbridge St.
You're All I Need.....60%
Somehow I Knew....Teacher's Remark after exams
Sweetest Music This Side of Heaven....Choral Class
I'm on a See Saw.....Gym Class
Curly Top.....Iris Benthale
I've Got a Feeling You're Fooling
Teacher's suspicion during class
I Lost Everything Losing You.....That Latin Trot

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

Notice: Annual Sale Now Going On. Don't go elsewhere to be cheated—Come in here.

For Sale: A lady wants to sell her piano, as she is going abroad in a strong iron frame.

Wanted: Experienced nurse for bottled baby.

To Rent: Furnished apartments suitable for gentleman about 30 feet long and 20 feet broad.

Lost: A collie dog by a man on Saturday answering to the name of Ham with a brass collar round his neck and a muzzle.

Wanted: By a respectable girl, her passage to New York. Willing to take care of children and a good sailor.

Wanted: An organist and a boy to blow the same.

For Sale: A bull dog. Will eat anything; very fond of children.

Lost: Near Trowbridge Street, an umbrella belonging to a gentleman with a bent rib and an ivory handle.

FORENSIC ACTIVITIES

STATE CONTEST AT CHARLTON

From Hamilton, these winners advanced to Charlton where they competed with 22 schools from various cities in Massachusetts.

We are proud to say that on their return from their two day stay at Charlton, the representatives of C. H. L. S. brought home the Balfour Cup for having won the greatest number of points in the various contests.

Not only did our debating teams rank among the three highest, but we also had winners in three of the five events.

Mary Buckley was awarded first place in extemporaneous speaking, while Paul Good and Harry Wasserman won second places in Original oratory and Oratorical declamation respectively.

Among those who competed in the final eliminations at Charlton were Edward Greenberg in dramatic declamation, Rita Doherty in humorous declamation, Harlan Smith in oratorical declamation, and Morris Burk in original oratory.

Outstanding among the contestants were Shirley Frim and Phyllis Sheridan.

DURRELL DEBATING NOTES

On February 2nd, in our own C. H. L. S. Hall, the debating season of the Durrell Club was opened when a negative team composed of Morris Burk and Sutton Monro defeated an affirmative team representing Revere High School on the electrical utility subject.

Since then, both Arlington and Somerville have fallen before the persuasive arguments and forceful delivery of our negative team; at the National Forensic Contest at Charlton, March 20, our team scored decisions over affirmative teams from Warren and Hyannis respectively.

Our affirmative team composed of Harry Wasserman and Mary Buckley started its activity in a debate with Revere, at Revere. Not discouraged by their defeat in this, their first venture, the members of the affirmative, proceded to secure successive victories over Belmont, Fall River, Warren, and Hyannis High Schools, the three latter debates being held at Charlton as part of the National Forensic League state contest.

Both debating teams will go to Fall River Friday, April nine, to compete in the finals for state championship. Meanwhile, other members of the debating club has not been inactive. A debate was recently held over the radio on the ever popular Compulsory Military Drill question in which James Cole, Martin Ryan, Edward Appelstein, and John Montiero participated.

Thus far this season, both the negative and affirmative teams have shown themselves equal to the reputation gained in former years by the members of the Durrell Debating Society.

DISTRICT MEET AT HAMILTON

A few months ago, Cambridge High and Latin sent representatives to Hamilton, Massachusetts, as competitors in a district contest sponsored by the National Forensic League. A a result of their outstanding work in the various fields of dramatics and oratory, the following were chosen as winners: In humorous declamation, Rita Doherty; In dramatic declamation, Shirley Frim, and Edward Greenberg; In extemporaneous speaking, Mary Buckley and Paul Good; In oratorical declamation, Harry Wasserman and Harlan Smith; In original oratory, Paul Good and Mary Buckley.

HARRY WASSERMAN, '37.



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WHO'S WHO IN CAMBRIDGE HIGH AND LATIN SCHOOL



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Here Are Four Leading Lights Who Appear Before You

1. Leo Manley is an ardent supporter of the REVIEW and writer in our Spotlight Department. He is in the Navy Reserve and we note that he has all the makings of an Admiral. That boy will go a long way.

2. Paul Good is our prize original orator. He is a handsome youth with personality plus. Everyone will agree that this is a great help these days, especially when combined with brains and good common sense as in the case of Paul.

3. Natalie Wasserman plays the piano bea-u-ti-fully. She is one of our most popular girls. We are sure she will make an excellent business woman because she is dependable, energetic, and a tireless worker.

4. Betty Sugarman is a versatile young lady who combines the studious outlook on life with a vigorous athletic and social program. She is talented in music and we hear she is a budding actress as well. Through her, the world is informed about the G. A. A., in which organization she is a popular member.

CAMBRIDGE HIGH AND LATIN SCHOOL HONOR ROLL

FOURTH MARKING PERIOD

Ending March 23, 1937

SENIOR HONOR ROLL

First Honors

Burns, Helen; Crew, Norman; Crozier, Ruth; Davis, Eleanor; Delaney, Mildred; Doherty, Rita; Garoian, Agnes; Good, Mary; Hacian, Zenona; Kaulbach, Edward; Klevas, Adele; McCarron, Dorothy; McCormack, Margaret; Mullane, Anna; Nazzaro, Raffaele; Paiva, Mary; Piltch, Bernice; Prouty, Dorothy; Rano, Lorraine; Riccio, Arthur; Rodrigues, Mary; Ryan, Catherine; Samuelson, Eileen; Serson, Sarah; Shaw, Elliott; Sousa, Olga; Sterpinski, Jennie; Sullivan, Beatrice; Sweet, Judith; Tasonis, Veronica; Thorne, Elizabeth; Waitkus, Edward; Westcott, Anna; Wooldridge, Anne; Yankos, Harriet.

Second Honors

Andelman, Irene; Boordetsky, Louise; Brooks, Ruth; Cabral, Mary; Chaulk, Estelle; Christopher, Helen; Choruzi, Vera; Craib, Barbara; Donatio, Josephine; Donatio, Theresa; Evans, Catherine; Ferioli, Greta; Flanagan, Gertrude; Flax, Libbie; Gilligan, Marguerite; Hallonquist, Mae; Holt, Marion; Johnson, Melva; Kidder, Gertrude; Lenkowski, Stasia; Lucie, Doris; Macks, Robert; MacMillan, Grace; Magliozzi, Annie; Malenauskas, Veronica; McCree, Marion; Merrill, Martha; Moretto, Florence; Parrow, Richard; Piasecki, Laura; Pietkewicz, Irene; Romaniecka, Jane; Shacter, Jennie; Starr, Dorothy; Sullivan, Charlotte; Tengberg, Alma; Toomey, Louise; Walsh, Marion; Wasserman, Harry; Watkins, Thomas; Williams, Rita; Zanghi, Constance.

JUNIOR HONOR ROLL

First Honors

Burrell, Martha; Gabalis, Josephine; Humez, Eloise; Joseph, John; Lowry, Paul; Lakaszewicz, Helen; Mazza, Catherine; Romonas, Stanley; Small, Jane; Smith, Margery; Werkowski, Fabian; Yankum, Helen; Zwicker, Muriel.

Second Honors

Ahern, Mary; Anastos, George; Boch, Louise; Brennan, Frank; Button, Mildred; Demurjian, Lillian; Fraser, Georgianna; Haslam, Muriel; Jackivicz, Frances; Jones, Barbara; Kenney, Peter; Kohan, Melvin; Kolesinski, Mary; Lewis, Alan; Loja, Lydia; McCaigue, Grace; Medoff, Ben; Mero, Margaret; Orr, John; Paredes, Valentina; Peterson, Ivy; Power, Robert; Publicover, Henrietta; Ryan, James; Saint, Edith, Scott, Grace; Segel, Gerald; Sturzel, Ruth; Sugarman, Sylvia; Tahmosh, Rose; Volpe, Louise; Westaway, Ruth.

SOPHOMORE HONOR ROLL

FIRST HONORS

Andrews, Margaret; Bitinas, Alice; Bonacci, Carmela; Bois, Evelyn; Diggs, Madeline; Durham, Madeline; Eisnor, Muriel; Feroleto, Mary; Fraleigh, Walter; Gaidis, Olga; Goldberg, Agnes; Hill, Barbara; Hogan, Anne; Hoffman, Dorothy; Intinarelli, Anthony; Kaplan, Naomi; Karsh, Lillian; Kelley, Claire; Landi, Eva; McCabe, Marie; McMahon, George; McSweeney, Edward; Malloy, William; Mello, Alice; Modest, Edward; Monaco, Frank; Minkiel, Sophie; Mulkern, Ernestine; Newham, Mildred; Noon, Samuel; O'Dwyer, Edmund; Pollack, Dorothy; Rana, Antoinette; Reynolds, John; Saia, Rose (all E's); Sawicki, Henry; Stamas, Thelma; Tavilla, Tina; Waitkus, Stella; Winkler, Thelma.

SECOND HONORS

Anastos, Maria; Barry, Gertrude; Bergeron, Delores; Boyan, Audrey; Budrewicz, Blanche; Byrne, John; Caroselli, Remo; Clegg, Alice; Connors, Mary; Cotman, John; Davis, Donald; Fedas, Anthony; Fitzgerald, Doris; Galligan, Leo; Galvin, Mary; Gilbert, Gwendolyn; Gryncel, Walter; Hall, Helen; Hodoian, John; Hollisian, Zevart Mary; Hryniewich, Edna; Hughes, Florence; Jones, Georgia; Klevas, Valeria; Kondis, Effie; La Bossiere, Eleanor; Larsen, Margaret; Larson, Arline; Leslie, Evelyn; Leslie, Marjorie; Lewis, Gilbert; Loughlin, Veronica; Lavoi, Joseph; McClintock, Eileen; MacDougall, Audrey; McIntyre, John; Margetson, Rupert; Miller, Howard; Moriarty, John; Morris, Dorothy; Murch, Alice; Murphy, John; Newcomb, Louise; Pantazopoulos, Louis; Perkins, Dorothy; Pewetz, Nina; Raulinitis, Nellie; Regan, Barbara; Rix, Florence; Rodman, Bertram; Rudgis, Elizabeth; Strowman, Dorothy; Tibbetts, Frank; Walker, Edward; Wood, Grace.



HOCKEY

CAMBRIDGE LATIN 0
HARVARD FRESHMEN 3

After playing six games in the Interscholastic League the Cantabs met the Crimson Frosh and although on the losing end they displayed a fine brand of hockey. The Harvard team was too strong for our sextet and ran up a 3 to 0 win over Jack Culhane's boys.

Winslow and Perkins, the Crimson standouts flashed the Latin red light three times for our next door neighbors while the sons of Harvard ably protected their goal-line from being crossed by the puck.

CAMBRIDGE LATIN 5 RINDGE 1

After losing three straight games in the league and one to the Harvard frosh the Latinites came on the ice, a new inspired group of hockey players out to avenge their previous losses on their old and ancient rival, Rindge. With their first two strong lines the Cantabs showed no mercy to their opponents and showered Sullivan, the Rindge net-minder, with shots from all angles.

Phaneuf and Briand scored two easy ones and in the way of rubbing it in, Wally Boudreau and his gang crowded the Rindge end and after a hot scrimmage Cliff Robillard, Latin's tiny package of dynamite, passed over to Boudreau and Wally just lifted easily past Sullivan.

In their desperation to catch up in the final period, Rindge disregarded its defence and Wally Boudreau fed from a jam to give Kelly a score from in front of the crease while Buckley added the last goal on a jump from center with plenty of his fancy ragging to beat the defence and easily pass Sullivan.

Boudreau was easily the standout in this game with his scoring punch and his defensive back-checking. The flashy Rindge captain, "Fishy" Dumont, gave our boys plenty of trouble and he was forever breaking up plays and springing surprise rushes.

CAMBRIDGE LATIN 3 BELMONT 0

Taking advantage of a slow and weak team the Cantabs packed another win under their belts.

Diminutive Cliff Robillard, our speedy right winger, was the hero of Latin's shutout victory over lowly Belmont, which for nearly a period and a half held off the Cantabs before wilting under the pressure of their three and four-men attacks.

Of the penalties netted out in this game, all were given to Belmont. Everett, burly defence-man, receiving two.

Robillard, Boudreau and Buckely assured themselves of places on the All-Interscholastic Team by their flawless performances in this game.



Joe Rizzo and Joe Shea were the two standouts for Belmont although both failed to tally.

CAMBRIDGE LATIN 3 ARLINGTON 3

After losing to Arlington before, Latin played a rip-roaring second game and emerged with a tie to keep Arlington below them in the league standing.

Only one goal was rung up in the middle stanza, George Kelly taking a pass from Jimmy Lawrence. Going into the final chapter, the 3-1 lead looked safe enough, but Arlington, after surviving a man-shy session, the only penalty of the game, got underway. Joe Flores was the fair-haired boy, smacking home a goal that flew past a half dozen Latinites, in 6 minutes and 33 seconds, and four minutes later put up the tying goal, with Larry Cousins and Fran Adams assisting.

In their final game Latin tied Melrose and wound up in fourth place one point behind Rindge.

Wally Boudreau, Cliff Robillard and Mort Buckley were elected to the first team of the All-Interscholastics. They accounted for most of the scoring in the games with the Bay State League and with Catholic High of Montreal. Boudreau's last minute goal won the latter game.

BASKETBALL

The Cambridge Latin quintet did not fare so well this past season as they have in the few past years. They lost both games to Rindge for the city championship and were in fifth place in the Suburban League, only Arlington, a new comer to the league behind them.

In their first scheduled game they defeated Newton 18 to 15 and still being "hot" they travelled to Chelsea and trimmed the Red Devils by a score of 19 to 11. In their first home game at Rindge gym they met and easily defeated Revere. This game was some what of a walk-away topping Revere by an unbelievable score of 34 to 19. The

Cantabs literally ran wild, everybody taking part in the scoring.

Winning three straight games proved to be too much for the Latinites because when they met a newly organized team in the personage of Waltham they were easily tired in the closing minutes and Shaughnessy easily popped two successive baskets to give Waltham the victory. Final score stood 35 to 31.

In a game that went into three overtime periods, Brookline eked out a small margin over our unlucky Cantabs. The final score being Brookline 22, Latin 19.

In the first game in the City Championship series, Rindge easily defeated our boys to the tune of 23 to 14. Munroe and Baniewicz were the Rindge standouts while "Tar" Menez and Joe Sheehan played the best for Latin.

After losing these games Latin came back into their own by again defeating Newton. They held the Garden City boys scoreless in the first half and when the final whistle blew the scores stood Cambridge 23, Newton 9. "Witch" Marimn showed his scoring ability in this game garnering twelve points. Gene Lovett played an exceptionally good game as a guard and he was very fast in playing the ball off the Newton backboard.

In their first encounter with Arlington High the Cantabs led right up to the closing minutes and threw the game by slowing up.

Powers of Arlington scored 22 of his teams 31 points. Stack and Walsh showed up in this game, both having been previously ineligible.

Again the Cantabs tasted defeat at the hands of Waltham by a scanty margin of two points. Shaughnessy who scored 18 points in the last game was held to 8 points in their second meeting. Latin's 21 points were evenly distributed while Melody, rangy center, and Shaughnessy accounted for most of Waltham's 23 points. This game was held at Waltham High.

In their second meeting with Brookline they were again defeated but only by one point. Fitz-Patrick and Mooney scored all but five of their 27 points and Stack was the Latinite star with eight points. The rest of the 18 points were divided equally.

Coach Kozlowsky's boys broke out of their slump when they played their best home game of the year when they defeated the Red and Blue of Somerville High. Fred Stack scored twlve points to boost the Latin score to 32. Wilson tall straight-shooting center easily outplayed Glacken and garnered 14 points to be assisted by Shary who added 9 more. These boys were unable to receive any cooperation from ther fellow team members and left the floor disgusted when the final score of 32 to 27 was read to the teams and audience.

The second Latin-Arlington game was a different story when they met at Arlington High because the final score saw the Cantabs on top by a score of 23 to 20. However, Somerville topped Latin in their second meeting. Wilson again top scorer of the night. "Witch" Marimn played his heart and soul out but to no avail because Somerville led all through the game. The final score 18-13.

In their annual game at Lawrence Academy Latin emerged the victor by the score of 32 to 28. Marimn and Glacken scored 20 points between them while Waldram scored 12 points for the Academy.

Meeting Rindge in the final game they were a much improved team although they were again subdued by the Brown and White Quintet who later entered the Tech tourney. The game was closely contested throughout and the final score stood at 19 to 17.

"Witch" Marimn was indeed the outstanding player of the year being a good guard and better scorer. Lovett at the other guard post was very fast in recovering the ball from the opponents backboards and this made him one of the fastest guards in the Suburban loop. Stack, Menez and West were all fine forwards although "Tar" seemed a bit too fast for the rest of the team. Stack was missed at the beginning of the season but his presence in the latter games certainly bolstered the team. The center post was the whole weakness of the team but in the latter stages of the game Glacken was able to get the "tap" and to cover his man.

Coach Kozlowsky loses many by graduation and prospects for next year's team are none too bright but we know with any kind of material "Joe" will work and plug and will give a team to Latin.

JOE MANLEY, '37.

THE SCIENCE FORUM

The Chemistry Club of last year was reorganized to include not only chemistry students but those in the physics and biology classes as well; the club was renamed The Science Forum. At a meeting held on February 18, the following officers were elected: Harry Wasserman, President; John Lyons, and Richard Eddy, Vice-presidents; Henry Freniere, Treasurer; and John Roberts, Secretary. Moving pictures were shown at a meeting on March 11, when the members decided to make visits to nearby industrial plants.

A public lecture was held on April 8 in the Science Lecture Hall. Paul Stumpf and Robert Reagan gave a talk illustrated by a micro-projector on the subject, "Exploring New Worlds through the Microscope."



Tom Adams: I see you advertised for a man to retail canaries.

Dealer: Yes, are you a salesman?

Adams: Oh, no, I was just curious to find out how the little birds lost their tails in the first place.

Son: What's a parasite?

Father: A parasite, my son, is one who goes through a revolving door on another person's push.

Edw. Reilly: I wonder where the end of this string is.

Richard Mulkern: Maybe some one cut it off.

Lady: Here's a penny, my good man. How did you become so destitute?

Tramp: I was like you mum—a-giving away vast sums to the poor and needy.

Bill Joyce: What will we do tonight?

Bob Flynn: Let's flip a coin. Heads we go to the Silver Slipper. Tails, movies. If it stands on end, we'll study.

Ruth Adelman: Who was the ruler of Russia before the World War?

Sylvia Sugarman: Tarzan.

Evelyn Cox: When you hear the name Defoe, of what do you think?

Natalie Wasserman: The Dionne Quints.

Jimmie Leydon: What are you taking for your cold?

John Monteiro: Make me an offer.

Doctor: Your son is expected to come around all right, sir. We are giving him artificial respiration.

Mr. Boudreau: But Doctor, he's all I have in the world! Give him the real thing.

Leo Manley: I underwent an operation yesterday. Had a growth removed from my head.

Willard Ramsay: Was it very serious?

Leo: Yes, I had my hair cut.

Smith, the Freshman, was reading in class when he came to a word he could not pronounce. "Barque" prompted the teacher.

Smith looked at his classmates and laughed. The teacher became angry. "Barque, Smith!"

He looked at the teacher for a moment and finally cried out, "Bow-wow!"

Phyllis Sheridan: Do you think that the radio will take the place of the newspaper?

Bessie Makris: No, you can't swat flies with a radio!

Mabel Noble: You sent me duck's eggs this morning.

Grocer: I don't keep duck's eggs.

Mabel: But I tested them. I dropped them in water and they floated.

George Kelly: What do you think of people's striking for shorter hours?

Dutch Glacken: It seems foolish to me.

George: What makes you say that?

Dutch: Well, each hour has sixty minutes, and I don't see how they are going to change them.

Elaine Mahady: Could you pass the butter?

Terry Regan: I think I could; I moved pianos all summer.

Harlan Smith: Hello, is this the City Bridge Department?

A Voice: Yes, what do you want?

Harlan: How many points do you get for a little slam?

Thomas Collins: I hear Einstein's theories are now selling in pamphlet form for twenty-five cents.

Jimmy Morrissey: I'd rather have the quarter. I can make head and tail out of that.

Flo Rix: Oh, he's so romantic. When he addresses me, he always calls me FAIR LADY.
Aurelie Kane: Force of habit, my dear. You see, he's a street car conductor.

Wasserman: I am glad to see such a thick crowd attending this debate.
Voice from the Crowd: Do not be too certain. We are not as thick as you think.

Joe Manley: A half pint of ice-cream, please.
Clerk: Want to eat it here or take it out with you?
Joe: Both.

She (Driving past the stand): Mm, that popcorn has such a heavenly smell!
He: Hasn't it. I'll drive a little closer.

Beatrice Barron: If a number of cattle is called a herd, and a number of sheep a flock, what would a number of camels be called?
Carol Orr: A carton!

Coralie Metcalfe: How did Eleanor Tynan happen to get run over?
Ethel Doig: She was picking up a horseshoe for good luck.

Ruth Gray: What do you associate with Lamb?
Mary Burke: Mashed potatoes.

Katherine Brooks: Who was the wife of Caesar?
Evelyn Nevins: Caesura!

Lady: Which platform for the Chicago train?
Guard: Turn to the left and you'll be right.
Lady: Don't be impertinent, young man.
Guard: All right, then, turn to the right and you'll be left.

Jimmy Smyth: What do you understand by the word deficit?
Dighton Spooner: It's what you've got when you haven't got as much as you had when you had nothing.

Dorothy Starr: Are you going to put a wet paint sign on your fence?
Bernice Krasnoff: Not on your life. Do you think I want to have finger marks all over it?

Teacher: John, use Egypt in a sentence.
John Hennessy: See that fruit dealer? Egypt me.

Irene Scott: Why is lay wrong?
Gertrude Murphy: Because lie is right.

Joe Robillard: Do you know why we can't hear the bell ring?
Ed Nickles: No, why?
Joe: Because it doesn't ring.

Sarah Serson: What is a mandolin?
Connie Zanghi: A Chinese gentleman.

Sam Weisberg: Do you know why Scotchmen are buried on a hill?
John Hutchings: No.
Sam: Because they're dead.

Bill: Are you dining anywhere tonight?
Helen: No, I'm not.
Bill: My, you'll be hungry by morning.

Savransky: Say, I got a new job.
Spitzer: What doing?
Savransky: Painting whiskers on Fords.
Spitzer: Huh?
Savransky: Yes, make them look like Lincolns.

Tailor: Euripides?
Customer: Yes, Eumenides.

Ed. Waitkus: A pint of gas and three ounces of oil.
Attendant: O. K. Now would you like me to sneeze in your tires?

Judge: What weapon did you use on this poor fellow to inflict such injuries?
Bob Bouché: None at all your honor. It was all hand work.

Frank Rossi: Ouch! I bumped my crazy bone.
Sid Ritvo: Oh, well, comb your hair right, and the bump won't show.

Rupert Blue: I am going to see "Aida" at the Colonial.
Lincoln Hanson: What do you want to see her for?

Ruth: Why does Raymond only send me one rose every day?
Rita: He's saying it with flowers and the poor boy stutters.

He: You say you were twins once?
She: Yes, my mother has a picture of me when I was two.

Bob Regan: Do you get up bright and early every morning?
John Roberts: No, just early.

Tom: Why were you going so fast tonight, Bob?
Bob: Well, my brakes wouldn't work and I wanted to get home before I had an accident.

Helen C: There is one word in the dictionary that is always pronounced wrong.
Myrtle C: What's that?
Helen: The word wrong.

Joe Harrington: How can it be told how many horsepower a car has?
George Wiech: Lift up the head and count the plugs.

AMONG THE BOOKS

SALAR THE SALMON

Little, Brown, 1936 Henry Williamson

A five-year-old salmon, Salar, is the main character in this delightful story, and Trutta, the sea trout, and Gralakse, the grilse are his companions. We follow Salar's exciting adventures as he leaves the Island Race, goes up the river, leaping the falls; through the idle summer life and the winter spawning; to Salar's death and the hatching of the eggs in the sandy shallow. We are told of his escape from the blood-sucking lamprey, from the poacher's nets and rods, and from the attacks of the otters led by Tarka; and of the difficulties of leaping the falls and weirs during a freshet. Throughout, the book gives a vivid picture of the water life not only of salmon, but of all kinds of fish and water insects.

In "Salar The Salmon", Mr. Williamson shows his intimate knowledge of the life and habits of fish, and has therefore told a story which is basically true as well as interesting and almost fantastic. The author has emphasized his idea of the immortality of the race despite the death of the individual, and this is particularly noticeable in the dramatic close, which turns abruptly from Salar's death to the birth of the smolts.

THEATRE

The Literary Guild, 1937 W. Somerset Maugham

THEATRE is the story of a successful London actress, Julia Gosselyn; of her husband, Michael, an actor who became her manager and liked to be called the handsomest man in England; of her aristocratic, admiring lover, Sir Charles Tamerly; and of Tom Fennell, the unscrupulous young man who liked to meet the glamorous lords and ladies Julia knew, and for whom Julia developed an all-conquering love. The story of Julia's disillusionment concerning her husband Michael, whose young beauty had charmed her, and whose thrift, which he carried to the point where it became ungenerous, now repulsed her, is followed by her overwhelming love for Tom, who did not love her, but who could get a great deal from the contacts she made for him. She finally conquered her feeling for him; he lost his hold over her; and the theatre, which had formerly occupied most of her time and attention, returned to its proper and natural position in her affections.

Mr. Maughham's novel is stirring, exciting, swift-moving, and brightly but sardonically witty. His characters are clearly defined people, with realistic personalities; but, unless it can be accounted for on the grounds of her profession, it seems to me that Julia has too much emotion in her make-up, to be a truly realistic character. She seems to live in the book, and the story moves too swiftly to allow time for minute character analysis. However, the tale is readable, entertaining, and interesting and should certainly be placed among the better modern novels.

SANFELICE

Doubleday Doran, 1936 Vincent Sheean

SANFELICE has two entirely different phases, closely interewoven, and each dependent upon the other, but still distinctly separate. This book is both a lively portrait of Luisa Sanfelice herself, and a description of Bourbon Naples in 1799, and of the Jacobin Revolution of the period. The attempt to stride both horses raises a few difficulties. There are times when one is impatient with the analysis of the political situation, for although it causes an interruption in the narrative, it is necessarily a part of the historical side of the book. This is a natural result of an attempt to combine history and fiction, and is handled in a way to cause as little interruption as possible in the thread of the narrative.

The portrait of Luisa Sanfelice is vividly drawn; we come to know her intimately, as well as her villainous, drunken husband, Andrea; her young nephew, Lauriano, who does his best to help her; her misunderstanding, but loving mother, Donna Camilla; and her puny, cowardly lover, the lawyer, Fernando Ferri. We know of Luisa's title the "Mother of the Revolution," which is thrust upon her although she is unwilling, unresponsive, and above all entirely disinterested in the politics of the day; and we feel the horror of her death as punishment for her innocent connection with the ill-fated revolution.

SANFELICE is also a vivid picture of life in Bourbon Naples, of the contrast between the life of the aristocracy, and the life of the "lazzaroni," the poorest class of Naples, and the most ardent supporters of their tyrannical rulers. The weak, inefficient government in the disunited states of Italy, each quarrelling for the most power, and each in deadly fear of Napoleon, is clearly pictured. The horrors of the unsuccessful Jacobin Revolution, and the tyrannical deeds of the conquering monarchists are told with gruesome detail.

The final horror, the death of the innocent Luisa, caught in the net of the revolutionary tactics for which she had neither interest nor sympathy, ends a new and thoroughly entertaining book, which is a brilliant interpretation of the history of the Naples of 1799.

RUTH CROZIER, '37.

IN OUR MAIL BOX

This time, we wish to make two important announcements. First of all we now have in the REVIEW Office a new rack for displaying the Exchanges which we receive. This was specially constructed for us by Mr. A. O. Paine of the Rindge Technical High School. It is very useful as well as an ornament to our office. You are all invited to come in anytime to look over our Exchange magazines.

The second announcement concerns the style and construction of the Exchange column itself. Read on, Macduff, and let us know how you like it.

ARTICLES WE LIKE

The Lyman Hall High School, Wallingford, Connecticut was favored a short while ago by a visit with Richard Halliburton, who spoke to them of some of his experiences. One of the pupils was delegated to interview him afterwards and the results of the interview are printed in their magazine, THE CHRONICLE. Another interesting write up concerns a talk given by Miss Amelia Earhart in New Haven. The stories in THE CHRONICLE run along a conversational style and are, therefore, most interesting.

Betty Plum has done a very neat job with an interview with Catherine Littlefield, an authority on American ballet dancing. THE PHANTOM OF THE FUTURE is a well written story of adventure in 1949. Both of these articles appear in THE NUTSHELL of the Moorestown, New Jersey High School.

Under the heading of TRULY FICTION, THE BLUE STAR of the Central Junior High School, East Providence, Rhode Island, presented the most wonderful collection of fairy stories that was ever made up by a group of high school pupils, not counting the excuses manufactured by some high school students we know.

When boy meets girl, it does not necessarily mean anything special, but when two boys and two girls meet one skunk, you have a story, or at least THE MERCURY of West Springfield, Mass., has such a story and it is really quite funny. Another bit of humor is provided by a reporter talking in his sleep about five or six different games at once. For more exciting adventure, they offer "Ignorance is Bliss" and "Who's Afraid?" Anyone who has anything to do with salesmen might profit by "How It's Done", another feature.

A young cornet player, who knows how to cash in on his ability to play, forms the basis of an amusing story entitled "The Paid Piper" which we selected as representative of THE CALDRON of the Friend's Select School in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

FEATURES WE LIKE

Clear picture illustrations, "Philadelphia on Its Toes", the Club Activities, as well as, the style used for the headings in THE NUTSHELL of the Moorestown, N. Y. High School.

Clever "Class Prophesies", The "Travel and Adventure" department for its originality, and in fact the unusual quality which permeates the whole atmosphere of THE BLUE STAR of East Providence, Rhode Island.

AS WE APPEAR TO OUR EXCHANGE FRIENDS

From the BLUE STAR:

Your cover was drawn excellently and your jokes were very amusing.

From the ECHO, Hume-Fogg High School, Nashville, Tennessee.

We like the modernistic block prints and article headings no less than the literary material itself. Your PATTER page contains some of the best jokes we have read anywhere. You made your debut on our Exchange Table with the November issue. We hope you like us well enough to visit regularly.

From the ECHO, Central Catholic High, Ft. Wayne, Indiana.

Your magazine is one of the best. It shows the result of a hearty co-operation on the part of the students.

We welcome the following magazines which have come to us:

SEWARD FOLIO....Seward Park High School, N. Y.
THE MERCURY.....West Springfield High School
THE ORACLE.....Manchester Central High School
THE NUTSHELL.....Moorestown High School
BLUE STAR
Central Junior High School, Providence
EL DELATOR.....Cheltenham High School
FOLIO.....Flushing High School
THE STUDENT'S PEN.....Pittsfield High School
THE PURPLE QUILL.....Galveston, Texas





G. A. A.

Sylvia Kaufman and Betty Harney are both so indispensable to the team that it was impossible to choose a captain between them. The first varsity, therefore, was doubly blessed with the two captains which may be one reason for its overwhelming victories. Anne Sullivan has been unanimously elected varsity manager.

The Varsity has played Somerville in our own gym, and, in buses most kindly supplied by the athletic committee of our school, traveled to Melrose for an exciting game in the modernistic Melrose gym. After a terrific struggle, our girls emerged exhausted but victorious with the score, 18-10.

The Graduate Game this year promises to be a thriller, for '36's unbeatable seniors will probably return in full force to uphold their title. The players may insist upon taking this year's alumni game seriously, but Miss Brown is determined to add her usual humorous touches on the night when her former pupils return to the scene of their triumphs. Refreshments will be served and everything possible will be done to give a rousing welcome to our ex-basketball stars. The season will close with a return game with Somerville at Somerville.

Because of the lack of Freshmen teams to compete with, it has been very difficult to arrange games for the Freshmen. The undergraduates closed their season, therefore, on March 31, in a match game with the winners of the Grammar School Tournament. As an added attraction, the physical education teachers have challenged the varsity to a game on the same day.

The finals in the grammar school basketball tournament, which took place March 18, were won by the Russell school. Tumbling under the supervision of Miss George entertained the audience between halves.

The basketball luncheon has been set for Saturday, April 10, at the Riverbank Court Hotel. As this is a formal get-together at the termination of the basketball season, all basketball players are urged to attend. Reservations may be placed with Miss Brown or Betty Harney.

Frances Brown, Treasurer of the G.A.A., has resigned her post. Owing to the lateness of the season, it is doubtful whether anyone will be appointed to take her place.

May we remind swimmers that Frances Morgan, incidentally one of the best swimmers at the "Y", is taking attendance each week. Girls who have been absent more than a stated number of weeks will not be qualified to take part in the meets,—the first of which was the Melrose meet on April 10.

Since the majority of our members have classes during lunch periods, it has become almost impossible to hold meetings. The club has been seriously handicapped by this inability to assemble all G.A.A.ers for conferences and in future years, meetings will take place after school hours.

There being rumors about to the effect that Spring Formals are being planned by many C.H.L.S. organizations, G.A.A. officers are beginning to think that it would be ideal to end the year's activities with a successful social.

In officially closing the basketball season, may we offer our congratulations to that ace of coaches, Miss Brown, to both Varsities for their perfect team work, to Anne Sullivan for her devotion to her duty, to Sylvia Kaufman, Beatrice Loja, Patty Madden, and Madeline Clementz for their inspirational leadership.

BETTY SUGARMAN, '37.

RECREATION DURING A STUDY PERIOD

Whew, I'm glad to get out of that class!!
Who on earth expected a test today?
You never can tell what teachers are going to do.
Glad I studied last night, anyway.
Too bad to miss the club meeting—
Just for homework.
Must find out what happened at the meeting;
Wonder if I can get a note through to Doris.
She sits at the other side of the room.
Oh, why bother? I'll see her later.
Hope she can lend me a nickel.
Tomorrow is allowance day and I am
Financially embarrassed.
Money is as scarce as skill these days,
My skill in algebra will be scarce
If I don't study now.
Let x equal the unknown quantity;
Why should x always be unknown.
Mysterious letters are always signed "x".
I haven't written to Helen yet—
She'll think I didn't like her gift.
Can't write a letter in school, though.
Lunch bell is going to ring any minute.
I've studied enough for one period, anyway.

MARGARET WHOWELL, '37.

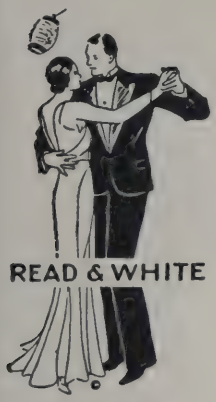
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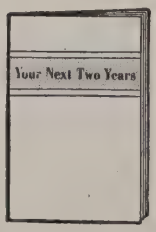
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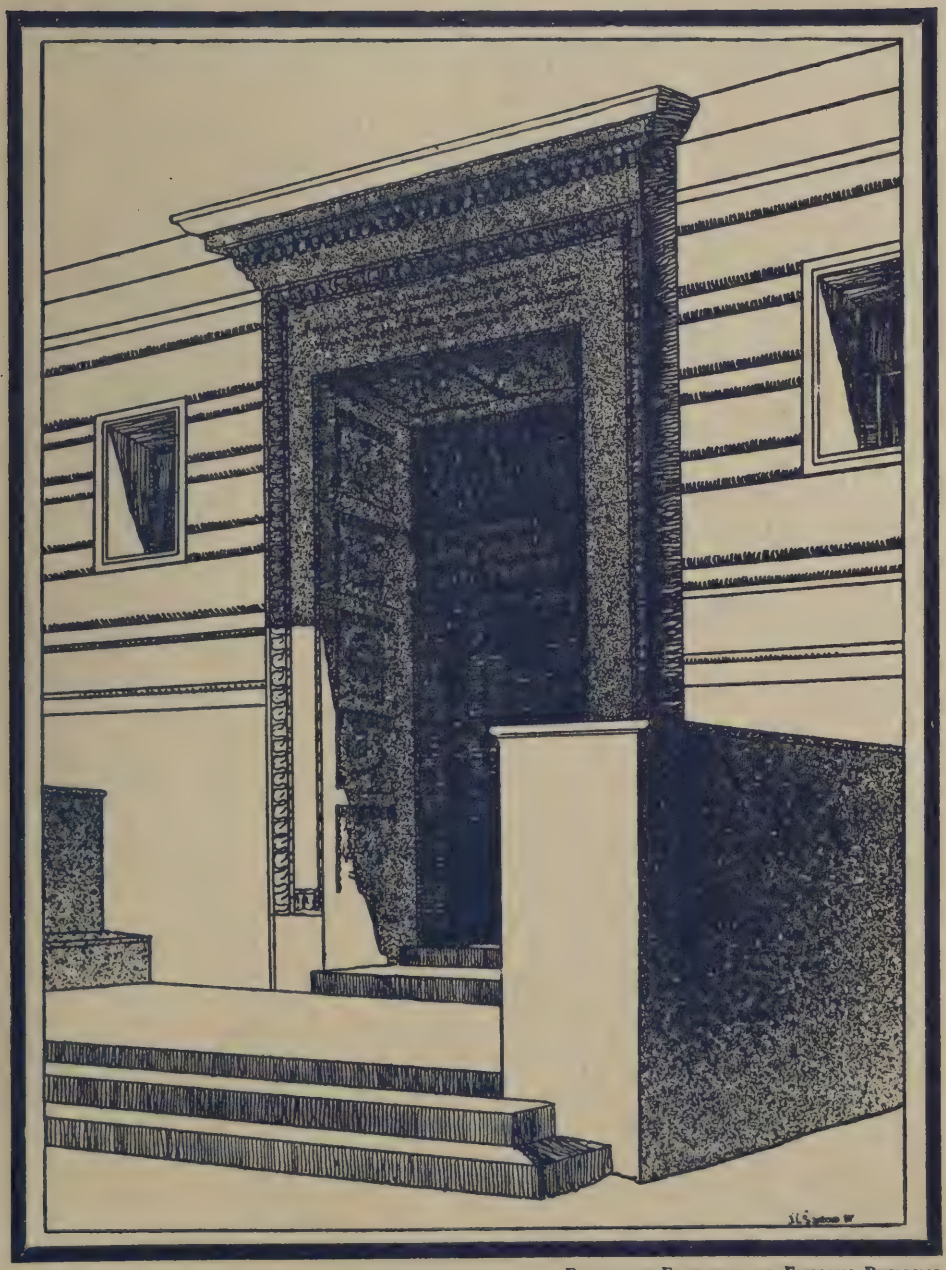
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NORTHEASTERN UNIVERSITY

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

THE
Cambridge Review

JUNE, 1937



BROADWAY ENTRANCE TO ENGLISH BUILDING

WISDOM IS WORTH SEEKING

The Wise While Striving To Cultivate Their Minds
Strive Also To Possess Strength Of Soul And Of Body
Then Wisdom Avails

(Inscription over the Doorway)

HORACE MANN

✦ ✦

Oh, Son of Bay State tried and true,
Thou worthy Horace Mann;
Who lighted Learning's torch anew
Bereft of cautious plan.
With this in mind we say good-bye
To memories that are dear,
Your blazing torch against the sky
Will lead us on each year.

Oh, Benefactor of these dreams,
We thank thee for thy light;
Because of thee the whole world seems
A place of good and right.
Oh, Educator, sponsor of
The learning that is ours,
We dedicate our lasting love
And thank thee for these powers.

FRANK ROSSI, '37.

Sung at Graduation Exercises to "Drink To Me Only With Thine Eyes."

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THE CAMBRIDGE REVIEW

CAMBRIDGE HIGH AND LATIN SCHOOL
CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS

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THIS is the last issue of the REVIEW edited by the present staff. During the past year, we have tried to publish a magazine of general interest to all pupils of Cambridge High and Latin School. However, we feel that there is still room for improvement in our paper, and we look to our successors to make the REVIEW better than it has ever been before.

The staff wishes to express its gratitude to all the subscribers, contributors, and advertisers who have helped maintain the high standard of our magazine. We urge them to continue their loyal support.

With happy memories of our high school days, we anticipate the future. Through the long days which lie ahead, we shall cherish in our hearts the associations and friendships formed during our four years in Cambridge High and Latin School.



CAROLINE CLOSE PRIZE ESSAY CONTEST

WE are pleased to be able to present in this issue the winning essays of the annual Caroline Close Prize Essay Contest. On May 11, the best theme writers of the freshman, sophomore, junior and senior classes assembled to produce their best literary efforts. After careful deliberation, the judges have selected prize themes from the many fine contributions. We regret that we have not space enough to print ALL the papers which were considered worthy of Honorable Mention. They, too, are fine examples of good composition work.

ENGLISH IV

Martha Merrill

HONORABLE MENTION

Ruth Crozier
Margaret Whowell
Jennie Stirpinski
Elliott Shaw
Carolyn Wood
Dorothy Starr
Catherine Ryan

ENGLISH III

Eloise Humez

HONORABLE MENTION

Paul Lowry
Spencer Sterne
Ruth Sturzle

ENGLISH II

Marie McCabe

HONORABLE MENTION

Mary Cullen
Mildred Newham
Elizabeth Bray
Edward J. Modest
Barbara Hill
James Coyle
Samuel Miller

ENGLISH I

Helen Shea

HONORABLE MENTION

Lena Smerlas
Barbara Gilbert
Geraldine Kitcher
Doris Vellinga

ENGLISH IV — PRIZE ESSAY

ART AS AN INTERPRETATION OF THE AGE

ART, until the twentieth century, is a fine interpretation of the age in which it occurred. But when 1899 turned into 1900, art interpreters tore their hair. The clear pictures of the nineteenth century became swirling lines depicting all sorts of subjects from a sunset to a boiler factory, the only difference between the two being the amount of the swirls and sickening colors.

In reviewing the art of the ages, one finds, first, the scraping and burnings on the walls of ancient caves, which archaeologists insist are pictures of the dinosaur, or the bear, or the elephant which the great gran'daddy in the stone age clubbed to death one morning. The pictures are not exactly clear. One wonders what the vague lines mean; but one does see that an attempt has been made to picture an animal, and from that attempt one realizes that the artist was very uncivilized and wholly without even a kindergarten education.

Slowly, but surely, the pictures become clearer, and on the mummy cases of the ancient Egyptians we find stiff legged men and women parading about side view. For some unknown reason, the Egyptians had an aversion to giving posterity the full benefit of their whole faces, but that is beside the point. Everyone realizes that the ancient pharoahs did not dash about as half-men, and one does see the dress of all classes from the pharoahs in their chariots to the slaves carrying blocks of stone for the huge pyramids. By the chariots driven

which are pictured on these cases, one realizes that Ford had not started in on his model T's yet although some of the cars remind one of Pharoah's time.

Next, the carvings on the Greek Temples and excavated Roman baths show us how the world has progressed. The Greeks, who had infinitely more cause to show their beautiful profiles, nevertheless had no aversion to giving us a full view of themselves. They stopped not at showing us the flowing robes which the ancient Molyneux or Chanels created for their goddesses, but they created the famous Venus di Milo, the Discus Thrower and other statues to give us a true picture of their extraordinary ability to sculp their games and their gods.

Next, Rome, Venice and Milan came to the fore with such painters as Raphael, da Vinci and Michael Angelo who also did a fair job of sculping. These very excellent painters showed us the dress of the times and the religious feeling which prevailed in spite of the de' Medici attempts to rid the earth of all but their notorious family. The multitude of Madonnas painted and churches built in this period, makes one think that all the fourteenth century people did was to attend church in the morning and sit for their portraits in the afternoon. One does, however, get a picture of the elegance, beauty and extravagance of that age.

The eighteenth century with Sir Joshua Reynolds appeared on the scene. We are greatly indebted to Sir Joshua for his portraits of famous men. Although the archaeologists of 3427 A. D. probably will never have heard of Samuel Johnson, they will see a portrait of a man who in a way, represents the age. Mr. Johnson, so Macaulay says, did not take particularly good care of his clothes. Nevertheless, the aforementioned archaeologist will note the flowing wig and the style of the times. In this age, the landscape painters thrust their works on the market, and one sees the natural beauty of the times. Landscape artists, as you know, can not prevent themselves from putting an old castle or manor house dimly seen through the trees in their pictures and therefore the man of 3427 A. D. will have some idea of where ye eighteenth century-er resided.

At last! some use for fashion! Godey's Ladies Books next graced the table of Madame. Mr. Godey showed us the style, dress and rooms of the 1860's and 1890's. Father would hardly call Mr. Godey's work art, but nevertheless, he does give one a fair picture of the times.

We still have (probably in the attic) those pictures of the 1890's, Queen Victoria, a young bride, primly standing beside a very uncomfortable looking groom with her hand on his shoulder, your dear daddy as a babe sprawled on a bear rug, and as a boy of six or so with his hand on a chair and an insipid smile under his wide sailor hat. Some of these pictures are tin-types; some painting.

Then suddenly, the puzzled archaeologist of 3427 A. D. will come across what appears to be an electric storm, a tidal wave and a cat fight all rolled into one. Now if said digger-into-the past tries to discover what we of 1937 looked like, what our religious and social feelings were, he will be lost completely. He may think that for a few hundred years the entire population went mad. He may think some questionable race from the moon descended on earth. He will probably give it all up as a bad job and go back to driving rockets for a living.

I repeat. Art is a very good interpretation of the age until one reaches the twentieth century. At that point, you're on your own; an attempt to interpret the life of 1937 will result in merely a headache, a splitting headache, to be specific.

MARTHA MERRILL, '37.

ENGLISH III PRIZE ESSAY

THE DELIGHTS OF READING

SATISFACTION at the thought of learning, feeling of comradeship with characters, and relaxation from the cares of the world are the greatest delights that reading gives me.

A few months ago, while studying the authors and works of the Victorian period, I encountered many names of which, I am ashamed to say, I had never heard. However, I dutifully tried to connect the right authors with the right works. Last week, while reading a book which by chance gave one or two references to "Cranford," I felt, "Oh! I knew who wrote that and when, but now I know more, what it is about." Satisfaction and pride that I was learning something sent a shiver of happiness all through me.

When I begin to feel very sorry for myself because I have no companion, my book friends appeal to me, asking if they can't help. The book people are my best friends, my chums, and my playmates. If I am in trouble, feeling that they understand, I go to them for help. If I want to play, they are always ready and seem to know just exactly what I feel like doing. The assurance that I have many unseen friends brings to my mind and soul a quiet sort of peace and happiness, obtainable no other way than by reading.

Last of all, reading for mere pleasure and relaxation from the cares and worries of the day, carries with it a supreme joy, that of knowing that without fear of being interrupted, I can curl up in a chair, or on the rug in front of the fireplace and retire to the make-believe world of fiction.

ELOISE HUMEZ, '38.

English II Prize Essay

A DIM CHURCH

AS I entered the great church and closed the massive doors behind me, I was conscious of a peculiar sense of peace. The quietness of the cool place seemed odd after the hustle and bustle of the street.

When my eyes had become accustomed to the semi-darkness, I noticed the huge pillars supporting the roof. The queer carving at the top looked like hands folded in prayer. Towering high above me, they mutely begged that I emulate their piety.

On either side of the long aisle were statues of great saints. In the dim light, they seemed mysterious and far away; involuntarily I held my breath. Upon aproaching them, however, I perceived that their stone features wore kindly smiles and their hands, raised in benediction, reassured me.

Attracted by a large vigil light burning on one side of the church, its ruddy glow like a comfortable fire beckoning me to come nearer and warm myself, I hastened in its direction. It led me to the main altar, a huge block of marble surmounted by an enormous crucifix. The flickering candles and snowy white cloths combined to present a ghostly appearance.

Suddenly soft music permeated the air. Glancing into the organ loft, I beheld a single light burning brightly. The organist, unaware of a listener, was playing beautiful hymns which lingered in my memory long after I had left the calm atmosphere of the dim church and had resumed my every-day activities.

Marie McCabe, '39.

English I Prize Essay

WHEN THE CIRCUS COMES

PUSHING, craning, rushing, laughing, the eager crowds crane their necks to catch the first glimpse of the grand parade. The smell of roasted peanuts and popcorn with plenty of salt and melted butter, pervades the atmosphere. The blast of a bugle and the tread of horses' feet are heard mingled with the shouts of "Balloons! Balloons! Only five cents apiece!" Everyone is joyous, not because the sun is shining brightly and green trees harbor singing birds, but because the long-hoped-for circus has come to town.

Up and down jump the happy children as the procession approaches. Roars like great peals of thunder escape from the ferocious lions.

"Risk my life to bring smiles to others" is the motto of the two funny clowns who throw everyone into hysterical laughter. Leopards, tigers, elephants, and monkeys pass and the boys grow feverish with excitement. Thrilled to the very core of their being are both adults and children at the reckless bareback rider. She holds everyone in suspense as she goes through her numerous stunts. The cloak of age gently slips from the shoulders of parents and they become children once more. Reveries of other like occasions stir their minds as they contentedly munch peanuts and popcorn.

Sighs and moans issue from the crowd as the last of the parade disappears down the street. Vows and promises are made that wild horses couldn't keep them away from the circus, but we all know that the spirit of this grand afternoon will drift slowly from the minds of the people. The result is many of the promises are forgotten.

Helen Shea, '40.

THE DUCHESS TALKS TO A FRIEND

Look Elsa, standing here, the garden seems
A tinted fairy bower veiled in gleams
Of summer's heavy golden heat. You see?
My lovely lilies droop a bit. It makes me
Somehow sad to see them fade ere all the rest.
I, too a wilting flower, my head droops on my breast.
I look down through these bars as if this, my home,
Were prison, for truly, nothing is my own.
My darling mule he took from me and said
It was not fitting I should pat its head.
Why 'tis wrong, I dare not ask. A smile,
I find, can rouse his wrath. But a while
Back, he dismissed my maids. Now I live alone
And wait upon myself. My heart feels like a stone
Weighing down my chest. I would not thus complain
To you, but I have no one else. 'Tis vain
To say these tears are foolish—So I've told
Myself. My lord is right to chide me. His cold
Demeanor is just punishment for my girlish ways,
Not fit the dignity of a Duchess—A soft haze
Envelops the garden now—I love
That garden and all things helpless. The Lord above,
I guess, did not mean for such as I to marry
A stern, proud Duke who scowls if I tarry
By a full blown rose, or speak kindly to a servant.
You think, perhaps, I am too young, too fervent,
Too ready to find fault? I tried my best
To please, but so did I fear and tremble lest
He'd hate me all the more, that soon I could not eat,
Nor sleep, nor even move. My feet
Are lead and being alone, each noise frightens me so.
Why do you turn? Don't leave—Please do not go.

Betty Sugarman, '37.

FRA PANDOLPH SPEAKS

The lady's portrait is complete at last.
Throughout the day I toiled to capture her
With brush and canvas. Ah, delightful task!
Her beauteous smile defies a counterfeit.
She blushed when I observed her graceful wrist.
Her Lord showed disapproval at the word.
The Duchess' cheek is paler now than when
We saw her nuptial mass. E'en then the Duke
With features stern on admiration frowned
As if resenting—Do not shake your head:
I know my orders should forbid such thoughts,
But fairer bride on earth there never was.
You leave? My speech defiles the convent walls?
Think not that I am smitten by her charms,
Dear brother. I forsook all human love
When first I joined this order. Though still young,
I praise no woman but the Queen of Heaven.
The Duchess may not linger long on earth.
Her smile serene seems more for God than man
To gaze upon. Before the Judgment Seat
Where all are humble, will the haughty Duke
Bend knee to One who taught humility?
Ferrara never stoops. You, brother, say
Because he freely offers us his gold
For deeds of charity, that he is good.
'Tis true, he always promptly pays his tithe,
But heav'n cannot be bought with worldly wealth.
The Lord himself lived in a lowly house
And bade disciples give up all things
Which raised them over their confederates
In a material way. I say no more
Against the Duke if it displeases you.
You should have seen the statue in the hall
Of Neptune, done in bronze, a perfect piece.
He cares more for this image than for her
Who is his wife. Your pardon, sir,
I did not mean again to criticize.
The Duchess never wants for clothes or jewels;
Her table is supplied with finest wines
And spices form the East. She pines for love
And scorns the comfort of an age-old name.
You say we tarry here when we should be
At chapel. Yes, I come. One source of peace
Is still availing for the lady's aid:
Firm faith in God will ease all troubled hearts.

MARGARET WHOWELL, '37.

ANDREA DEL SARTO

Lucrezia, come; 'tis late and you must pose.
The work, today? A painting for your friend,
As promised you, his castle hall to grace
Where hangs alone this portrait he would have
Me paint. What think you of this copy lent
Me which your beauty will outshine when soon
They hang together? How the face, the tint,
The eyes? Why, yes, the jewels at her breast
Doth surely shower fiery rays of light
Her satin robe to fret with shiny paths;
Your eyes were ever caught by costly show,
The happiness in life for you, and yet,
Had I the means to give, these baubles rare
Were yours to treasure now, as is this house
I built with money—love, which you did have
Me wrongly steal; but that is past, and I
Regret I lack success to sweeten life
For you. Yet come, my love, our work is still
Undone; my colors blended urge me trace
Your perfect outline on this canvas now.
Turn thus. Look pleasantly, my love; your friend
Did state that for his hall a joyous face
Was all that he desired. A solemn look
With stern reproof would dull the festive board
And damp the spirits of his guests. But once
I catch your smile in oils, our work is done.

ELLIOTT SHAW, '37.

ALONG THE WATERFRONT

THE days of the darting privateer, and the days of the majestic flying clipper have passed; in their wake has come steam, steam that has taken the romance from everything but the sea. There, along the waterfront, you can see the net-covered trawlers come chugging in from the foggy banks of Newfoundland, and tie up to the old mossy pier, the relic of the prosperous days of old Boston Port, when the clippers under full sail swept on their majestic way out to sea with their destination the far-off East Indies. But no longer does the wharf feel on her piers the tug of those magnificent ships; now she tethers the clumsy trawlers that reek with the odor of fish. The active, jabbering crew dump their haul into the buckets while the idling lunch-hour crowds shout good-natured advice. They pack up their nets and curse the urchins who pester them for fish. The wheeling sea-gulls hover around for cast-offs and dive down to gulp up the "shorts." They are suddenly set into an uproar as a tug screeches its intention of racing out into the harbor to pull in the old, rusty tramp steamer that can be seen rounding Governor's Island.

The tugs have their anchorage on the other side of the ancient pier, T-Wharf. The hemp-covered bows nose into the quay as smoke drifts idly from their stacks while they wait word for action. They are not an impressive sight, these little Titans of the sea, with their crew sprawled lazily about the deck, and with the powerful black-iron boilers trembling noisily inside the red superstructure; but they suggest the romantic old days when races for salvage and tugging of whalers were common, the days when New Bedford was the queen city of the whaling world. But now, the excitement has passed, for the barterings take place over the

wireless, whose shrill sound can be heard coming from the tug-office in the old warehouse of the pier.

In this old structure, there are such incongruous things as a night club, artist quarters, and a tea-room. You can see the artists on the balconies of their rooms, struggling to capture the atmosphere of the white-painted excursion boat with the overcrowded rails and would-be sailors strutting about the deck. They sketch the last few touches hurriedly as the whistle blasts and the excited clatter of the excursionists grows louder. The rickety old boat shudders, then plows backwards out to make the turn that will send the prow heading toward Provincetown.

With the passing of the boat out of sight, I, like the artists, turn my attention toward the dirty, rusty tramp steamer moving smoothly by; and I think to myself that nowhere are the changes of this changing era more marked than here at this old port of Boston.

JOHN F. LYONS, '37.

THE MAGIC OF WORDS

A PERSON analyzing our every day conversation would certainly consider us a dull, almost illiterate group of mortals. "How are you?"; "What time is it?"; "Where have you been?"; and a host of other trite, flat expressions characterize our daily speech. When we think of the vast storehouse of words at our disposal and the many ways of combining these words to make a vivid, picturesque impression, it seems strange that we should confine our talk to such narrow limits. On the other hand, in contrast to this sameness and monotony of our conversation, the language of our poetry, that is great poetry, is invested with charm and beauty to the extent that the poet's words are almost magical in their effect on the reader.

It is of little moment whether you are reclining beneath the boughs of some majestic arbor or sitting beside a black, bulky kitchen stove, the words of poetry can, as the mirror reflects the golden glitter of the sun, project the mood of the author, into the mind of the reader. It does, indeed, seem marvelous when one considers that from that white sheet, accentuated by the regular stretches of black type, can arise the feeling of impending adventure and suspense that prevails throughout Keats' "The Eve of Saint Agnes"; as the clouds of vapor rise from the perspiring earth and line the ethereal vastness, so, these feelings drift upward and pervade the reader's mind.

"Mercy Porphyro: hie thee from this place;
They are all here tonight, the whole blood-thirsty race!"

Simple though these words may be, they arouse terror and fear in the reader's mind; he feels the shudders that shook the withered frame of the old beldame as she imagined the result of Porphyro's discovery in this place, so hostile to him.

You feel exaltation, ecstatic joy, as you soar with Shelley, oblivious of all about you. "Higher still and higher" you climb, leaving behind the earth and all its practicality. No magic carpet carries you past these fleecy, billowing white clouds, nor do you chase the sweet-throated skylark within the cockpit of a tri-motored monoplane. Borne aloft on the wings of words, magical words, "The pale purple even melts around thy flight."

You do not have to force yourself out of a warm bed at six o'clock in the morning to view "The sanguine sunrise with his meteor eyes"; nor is it essential that you visit the Germanic Museum to see "Knights and ladies praying in dumb orat'ries." To notice that "Waters on a starry night are beautiful and fair." does not require that you visit the Charles River on a starry evening. All this physical exertion is unnecessary. As long as you have poems by Keats or Shelley, Milton or Tennyson, it does not matter whether you are in bed, in a schoolroom, in a bleak barren subway, or in some grinding, smoking factory; you can still taste "the spicy nut-brown ale," hear "the trumpets blow their cataracts from the steep," smell the rose as it "Blendeth its odor with the violet." It is this supernatural, magical power in words which, working in harmony with your imagination, furnishes you with these almost tangible pleasures.

I anticipate that some will ask why, with all this magic in words, our everyday conversation is still composed of stock, hackneyed expressions, with neither charm nor beauty. In answer to this may I say, that just as it requires an artist to mix colors, to blend light and shadow and to portray perspective in his painting, so it requires poetic skill to organize this vast storehouse of words into combinations and arrangements that will bring out their magic and invest them with charm and a delightful fascination.

HARRY WASSERMAN, '37.

RICHARD JOSLYN
1917-1937

"The better days of life were ours"
—*Byron.*

Two years have passed since Richard was graduated from our school, but the memory of his unusual personality will always remain with us. The news of his death was startling, for his energy and integrity had singled him out as an outstanding young man whose friendship we shall always cherish.

We extend our deepest sympathy to his parents.



ELIZABETH

Amid the pomp and circumstance,
Of regal courts and dress,
A royal little maiden dwells
Who is England's own princess.

The kingdom bows before her,
Is captured by her charm,
All lords and ladies of the court
Would shelter her from harm.

The daughter of a monarch,
Ere childhood will depart,
Effortless—unconsciously
Has won a nation's heart,

"Her Majesty the Princess!"
Announcing trumpets ring,
But unaware she kneels
And prays, "God Save the King!"

CORALIE METCALFE, '36.

IF I EVER HAVE A DAUGHTER

IF I ever have a daughter I am certain that her name will not be Shirley, she'll not wear Shirley Frocks and she shall not have a Shirley Temple Permanent. If anything grates on my nerves it's a doting mother with a Shirley Temple complex. There's nothing more pathetic than a perfectly plain child looking like a very bad imitation of La Temple.

Naturally I'll try to make the most of my daughter's good points, if she has any, but the poor child must have some resemblance of individuality. She'll probably have a vile temper, unless, of course, she takes after her father. But, temper or no temper, she's not going to be one of those spoiled, pouty, sullen little dears who manage never to do what they are told to do.

For instance little Mary (Mary's a good sensible name; one that's easy to live up to) shall take elocution lessons. And it shan't do her any good to say she doesn't like her teacher. Furthermore, I'm afraid she'll have to take piano lessons. She need not tell me she can't learn to read notes. I remember that was the excuse I used at the age of seven and it worked beautifully. I don't play the piano now. I think that on the whole, all little Mary's excuses will have to be ignored. After all, I've no intention of bringing her up according to the Parents' Magazine. Its system might be more ethical, but I warrant mine will bring better results.

Mary will grow up to be a rather lovely girl, not too modern nor too old-fashioned, but a delightful combination of both. She will be charming and witty, a good conversationalist and an accomplished piano player—in short, Mary will be lots of things that her mother was not.

I wonder—I wonder if after many years have rolled by, shall I look at my daughter approvingly or shall I remember this theme and smile ironically?

OLGA SOUSA, '37.

A FRIEND

You entered my life in a casual way,
And saw at a glance what I needed;
There were others who passed me, or met me each day,
But never a one of them heeded.
Perhaps you were thinking of other folks more,
Or chance simply seemed to decree it;
I know there were many such chances before,
But others—well they didn't see it.

You said just the thing that I wished you would say,
And you made me believe that you meant it;
I held up my head in the old gallant way,
And resolved you should never repent it.
There are times when encouragement means such a lot,
And a word is enough to convey it,
There were others who could have as easy as not—
But just the same, they didn't say it.

There may have been some one who could have done more
To help me along, though I doubt it;
What I needed was help, and always before
They had let me plod onward without it.
You helped to refashion the dream of my heart,
And made me turn eagerly to it;
There were others who might have, I question that part —
But, after all, they didn't do it.

MARY COUGHLIN, '37.

THE POPULARITY OF MAGAZINES

POPULAR magazines are created to suit the tastes of the mob. In this age of films and radios, of advanced news gathering and printing methods, of "yellow journalism" and sensational headlines, the magazine has become a national institution due to the great part it plays in keeping people in touch with new ideas and the wonders of the world around us.

Enter the average drug store and scan the garish array of periodicals grouped there. What a variety of readers there must be for such a variety of subjects! "Movie magazines" with preened beauties in aloof poses; comic strip collections with gaudy caricatures for Junior; Literary reviews with their austere formality and crisp assertiveness; Physical Culture publications adorned with brawny, bare physiques; Women's magazines with tasty dishes steaming; and Humorous monthlies with vulgar cartoons teeming — They all flaunt their characteristics on the cluttered rack. In the stories which their covers tell can be found the reason for the popularity of popular magazines; for every member of the family, for people in all walks of life, there exists at least one publication of constant interest.

Another touchstone of success for the modern magazine is the lack of leisure in modern life due to the quick, steady pace of our activities. This accounts for the widespread public demand for condensed news periodicals. Through "The Reader's Digest," "The Literary Digest," and "Time" many people keep in touch with important events that cannot be ignored.

Therefore, the success of the popular magazine may be attributed to the variety and the timeliness of those subject matters which make themselves adaptable to the tastes of today.

ELLIOTT SHAW, '37.

THE STARS AND STRIPES FOREVER

JOHN P. SMITH, a typical American citizen in a typical American town gazed over his newspaper at his typical American wife.

"You know, my dear," he said, "I often count my blessings and right at the top of the list, aside from having married you," this with a twinkle in his eye, "is the fact that I live in America. When I read about the things those foreign dictators do, I feel like running through the streets waving 'Old Glory' and shouting 'Look at me, you poor, oppressed peoples whose personal liberties are sacrificed to the whims of power crazed men! Look at me! I am an American! I am not afraid to say what I think for fear of being clapped in a musty prison charged with treason!' Why only the other day I read where some college students who did not agree with a proposed plan of the president's wrote to him and expressed their views. What is more, the letter received as much attention as an official document! Where, where, I ask you, is it possible to enjoy such freedom except in the good old U. S. A.?"

With the utterance of each word Mr. Smith had become more excited till the last sentence found him on his feet, gesticulating wildly.

This did not in the least bother the imperturbable Mrs. Smith. "Do sit down," she murmured soothingly. Then, just to change the subject, "Have you decided where we are going to spend our vacation this year?"

"Oh I knew there was something I wanted — I wanted to tell you, "replied he in an unsteady voice, for he was still quite out of breath after his violent oration. He inserted his hand in his pocket and withdrew two tickets which he passed to his wife. "These are our reservations on the Normandie," he said. "We are sailing for Europe in June."

ALMA DAVIS DE COEN, '39.

SURREALISM

MORE crimes have been committed under the name of art than have ever been recorded in police courts. I have come to this conclusion as the result of a visit to a modern art gallery.

The first eyesore which met me was something that resembled three little pigs playing with a plate of scrambled eggs and a pair of silk stockings, with a few polygons thrown in, for a geometric effect. In case you are interested the title of that picture was "Aurora at Lunch." No doubt the artist knew as little about mythology as he did about painting.

A gushing woman near me was raving over another so-called surrealistic masterpiece. I ventured to ask what it represented. She replied eagerly that it was a picture of a German maiden singing near the Black Forest. Perhaps I lack artistic insight but all I could see was a braid of flaxen hair, a Nazi swastika, and a row of wilted flowers.

A few moments later a Bohemian looking gentleman entered. His hair needed cutting; his clothes needed pressing. From his wild aspect I assumed that he was either an artist or a communist. I felt that I should supply him with a soap box as he began to harangue to a wide-eyed group of debutantes. It developed that he was explaining his

latest achievement, "Sunset on Lake Wahoochauka." As I earnestly desired to penetrate this mystery of surrealism I joined the group.

Pointing to a bilious-looking green he said, "This is the jealous heart of night as it takes possession of day." Then indicating a triangular figure, the artist told us that it was a tear which day had shed thus forming Lake Wahoochauka. That is surrealism.

After viewing these monstrosities, examples of our modern conception of art, I yearned to see the Louvre with the classics which will live forever. Leonardo Da Vinci, Van Dyke, Goya, and many other great artists would turn in their graves could they see what we call "art." Oh, if modern artists would take a lesson from Raphael whose immortal "Madonna Della Sedia" is so treasured! Let us hope soon there will be a renaissance of art and that these modern nightmares will one day be buried in the dusty pages of time.

MARIE LE GRAND, '39.

THE HIGH SCHOOL SENIOR

Question: What is a high school senior?

Freshman: Is he one of those lordly men that stride about the third floor?

Sophomore: A high school senior is a downright snob. . . .

Junior: He is an overbearing, unmannerly, obnoxious

Senior: To put it mildly, he is sublime.

P. G.: He is dust beneath my feet.

Let us discuss this gentleman.

In his appearance, the High School Senior is, as yet, a mere youth, although oftimes by his strange and thoroughly unprecedented actions he would seem to have us believe otherwise. In regard to his apparel, he customarily wears vividly constrasted trousers and coat, either the one or the other composed of large emblazoned checks, loud, very loud socks, and dirty, scuffed, once-white shoes. On Sundays and holidays, he changes his school clothes for a sedately colored suit, and, at the same time, by some inexplicable transformation, from a young "heathen," he becomes a likeable, courteous, young gentleman.

The room which he occupies the most, the school room, is, of course, composed of dull, uninteresting desks, but within his, hidden among the books, may perhaps be found a copy of the "Spider" or of "Murder in the Dungeon," along with two or three pieces of candy that he intends to eat during the study period. His more precious possessions, the picture of his girl friend, his stamps, his brother's pocket-knife, two curious shells that he picked up at the sea shore, several letters from a friend in the country, are kept in his most private drawer at home.

In his manner, he is humble to the regular teachers, saucy to the substitutes, supercilious before his younger brother, snobbish to the lowly freshman, subdued before his father, brusque to his companions, silly in the presence of a girl, and meek before his majesty, a college freshman.

His day is, of course, spent at school, and if scholarly, his evenings at study, except during that blessed period of vacation which he thinks occurs so rarely. At that time, the complicated being that is a high school senior disappears, and a hard playing, hard working American boy takes his place.

PAUL LOWRY, '38.

MUSIC--STILL A CAREER!

A fact as well as a title!—graphic proof of which can be read from the experience of one of this June's graduates of the New England Conservatory of Music. A young man of both fine character and splendid attainments, he had been advised by the Placement Bureau of the Conservatory to write to an extensive list of schools. It took more than a few politely negative replies to deter him from his quest. Finally there came the letter whose tone was favorable. An interview was arranged; later in the week the superintendent visited the classes in which the candidate was engaged in practice teaching (his field was public school music)—with the result that the youthful candidate was appointed to an excellent position in the schools of a sizeable New England city—at, one is happy to add, a substantial beginning salary.

While it cannot be denied that a few changing circumstances in the world of music have brought discouragements to workers in this field, opportunities for the really talented and well trained have undoubtedly widened. Most schools have enlarged and improved their music departments—providing additional positions for music teachers. The same has held true in private schools; formerly many private schools depended upon the part-time services of local teachers, but within the past few years, they have engaged musicians as important additions to their full-time faculties. Growth of music departments in American colleges has definitely made the field of college music teaching more attractive.

Generally improved standards of music — in which it cannot be denied that the radio has played an important part—have increased the demand for capable private instructors. Within the past few years piano manufacturers have experienced phenomenal growth in sales. It is obvious that these instruments are being bought to be played upon—and those who learn to play them must be taught.

—Advertisement

"WITH A SONG IN MY HEART"

As I finally roused myself enough to "Wake up and Live," I dressed, went downstairs to "Sing Before Breakfast" and grab "A Cup of Coffee, a Sandwich, and You" (my books, alas!).

I wended my way to "The Little Red Schoolhouse," when "Without a Word of Warning" I saw a "Little Old Lady" watching "The German Band" on "Basin Street." Unfortunately, as to the leader of the band, "He Aint Got Rhythm."

Arriving at school, I took off my coat and "Over Somebody Else's Shoulder," I saw "Double Trouble" approaching in the form of a test. "There's Something in the Air," thought I, "If I Had Known" I might have "Gone" home "At a Quarter to Nine" and spend "Just a Quiet Evening" studying "Those Foolish Things" called theorems.

As I finally got through the test, "I Felt A Song Coming On" but instead of "Saying It with Music," suddenly, "I Fa' Down and Go Boom!"

"Did you 'Let Yourself Go'?" remarked a very funny Soph.

"Where Are You?" said I feeling for my injured bones. Suddenly some kind soul murmured, "Pick Yourself Up."

" 'Fancy Meeting you'. 'You Came to My Rescue'," I replied. " 'Never in a Million Years' do I hope to slip again, but it was 'Sweet of You'."

After school, I saw a couple of Frosh "Swing High, Swing Low" in a suspended conveyance when "Suddenly" one fell out and wondered "What's the Reason" as he cried " 'Boo Hoo'!" " 'Sing, Baby, Sing' " I advised as I passed, for " 'I've Got a Heavy Date'."

We had "Tea for Two' 'after "Stomping at the Savoy." Although "I'm in a Dancing Mood," my escort remarked, " 'I Won't Dance' " in no uncertain terms. However, I dragged him on the floor for "The Champagne Waltz" played by "Alexanders Ragtime Band."

When the waiter came with the bill, my escort groped for his "Lost" pocketbook (you know, other pants). I heard him murmur something about "Did I Remember?" and "With Plenty of Money and You" Hah! "Zing! Went the Strings of My Heart" as I pictured myself "Washing Dishes with You." " 'I Wish I Were Aladdin'," thought I. I'd be in "Paris in the Spring" and away from headwaiters. "Old Faithful" finally excavated his billfold from miscellaneous articles in his pocket and we started off toward home under the "Harvest Moon."

"All Through The Night" the "Night Owl" hooted, but just as "The World Is Waiting for the Sunrise," I get, "Lost in My Dreams" and it's "Lights Out" for me.

MARTHA MERRILL, '37.

AN OPEN LETTER

Dear Children,

I address you by that title not through disrespect but through admiration for your tender age. Within the next three years every one of you will come to the realization of an ambition—membership in the graduating class. You will then suffer as I have suffered, rejoice as I have rejoiced, but more frequently, study as I have studied.

For you see, children, the senior, jolly and carefree as he appears, is burdened with the grim task of gathering his quota of credits required for graduation. Just like any other student he must burrow into text books on two occasions during the year: the week before midyears and a few days before examinations.

Of course, as a senior, you will be expected to maintain the honor of the school both in athletics and in scholastic achievement. In return for your efforts you will be the recipients of the adulation of your classmates, and perhaps you will be mentioned in the august columns of the REVIEW.

As one who is soon to depart, I assume the privilege of burdening you with a few injunctions. When you reach your majority, do not expect to bask in the reflected glory of your scholarship in previous years. Do not prefer enrollment in a club to a position on the honor roll. But above all, do not take my commands too seriously. Make your own mistakes and experience your own joys and sorrows. With these final words, I remain

A departing senior,

M. W.

FROM MANCHURIA

We have received a letter from a missionary, Sister Mary Eva of the Foreign Mission Sisters of St. Dominic, who was known in her high school days as Eva Marie Burke of the class of 1926. She is now stationed in Ping Yong, Korea. Part of her letter to Mr. Cleveland is here quoted because we think it may prove interesting.

"Since 1933 I have been stationed here in the East, first at Dairen and later at Fushun, Manchuria, at which place I have resided for two years. In February 1937, I was assigned to Korea to open a new mission, so I now have the opportunity to learn the manners and customs of another race. . . .

"You may be interested to know that in Fushun, Manchuria, I saw posted in one of the native shops, among other news photographs, one of the Cambridge High and Latin School students' demonstrations. How little did I expect to see such a picture in this corner of the world! It brought back many pleasant memories of my school days."

BASEBALL

As this my final column goes to press, we find the Cantab nine winning and losing games and having a better than fair average.

The outstanding player of the year is without question Ed Waitkus. His performance at the initial sack ranks with that of any big leaguer. Ed is probably the best first baseman in the State. His batting has won many of Latin's games and he has the highest batting average on the team.

Bob Bouché behind the plate is the real spark plug of the team. Bob's chatter has greatly inspired his team-mates and when Bob was absent from a few games because of a split finger his absence was greatly felt.

Robillard, Lawrence and Kelley comprising the rest of the infield are great fielders in their own right. Together with Waitkus they have pulled more double-plays than any other high-school team in Greater Boston.

Lovett, Sheehan, Buckley, Boudreau, Shaughnessy, Grassia and Glacken all took their share of playing in the field.

The twirlers are Hooker, Roewer, Marimn, Shea, O'Neil and Campbell. Hooker and Roewer are the two best Latin moundsmen this year and Shea and O'Neil have also done some fine pitching.

To date the Latinites have beaten Rindge, split with Brookline and Revere, lost to Newton and Somerville.

By winning the first game in the City championship series the Latinites once again swung into their own. Cambridge gathered thirteen hits and seven runs against the Brown and Whites six hits and one run. Twelve hits were singles and the other was a long home-run by "Lefty" Waitkus. Fine support given him by his teammates and the necessary batting punch gave Hooker on the Latin mound an easy win. The loose fielding of the Tech lads also helped out. The top honors in batting for the losers goes to Captain Johnny Loud.

Latin split the honors with Brookline by winning at home and losing away. By winning 4-3 Roewer gained a pitching duel over Wallstein. Waitkus got three of Latin's five hits while the Wealthy Towners were held to two hits. At Brookline Wallstein was more fortunate and he won a 5-2 verdict over Shea who was relieved by Hooker. Grassia scratched two hits and George Kelley and Jim Lawrence got one each to account for the Cantabs four safeties.

The first win of the season was at the hands of Revere at Russell Field. Hooker was the winning pitcher but was relieved in time by Shea who held the Revere Team scoreless in three innings. The final score stood 6-3 with Waitkus, Lovett and Kelley doing the heavy hitting. Murphy and Sullivan held the Cantabs to seven hits. At Revere as in the same case with Brookline, Latin suffered defeat and in five hits allowed Ed Waitkus banged out four hits. The final score stood 10-8 because of many errors and walks.

With Latin smashing out an equal number of safeties as Newton they were subdued 9-5 by Castoldi fanning 13 Cantab batters at Claflin Field in Newton. Sheehan accounted for two double plays. One was unassisted and the other he teamed with "Lefty" Waitkus. Lovett smashed out a triple and "Tiny" Robillard accounted for a two-bagger.

Latin also lost to Somerville on the latter's home field. Herlihy allowed the Latinites only three singles, but two of these accounted for runs. Somerville gained their extra and winning run by getting eight hits off O'Neil.

We all wish the best of luck to the team in their few remaining games. JOSEPH MANLEY, '37.

INDIA

Shrouded in mystery,
Jeweled with sand,
Bespeaking romance
This ancient land.

Housed in temples,
Are wonders of art
Worshipped by natives
Who come and depart.

Blazoned in color
Happy of face
Natives parading
The marketplace.

Venders, buyers,
Beggars—all men
Yet classified, even
As old Abou Ben.

CORALIE METCALFE, '36.

C. H. L. S. SONG HITS

Little Old Lady.....P. G. Girl
Too Marvelous for Words Vacation
Lonely Street Trowbridge after 2:30
The Broken Record.....My First Failure
Accent on Youth Seniors
Please Believe Me Excuses for tardiness
It's Been So Long Four years—or five
But Where Are You?.....Cutting Periods
Breaking In a New Pair of Shoes, For the Reception
You Took My Breath Away.....An Excellent
Time On My Hands Study Periods
Sweet Surrender.....Passing in Books
Without Regret The End of June
Let Me Draw You a Picture.....Al Jozwicki
Cling To Me Knowledge
I Love Life After 1:45 P. M.
Three Little Words.....Pass—or else!
There's A Bit of Paree.....French Club
Flowers for Madame.....The K. B. Party

THE SENIORS VOTE

On April 30, the seniors were surprised to be confronted with ballots which requested that they state their favorites. In the preferences expressed by the seniors of our school can be found the tastes of the average American High School Senior, we think. Considering scholastic subjects first, we find that English is the favorite school study, with history in second place. Among the boys, however, mathematics ranks highest with chemistry a close second.

When questioned if they listened to the radio while studying, 53% of the girls and 50.2% of the boys replied affirmatively.

The seniors agreed to a greater extent on a favorite orchestra than on other issues. The results are as follows:

Benny Goodman	164
Guy Lombardo	96
Wayne King	72
Shep Fields	44
Glen Gray	21
Eddie Duchin	18
Rudy Vallee	17
Others	98

Modern music is evidently popular, not only from the above indication, but also from the fact that 90.3% of the girls and 80.7% of the boys like dancing.

The hobbies of the seniors differ greatly; over 150 were tabulated. Swimming, reading, and tennis seem more popular among the girls, whereas in their leisure time the boys are concerned with baseball, photography, and football, in the order named.

The most popular magazine among the seniors, by far, is the "Reader's Digest" with "Life" a second choice.

With reference to moving pictures, "Maytime" and the "Good Earth" were selected as the best films Hollywood has produced this year. As for the players, Myrna Loy and Robert Taylor rank highest in the seniors' estimation.

The first thing a senior turns to, on picking up a newspaper is undoubtedly "Blondie" or "Li'l' Abner" on the comic page with an afterglance at "Popeye."

When the radio is switched on, 102 seniors will twist the dials for Jack Benny, 88 will search for Lux Radio Theatre, and 53 will strain their ears to catch Fred Allen's puns, while the other two hundred eighty-seven students will accept whatever else floats in.

As readers, senior girls favor Temple Bailey, Kathleen Norris, and John Galsworthy. The boys, however, favor Shakespeare by one vote over Zane Grey, a rather unusual pair, even for seniors.

After leaving school, the seniors hope to reach various heights in life. The favorite ambition of the boys is to become successful business men. The girls look forward to becoming either private secretaries, nurses, or teachers.

DO YOU KNOW THE ANSWERS?

The number of correct answers should be as follows for these twenty-five questions:

Seniors	25 correct
Juniors	23 correct
Sophomores	22 correct
Freshmen	20 correct
P. G.'s	10 correct

1. What was Woodrow Wilson's vocation before he became Governor of New Jersey?
2. When was the Cambridge Latin School built?
3. What product is endorsed by the phrase "Hasn't scratched yet?"
4. For what do the initials Q. E. D. stand?
5. In what state is Dartmouth College?
6. Where do immigrants land on arriving in New York?
7. By whom was the Cambridge Public Library endowed?
8. What form of writing did the early Babylonians use?
9. What name was given to cattle thieves in the early days of our American History?
10. What is the expression used in England for elevator?
11. Which city in the United States is called "The Windy City?"
12. What does the name Schwab suggest to you?
13. What diplomatic position was held by Ruth Bryan Owen?
14. What is the chief characteristic of the chameleon?
15. What is the name of the drops which oculists use to enlarge the pupil of the eye?
16. What are kumquats?
17. Who is the author of "White Banners?"
18. What is a conch?
19. Who was in charge of arranging the events connected with the Coronation?
20. What is the full name of the institution known as "Boston Tech?"
21. How many students are in the senior class?
22. When was the "Spotlite" first published in the REVIEW?
23. What is the French system of measurements called?
24. Where may one read the original Declaration of Independence?
25. In English history, who was known as the "Iron Duke?"

Turn to page 19 for the correct answers.



REVIEW STAFF

Back Row: Domenico Auciello, Joseph Manley, Leo Manley, Thomas Adams, Theodore Anastos, Alfred Jozwiki, Edward Nickles

Middle Row: Eleanor Tynan, Martha Merrill, Catherine Cavanagh, Ethel Doig, Beatrice Barron, Betty Sugarman, Marguerite Bisson.

Front Row: Willard Ramsey, Carolyn Wood, Elliott Shaw, Margaret Whowell, Lincoln Hanson



SENIOR DRAMA CAST

Back Row: Willard Ramsey, Thomas Adams.

Middle Row: Mary Burke, Phyllis Sheridan. Miss Hartigan, Shirley Frim, Mary Sullivan.

Front Row: Iris Benthale, Harlan Smith, Ruth Gray, Edward Greenberg, Catherine Cavanagh.



GIRLS' ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION OFFICERS

Back Row: Mary Glacken, Miss Brown, Phyllis Norton.
Front Row: Jean Crowley, Alma de Coen, Elizabeth Harney, Mary Quinn.



CHESS CLUB

Back Row: Gordon Buchanan, Donald Laing, Mr. C. M. Bliss, James Coyle, William Corcoran, Joseph Coughlin.
Middle Row: Bernard Spitzer, Robert Tynan, Henry Jezierski, Alfred Young, John Senders, Paul Kirby, Stanley Ramonas, Robert Babish, Walter Graham, Alfred Jozwicki.
Front Row: Cyron Barber, Susan Ciampi, Beatrice Quint, Lucille Kelly, Ruth Crozier, Helen Rovic, Thomas Burke.



KLAWHOWJAHA BJUSTOFF

Back Row (Left to Right): Jeanette Coté, Louise Toomey, Mary Burke, Elizabeth Glynn, Elizabeth Harney, Mary Buckley, Phyllis Sheridan, Catharine Cavanagh, Elizabeth Thorne.

Middle Row (Left to Right): Rita Doherty, Eleanor Tynan, Marjorie Shea, Dorothy Twomey, Doris Banne, Dorothy Spinney, Frances Morgan, Janet MacFarlane, Mary Kelleher, Barbara Woodfin, Phyllis Mihill.

Front Row (Left to Right): Lillian Nemeroski, Mable Noble, Adele Church, *President;* Elaine Mahady, Iris Benthale.



SCIENCE FORUM

Back Row: John Senders, Paul Stumpf, Thomas Ahearn, Elliott Shaw.
Front Row: John Roberts, Richard Eddy, Harry Wasserman, John Lyons, Henry Freniere, Betty Sugarman



FOOTBALL

Back Row: Boudreau, Kelley, Marimm, Glacken, Good, Rossi, Smith, Downing.
Middle Row: Bradley, De Milia, O'Connell, Lovett, Costigan, Guild, Walsh, Dottin.
Front Row: Mr. Sheehan, *Coach;* Crowley, Coolen, Buckley, Rowe, *Captain;* Gayne, *Captain-Elect:* Lawrence, Mr. Foley, *Faculty Manager.*



BASEBALL

Back Row: Lovett, Bradley, Laing, Gardner, Campbell, Coffy, Sottile, Randall.
Middle Row: Krasnoff, *Manager,* Liakos, Buckley, Cass, Sheehan, Shea, Glacken, Brennan, Powers, O'Neil, Hart, Garcia.
Front Row: Mr. Foley, *Coach,* Sheehan, Boudreau, Hooker, Kelley, Waitkus, Bouché, *Captain,* Roewer, Regan, Shaughnessy, Lawrence, Robillard, Williams, Wetmore, *Manager,* Mr. G. Foley, *Faculty Manager.*

AMONG THE BOOKS

THE YEARS

Harcourt Brace & Co., 1936 Virginia Woolf

A description of a changeable London Spring in 1880, sets this delightful novel on its meandering, carefree course, and immediately calls one's attention to the fact that Virginia Woolf is a master of description, which indeed she is. In fact, throughout her whole book, beautiful, vivid descriptions of London in all its phases readily impress and delight the reader.

Miss Woolf has not tried to present a closely woven, intensely interesting plot, but has allowed the story to drift in and out among the years, practically as it pleases, and has concentrated her efforts on depicting the inevitable passage of time and its effect upon human beings. She has shown how a typical London family, the Pargiters, has been altered by the passage of the years from 1880, to the present. In 1880, the Pargiter brothers and sisters are in their youth, full of eager hope for the future even though their sick mother is a constant burden to them. Fate then takes them into her hands and, although they are soon relieved by their mother's death, happiness never seems to shine fully upon them. Poverty comes upon some and adventure upon others, but the years are always rolling swiftly past, stopping for nothing and relentlessly sweeping over their lives until soon, old age is upon them and they are being engulfed by a younger generation.

Throughout this entire book, the firm hand of Time, rules all, making the struggles of man seem fruitless and rather absurd. The book is definitely not for one who seeks a thrill, but for one who may be seeking another slant on the ever-perplexing question of our existence.

CAROLYN WOOD, '37.

PARADISE

Macmillan, 1937 Esther Forbes

Miss Forbes, in her latest and certainly most absorbing novel, has taken for her setting, the wild desolate shores of New England, inhabited for the most part by savage hordes of Indians, and has placed against this setting, a hardy, rough-and-ready group of Early American settlers, guided and dominated by the invincible Jude Parre.

The plot itself deals with the rather tragic adventures of Jude Parre's family who, for the most part, struggle with their various misfortunes within the walls of Paradise, the formidable homestead overlooking the little town of Sudbury. Fenton Parre, the eldest son, captures one's imagination immediately because of his unbounding love of the forests, and his adventure-craving, spirited soul. Christopher Parre, the younger son, is of a scholarly nature and shuns the wild ways of his brother. He is to be pitied when he is caught in a snare set by Bathsheba, Fenton's scheming wife, and falls into a disgrace which requires all his boundless courage and perseverance to overcome. Jazan, spirited like her eldest brother, Agnes, beautiful but nothing else, and Hagar, devoted to religion, are the daughters of the household, each reared in a primitive, haphazard manner, and each endeavoring in her own way, to escape the crudeness and brutality of the existing times. But it is mainly Gervase Blue, the pathetic, young farmhand, who so deeply loves his mistress, Jazan, and Forethought Fearing, the spiritual preacher and husband of Jazan, who give the story most of its beauty and appeal.

However, Miss Forbes has succeeded most decidedly, in her representation of those wild, rugged times of New England's infancy. Even her style of writing has acquired a certain brusqueness and earthiness which greatly adds to the impression she wishes to create. She vividly describes the intolerable religious conditions of the times, and the growing hostility between the white and the red man, culminating in the horrible King Phillip's War. In depicting the scenes of this war, Miss Forbes has spared no detail, and the result is decidedly gruesome and realistic. In this way, however, the courage and fortitude of the people dwelling in the isolated Atlantic towns is fully shown and upon completing the book, one sees a true picture of the New England of the 1700's.

CAROLYN WOOD, '37.

THINGS WE ENVY IN OUR CLASSMATES

Harper MacKay's piano playing
Kitty Cavanagh's smile
Joseph Terra's Packard
Norman Crew's humor
Peggy Cass' chatter
John Corbetts' whiffle
Betty Mooney's yellow sweater
Iris Benthale's flaxen locks
James Morrisey's rosy cheeks
Willard Ramsay's chuckle
Margaret Whowell's ability to write poetry
Janet Hayes's girlhood days in China
Marimm's athletic skill
Elliott Shaw's courtesy
Red Kiggins' salesmanship
Coralie Metcalfe's inquisitiveness
Longin Buinis's skill on the violin
Eddie Greenberg's forelock



She: Did you read where two people were poisoned by eating chocolates?
He: Yes, but what of it?
She: Well, I was thinking how safe we are.

Teacher: Give a sentence using the word satiate.
Bill: I took my girl to a picnic last summer and I'll satiate a lot.

Mary Shea: What is the most outstanding contribution that chemistry has given the world?
Dorothy Moore: Blondes.

Rita Donahue: Why is doctor Johnson a great figure in literary history?
Isabelle Casey: That's what I'm wondering.

Mother: John, how can you stand there and lie to me like that?
John: It's easy when you get the hang of it.

Rose Damico: There's something in the world besides money.
Katherine Evans: Yes, there's the poorhouse.

Jimmy Leydon: Now, suppose you wanted to build a $1,000 house and had only $700, what would you do?
Lawrence Dwyer: Marry a girl with $300.

Ann Linton: You know, all the stars are worlds like ours.
Helen Sutty: Well, I wouldn't like to live on one. It would be so horrid when it twinkled.

Stranger: I'm the fellow you paid to drown your cat. I'm sorry but the check you gave me came back.
Eddie Osborne: So did the cat.

Sid Ritvo: If a number of cattle is called a herd, and a number of sheep is called a flock, what is a number of camels called?
Bob Bouché: A carton.

Ken Glazebrook: What business are you going into after you finish high school?
Walter Feeley: I think I'll open up an office.
Ken: Well, there's pretty good pay in being a janitor.

James Morrissey: Please tell me your story, ancient mariner.
Ancient M.: Well, once we were stranded and had to eat our shoes and belts to live.
Morrissey: No!
Ancient M.: Yes, and then the boat turned turtle, and we lived on that for six days.

Frank Rossi: May I be excused this afternoon?
Coach: Why?
Rossi: I have to go to the optimist's to get my glasses fixed.

A little girl sent in the following paper: "My subjek is 'Ants.' Ants is of two kinds, insects and lady uncles. Sometimes they live in holes and sometimes they live in sugar boles, and sometimes they live with their married sisters. That is all I know about ants."

Ralph Nixon: Did you know Chris Columbo went 2,000 miles on a galleon?
James Smythe: Goodness! I can only get 12 out of that old boat of mine.

With only three minutes to catch a train, the traveler said to the street car conductor: "Can't You go faster than this?"
"Yes," was the reply, "but I have to stay with my car."

He: Could you suggest something suitable for my girl friend's birthday?
Clerk: How about these book ends?
He: Just the thing! She always reads the ends before she does the beginning.

He: The sock of the baseball caused a run.
She: I didn't know baseballs wore socks.

Teacher: What does the earth travel around?
Calvin Belbin: The sun.
Teacher: Good, and now, Calvin, tell me what travels around the earth?
Calvin: Tramps.

Wally Boudreau: Give me four pork sandwiches to take out.
Waiter: Dress up four grunts to go out walking.

A reckless driver was going down Broadway too fast and knocked down the butcher's boy.
"I'm sorry, son," he said, helping him up. "Are you all right?" The boy picked up the contents of the basket carefully and said: "I don't know. Here's my liver and ribs, but where are my kidneys?"

Visitor: I suppose they ask a lot for the rent for this studio?
Artist (ardently): Yes, they asked five times last week.

Flaherty: He who laughs last, laughs best.
Vilarri: Yes, but he gets a reputation for being dumb.

Jane Sweet: I want to see some furs. Have you any skunk?
Clerk: Yes; see the floorwalker.

Donald Davis: If a man saves $2 a week, how long will it take him to save a thousand?
Jack Lyons: He never would, after he got $900 he'd buy a car.

Gertrude Kidder: Aren't ants busy little creatures? They work all the time and never play.
Adele Klevas: Oh, I don't know. They attend an awful lot of picnics.

He: Do you know the difference between a taxi and a bus?
She: No.
He: Fine, we'll take the bus.

Teacher: Can you tell me what makes the Tower of Pisa lean?
Tom Adams: I don't know, or I'd take some myself.

Florence Martin: How do you suppose they ever get those football players clean after the game?
Mary Burke: What do you think they have a scrub team for?

Judge: You say you left home on the tenth?
Ed Nickles: Yes, sir.
Judge (severely): What were you doing in the interim?
Ed: Never was in no such place.

Tom: How did your brother happen to lose control of his car at the railroad crossing?
Bob: He's the kind of a fellow who always drops everything when the whistle blows.

Gladys Carroll: How did George break his leg?
Ruth Carr: Well, do you see those steps over there?
Gladys: Yes.
Ruth: Well, George didn't.

Eleanor: Mother, if I grow up shall I have a husband like dad?
Mother: Yes, dear.
Eleanor: And if I don't get married, will I be an old maid like Aunt Susan?
Mother: Yes, my dear.
Eleanor: Then, I am in a fix.

Warren Hardy (in a hotel dining room): A scientist says that what we eat we become.
Bill Davin (seizing the menu): Let's order something rich.

Answers to Questions on Page 12

1. President of Princeton University (1902-1910)
2. 1886
3. Bon Ami
4. Quod erat demonstrandum
5. New Hampshire
6. Ellis Island
7. Frederick H. Rindge
8. Cunieform
9. Rustlers
10. Lift
11. Chicago
12. Steel industry
13. Ambassador to Denmark
14. The ability to change color at will
15. Belladonna
16. A small citrus fruit
17. Lloyd C. Douglas
18. A sea shell
19. The Duke of Norfolk
20. Massachusetts Institute of Technology
21. About 570
22. In 1931
23. The Metric System
24. In the Congressional Library, Washington, D. C.
25. The Duke of Wellington



"Fare Thee Well For I Must Leave Thee" . . . even though I don't enjoy leaving our dear old Alma Mater,—this is no time for lamentations . . Kitty Cavanagh has decided to take up tennis . . . Have you heard about the Scavenger Hunt at which people were running all over the city looking for tramps? I was almost mistaken for one . . . Bernie Spitzer would make a perfect crooner. Competition for Bing Crosby . . . John McGloin is undecided about his vacation. He says that Hawaii sounds inviting, but we mustn't forget that City Point is O. K. too . . . Can't you picture Doris Banne as a teacher? . . . Adele Church and Elaine Mahady will be a big loss to the K. B. . . . What do you think of a person who goes to Chinatown and orders Italian Spaghetti? . . . Helen McCaule would have been a good heroine in the play which room 78 planned, but they didn't put it on . . . I suppose our Alma Mammy will miss us seniors . . . Jacqueline Russell's most effective drawing has two names: "Gone With The Wind" or "Departed With The Breeze" . . . Ask her to show it to you . . . Bill Haverty is a marvel at interpreting poetry . . . Mary Glacken insists that Cape Cod is the place to go to . . . Why? . . . Iris Benthale has a new bicycle . . . Yvonne Walker made a very lovely queen at the Kappa Phi Dance . . . I'm sure you all remember Marie Carroll. She came to pay us a visit not long ago . . . Don O'Connell and Ben Fritello are going to open a law office . . . Fred Tansey's favorite car is a Pontiac. He says they have a good pick-up on the hills . . .

Have you noticed Hellie McDonald and Jean and Mary Crowley's cute beer jackets? They are quite spiffy, n'est-ce pas, and very collegiate. The first to have them in C. H. L. S., too! . . . Weren't Margaret Whowell's gardenias grand the day she had her picture taken . . . Everyone on the REVIEW staff was jealous . . . Note them in the REVIEW group picture . . . The G. A. A. had their elections early this season and Mary Quinn, a very popular, vivacious junior, was elected president . . . Congratulations, Quinnie! . . . The K. B. had a very successful party for the members and their guests. . . . It pays to be a K. B. member, doesn't it? . . . Why didn't more Latin students patronize the Rindge Prom? . . . It was a great dance and they who did not attend missed a good time . . . The May vacation brought a thrill to some of us . . . Eight girls went to Harwichport . . . Did they have a perfect time at Crowley's house party? . . . Betty Thorne is one of our most successful girls . . . She already has a good position, but, of course, she was always an honor student . . . Mark Coleman is a ski enthusiast . . . Don't start him on the subject because he will talk you into risking your life . . . Mary Glacken helped make a great success of the "Y" dance . . . according to all the dancers who went . . . She was chairman . . . Bob Bouché was elected captain of the baseball team . . . He has been a star since he has been old enough to hold a bat . . . We learned a lot about senior likes and dislikes with the voting sheets.

Since Charlie Linehan bought a car, John Hodoian gets a ride home every day . . . Not bad for a starter, Charlie . . . Speaking of cars, Tom Mahoney's beach wagon comes in mighty handy at 8:30 . . . Helen Hall goes in for dramatics in a big way . . . Mary Burns plays the part of a capable little secretary in her home room . . . Don't tell a soul, but Ralph Parsons has a little pearl elephant as a good-luck charm . . . That, no doubt, accounts for his good report card . . . Modest Bill Gardner often looks into the mirror and says, "Gee, but I'm swell" . . . The wish of all the freshmen girls is to grow as tall as Mary McMann . . . When Isadore Pickler returned to school after a short illness, he had a hundred and one jokes all stored up and rarin' to go . . . Attention, Room 55! . . . How about producing some of the hidden talent of Joe Fico? . . . This boy is really quite an actor . . . Though not from Arkansas, Tom McCauley is like Bob Burns in various ways . . . Al Young sits all day drawing pictures of himself in a basketball uniform . . . Helen Wiggins enjoys roller skating at the Tech roller skating rink . . . Don't hesitate when you want to borrow a sport story, just see Ralph Canina . . . He is a walking library . . . How about discarding that green bow tie, Peter Cardillo? St. Patrick's day has passed long ago . . . George McMahon and Joe Lovoi enjoy baseball during

recess . . . Have you noticed the winners of the spelling bee displaying their medals? Joe Healey is one of the proud possessors of one.

Sid Ritvo has retired from the druggist business, but from what I hear, Normie Spinney has taken up the trade . . . Tom Adams nearly missed having his picture taken with the REVIEW . . . Congratulations to Frank Rossi . . . Through his acting ability he has won a year's scholarship to the Conservatory of Music . . . He may be a great star yet, who knows? . . . We love parties . . . There were quite a few of them during vacation week . . . What about Senior Class Day . . . Nancy Pickering is coming up in the world . . . Evelyn Nevins is learning to drive . . . Clear the road folks . . . The Drama Night came off swell . . . Boy, can that Vivian Glassman truck? . . . The Three Lost Chords are lost . . . Can you find them? . . . "Tiger" Morrissey, the speed demon and track king, is largely responsible for our track meet wins . . . Has Ruthie Brooks put the sand at Magazine Beach back yet? . . . Jimmie Smith claims that he is a hard working man . . . Libbie Flax likes to pose for pictures, especially on the school steps . . . I wonder if Terry Regan will be glad to leave school . . . We are happy that Ruth Gray has completely recovered from her illness . . . Eddie Waitkus, to the delight of Cambridge fans and the despair of his rivals smacks them into the bleachers with that willow stick of his . . . Rita Doherty is an ardent follower of the baseball games . . . It would be better if more students could get to the games . . . Arthur Sennett hasn't a worry in the world . . . I wonder if Joyce Mahoney is going to Texas again this summer . . . Not many days of school left now . . . Take it easy . . . Vacation time will soon be here . . . And so . . . farewell to all our friends . . . May the days to come bring us many good things . . Au revoir . . .

G. A. A. NOTES

It's June again, and with the closing season comes the loss of many members whose going will leave vacancies in G. A. A. ranks.

Phyllis Sheridan, Mary Sullivan, Kitty Cavanagh of the Senior Drama fame, Rita Doherty, active in dramatics, socials and sports; Sylvia Kaufman, Libbie Flax, Bessie Makris, Betty Harney, Frances Brown, G. A. A. basketball stars; Eleanor Payne, all-around athlete, and Dorothy Starr, Mabel Nobel, Nat Pierce, Ruth Brooks, and Martha Merrill, popular members of C. H. L. S. are a few among the many who are about to bid the G. A. A. farewell forever.

Meanwhile seniors as well as undergraduates are enthusiastically pursuing the championship of the single-tennis tournament. Claire Kelley, a fine tennis player who makes an excellent chairman, has complete charge, of the tournament.

The biggest catastrophe of the year is the news that for the first time in G. A. A. history there will be no baseball. The present condition of the baseball field has rendered outdoor practise of any kind impossible. However, Miss Brown expects that by next year, the field will be ready for field hockey as well as baseball.

As a sort of recompense for the loss of baseball, Miss Brown is thinking of arranging a bicycle hike open to all members of the G. A. A.

There has been a noticeable improvement in the swimming team. Instead of one or two outstanding swimmers, we have a well balanced, smooth running, team whose most distinguishing feature is perfect team work. An interclass meet was held Thursday evening, May 20.

June 5th is the date of the G. A. A. picnic at Kendall Green. This affair is the climax of all G. A. A good times Special trains are hired for transportation to and from the broad, green acres of Kendall Green. A program of athletics will occupy the morning. After lunch the outgoing officers will present a play; there will be an interclass singing contest and the installation of next year's officers.

In the election held for G. A. A. officers of '38, Mary Quinn was elected president, Phyllis Norton vice president, and the secretaries are both sophomores, prominent in all G. A. A. sports and activities. Mary Quinn is the G. A. A.'s most popular and active member, capable to fill the high office of president.

The executive committee elections will take place at a later date. The scholastic record of each candidate will be carefully considered before she is allowed to run for office. This precaution is due to the fact that five office holders were forced to resign this year because of lack of time or poor grades. Alma De Coen is finishing up the year as secretary in place of Mary Crowley. Our president, Betty Harney, deserves a great deal of credit for carrying on as she did in spite of a most trying year all around.

The Gym Exhibition was a huge success, due to the splendid work of the physical education department together with the freshmen and sophomore leaders. Admission was charged for the first time. The money will be used to the advantage of the entire school, either for a scholarship, an automatic player piano, or field hockey equipment.

Basketball, swimming, and tennis letters will be presented at the last meeting of the year. This meeting will be held in the hall. All members will be notified.

Reluctantly we bid goodby to G. A. A.-ers, wishing them a pleasant summer and many happy times in the G. A. A. next year.

BETTY SUGARMAN, '37.

EXCHANGES

STORIES THAT STAND OUT

One of our very good exchanges is *The Critic* from the E. C. Glass High School, Lynchburg, Virginia.

"A simultaneous gasp of surprised recognition arose among the six passengers in the parlor car of the Southbound Limited. Instantaneously every eye was turned on the woman standing in the doorway." Thus begins "Prodigal's Return," the story of a prodigal daughter. An argument, to prove that washing is folly and a sacrilege and that not washing is glorious and holy, forms the basis for an amusing article which appears in *The Critic.*

Competition, among the members of a basketball team, to see which has the most attraction for a certain good-looking young lady, creates the circumstances and plot for an amusing story entitled *Mascot,* which appears in the latest *Kalends* from Delhi, New York.

"It was the custom of the submarine to spend the nights on the floor of the ocean if it were shallow enough. This was really the safest place under the circumstances of war. Hatches were sealed and the electric motor was started which was used for underseas navigation. There was a hiss as the air was let out of the tanks and water took its place. After a short journey at the slowest speed a gentle bump and grating noise told the commander that his ship was on the bottom." . . . All of which gives you an idea of the tenseness in a story. This appears in the Flushing (N. Y.) High School *Folio.*

More mix-ups, this time with a policeman and an athletic coach, become tangled and unraveled in "Speed Ticket," appearing in the *Red and Black* which hails from the Dorchester High for Boys in Boston. We thoroughly enjoyed this thriller.

In the "pre-prom" number of "Ship Ahoy," from the Wildwood (N. J.) High School, we found two stories which we considered especially praiseworthy. These are: "Only a Spectator," and "First Date." A story of one's disappointment is "Roses Won't Tell," which rounds out a pleasant reading spell in this one magazine.

From *Ship Ahoy,* Wildwood, N. J.

We enjoyed your prize stories of the February issue, also the sports write-ups and photographs.

From *The Broadcaster,* Amherst, New Hampshire.

The prize stories are excellent. Your magazine is very well arranged.

From *The Artisan,* Mechanic Arts, Boston, Mass.

We consider *The Review* a first-class magazine with first-class contents. The Review Short Story Contest winners were well chosen. The Jokes and Class Notes were all original and humorous.

LINCOLN HANSON, '37.



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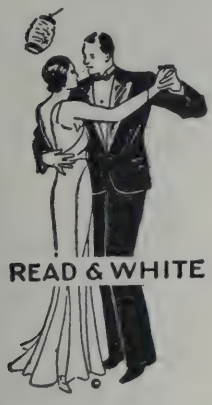
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